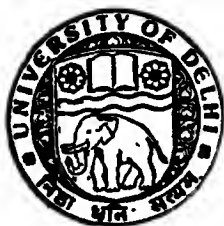


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*English Poetry*



## *Introduction*

THIS anthology, like any other, involves personal predilection, though it endeavors to be catholic in taste. My only criterion has been what I consider excellent. Some of my choices will certainly display an idiosyncrasy not shared by readers of different temperament. One is also limited as to scope by a book's planned size. Which only means that there is really more good English verse accumulated from the past than an ordinary volume will hold—what Saintsbury has called "the grace and the glory of the written word that conquers Time." That is what I have striven to present here. Perhaps on a good deal of it we may agree.

However well-read in English poetry one conceives oneself to be, the average memory endlessly loses and recaptures things fine and fantastic. New delights lie in wait, old experiences are continually refreshed. As an instance of this, I had, till lately, thought myself quite familiar with the famous old ballad of Sir Andrew Barton—and, to be sure, I had by heart the famous sixty-fourth and sixty-fifth verses; but on rereading it, the other day, I realized how far I had forgotten the masterly description of the marksmanship of William Horsley, to say nothing of the strange mixture of cruelty and chivalry which caused the Lord Howard to strike off the dead Sir Andrew's head, and throw him overboard, at the same time seeing that he bore with him, strapped around his middle, a good three hundred crowns, "Wheresoever thou lands it will bury thee!" Old English poetry is full of such queer and delightful turns. It is full, also, of such less-well-known magnificences as this verse from Kit Smart's "A Song to David."

Strong is the lion—like a coal  
His eyeball—like a bastion's mole  
His chest against the foes·  
Strong the gier-eagle on his sail;  
Strong against tide the enormous whale  
Emerges as he goes.

Hence it is a golden wonder, constantly renewed. Coming again upon the lyrical felicity of one who was a popular London physician toward the end of the reign of great Elizabeth, one marvels at such lines as:

Kind are her answers,  
But her performance keeps no day;  
Breaks time, as dancers  
From their own music when they stray.

Much could be said of the song in English poetry, such as Thomas Campion wrote so well in his "Four Books of Airs"—a kind of poem of great ranty in this different age. Now what a nation feeds upon, for the most part, is the stupid stereotype of what are called "popular songs," sung on the stage, and blatting about "sweet memoree." We have nothing in English verse today to approach the exquisite rhyme of Campion—though, strangely enough, he argued ably *against* rhyme, excelling in unrhymed iambic and trochaic measure. Nor have we a Herrick:

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,  
The shooting stars attend thee—

It is as though the Machine Age had stilled or corrupted the voice for singing and the ear for music, in verse. The new cerebral mode, "straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps," has not only no grace notes but little sense of the true lyric. Incidentally, its love-poetry, also is almost a matter of the higher mathematics. It may claim to have adopted the imagery of science, as John Donne did first in his own time; but it has little or nothing of the brave lustiness of Donne, just as it seems to have eschewed both warmth and wit. But ours are, perhaps, more serious concerns, such as result in increasingly destructive wars, and create from our most amazing scientific discoveries merely so many clever gadgets.

However, perhaps the above is too severe. Certainly we live in an entirely different age from that even of the last great singers before the first Great War. I think, nevertheless, that far too many excuses have been made for modern poetry on the score of our epoch being too dynamic, disastrous, and bewildering. Must poets be coddled? To the Elizabethans, the increase of geographical discovery, and the growth of human knowledge, in their own time, must have seemed just as confusing; and they created stirring dramatic verse and great song. Today we have more books, but have we more profound thought? Certainly modern English poetry has no such profuse lingual beauty, no such rich zest for life.

Yet my quarrel with some modern poets is not because they are endeavoring to interpret a complicated period of the world's history, but that their efforts are, for the most part, so limited in scope and understanding. As one young modern poet has said, "There is a kind of intellectual hysteria about most modern poetry." One would think that some of its practitioners existed in an historical vacuum.

The modern reader, certainly, does not feel so closely in touch with the poets of our day as did the peruser, say, of that early an-

thology of English song, *The Phoenix Nest*, whence time has culled some of the rarest delights of Lodge and Breton. Much later on, in the Victorian era, the great poets of England were household friends. Today, for a poet to attain any sort of popularity seems to be a black mark against him in the minds of modern critics; and a great deal of highly esoteric posturing is hailed as poetry's top and flower. But there I shall halt my strictures. There is also much in modern English verse to admire, much that is fresh, vigorous, beautiful, of the spirit.

It may be that in an age of unfaith, a time of constant turmoil, a period of transition from a still-lingering feudalism in society, of war against a maniacal ideology and a recrudescence of foul cruelty, an age of tyrannical power and spiritual callousness, it is marvelous that we should have any poetry at all. But even this era of devastation seems to give signs of a better one succeeding, of the coming to birth of a renewed strength of the spirit. As for England, that at one point in the War rose phoenix-like from her ashes of early appeasement and then bitter defeat, when has she not been associated with great poetry, poetry that is the strength of the soul? The most noble and liberal English minds have continually been full of it. Her statesmen have respected her poets—where our Congress, still largely of the unlettered and rough-and-ready breed, could do little lately but jeer when a distinguished American poet became an Assistant Secretary of State—incidentally quite forgetting the example of John Hay.

English poets have long been an influence in their country's affairs. Among them, in this respect, Milton is, of course, outstanding. Earlier, Raleigh and Sidney served their country nobly as adventurer and warrior. Earlier still, Chaucer was employed upon diplomatic missions abroad, and was Comptroller of the Customs in the port of London; Spenser held government office. Matt Prior was England's Ambassador to France, and took a leading part, in the eighteenth century, in framing the Treaty of Utrecht, which was, indeed, called "Matt's Peace," he being, parenthetically, one of the best and most characteristic of eighteenth-century love poets! The list could be greatly extended. As for poetry's standing among modern Englishmen of action, one of the best recent anthologies has been compiled by a viceroy of India, Field Marshal Sir Archibald Percival Wavell, who, it seems, possesses a prodigious memory for English verse, as did Viscount Allenby, the High Commissioner for Egypt. When we examine the genuine bond we have with the English, we find one of the strongest strands of it to be that many of us were

brought up in the high tradition of English poetry. It has long permeated and enriched our mutual relations.

Tradition notwithstanding, in no national poetry do you find a greater variety of expression than in the English. Not only have the British Isles possessed the most comprehensive and many-faceted of writers in Shakespeare, but the great luminaries of their poetry have been as different in style as Pope from Burns, Tennyson from Browning, Masfield from de la Mare. Let it be at once admitted that the Scotch and the Irish have contributed greatly to what we inclusively term English poetry. You will note particularly the presence of William Butler Yeats in this volume. Indeed, after Hardy's death, he remained for a while the greatest poetic figure in Britain. These differing racial strains in the Island Race, and the saliently independent character of English, Scotch, and Irish have given British poetry color and tang. If, as some surmise, a form of socialism is likely to come to England, it is nevertheless sure to have a character all its own, allowing free play to English independence, though strictly consorting with that sense of justice that inhabits the hearts of the highest type of Englishman. In saying this, I do not speak of governments. In the dawn of the day of world freedom, governments may more truly convey the world-conscious desires of the common people everywhere. In that day too, perhaps, the people themselves will take a more immediate interest in those international affairs that involve their future and their fate. In such participation today the average Briton could point the way to many of us Americans who pride ourselves upon our democracy.

But in the last analysis, it is the poets who chiefly point the way, as they have always done. It is the poets who sense the weather of the world, and feel in which direction the wind of human history is blowing. Of late, driven in upon themselves, many of them have been chary of prophesying. But after such a world convulsion as the present, we may reasonably expect them to re-establish themselves in the domain of art and of life. If we owe some of our highest standards of living to the revelations, exhortations, admonitions in English verse, we may be sure that they will continually be secured and enlarged by new rhythmic voices. And perhaps we may be allowed to hope that thus the walls of a new spiritual city will rise to music, as did those fabled of old time.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

Cape Ann, Mass.

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## GEOFFREY CHAUCER

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### *The Nun's Priest's Tale*

*Here biginneth the Nonne Priestes Tale of the Cok and Hen, Chauntecleer  
and Pertelote*

A POVRE widwe, somdel stape in age,  
Was whylom dwelling in a narwe cotage.  
Bisyde a grove, standing in a dale.  
This widwe, of which I telle yow my tale,  
Sin thilke day that she was last a wyf,  
In pacience ladde a ful simple lyf,  
For litel was hir catel and hir rente;  
By housbondrye, of such as God hir sente,  
She fond hir-self, and eek hir doghtren two.  
Three large sowes hadde she, and namo,  
Three kyn, and eek a sheep that highte Malle,  
Ful sooty was hir bour, and eek hir halle,  
In which she eet ful many a sclendre meel.  
Of poynaunt sauce hir neded never a deel.  
No deyntee morsel passed thurgh hir throte;  
Hir dyete was accordant to hir cote.  
Repleccioun ne made hir never syk;  
Attempree dyete was al hir phisyk,  
And exercyse, and hertes suffisaunce.  
The goute lette hir no-thing for to daunce,  
N'apoplexye shente nat hir heed;  
No wyn ne drank she, neither whyt ne reed;  
Hir bord was served most with whyt and blak,  
Milk and broun breed, in which she fond no lak,  
Seynd bacoun, and somtyme an ey or tweye,  
For she was as it were a maner deye.  
A yerd she hadde, enclosed al aboute  
With stukkes, and a drye dich with-oute,  
In which she hadde a cok, hight Chauntecleer,  
In al the land of crowing nas his peer.  
His vois was merier than the mery orgon



On messe-dayes that in the churche gon;  
 Wel sikerer was his crowing in his logge,  
 Than is a klokke, or an abbey o:logge  
 By nature knew he ech ascencioun  
 Of equinoxial in thilke toun;  
 For whan degrees fiftene were ascended,  
 Thanne crew he, that it mighte nat ben amended.  
 His comb was redder than the fyn coral,  
 And batailed, as it were a castel-wal.  
 His bile was blak, and as the ject it shoon;  
 Lyk asur were his legges, and his toon;  
 His nayles whytter than the lilie flour,  
 And lyk the burned gold was his colour.  
 This gentil cok hadde in his governaunce  
 Sevene hennes, for to doon al his plesaunce,  
 Whiche were his sustres and his paramours,  
 And wonder lyk to him, as of colours.  
 Of whiche the faireste hewed on hir throte  
 Was cleped faire damoysele Pertelote.  
 Curteys she was, discreet, and debonaire,  
 And compaignable, and bar hir-self so faire,  
 Sin thilke day that she was seven night old,  
 That trewely she hath the herte in hold  
 Of Chauntecleer loken in every lith;  
 He loved hir so, that wel was him therewith.  
 But such a joye was it to here hem singe,  
 Whan that the brighte sonne gan to springe,  
 In swete accord, "my lief is faren in londe."  
 For thilke tyme, as I have understonde,  
 Bestes and briddes coude speke and singe.  
 And so bifel, that in a daweninge,  
 As Chauntecleer among his wyves alle  
 Sat on his perche, that was in the halle,  
 And next him sat this faire Pertelote,  
 This Chauntecleer gan gronen in his throte,  
 As man that in his dreem is drecched sore.  
 And whan that Pertelote thus herde him rore,  
 She was agast, and seyde, "O herte dere,  
 What eyleth yow, to grone in this manere?  
 Ye been a verray sleper, fy for shame!"  
 And he answerde and seyde thus, "Madame,  
 I pray yow, that ye take it nat a-grief:

By god, me mette I was in swich meschief  
 Right now, that yet myn herte is sore afright.  
 Now god," quod he, "my swevene recche aright,  
 And keep my body out of foul prisoun!  
 Me mette, how that I romed up and doun  
 Withinne our yerde, wher-as I saugh a beste,  
 Was lyk an hound, and wolde han maad areste  
 Upon my body, and wolde han had me deed.  
 His colour was bitwixe yelwe and reed;  
 And tipped was his tail, and bothe his eres,  
 With blak, unlyk the remenant of his heres;  
 His snowte smal, with glowinge eyen tweye.  
 Yet of his look foi fere almost I deye;  
 This caused me my groning, doutelees."  
 "Avoy," quod she, "fy on yow, hertelees!  
 Allas!" quod she, "for, by that god above,  
 Now han ye lost myn herte and al my love;  
 I can nat love a coward, by my feith.  
 For certes, what so any womman seith,  
 We alle desyren, if it mighte be,  
 To han housbondes hardy, wyse, and free,  
 And secree, and no nigard, ne no fool,  
 Ne him that is agast of every tool,  
 Ne noon avauntour, by that god above!  
 How dorste ye seyn for shame unto your love,  
 That any thing mighte make yow aferd?  
 Have ye no mannes herte, and han a berd?  
 Allas! and conne ye been agast of swevenis?  
 No-thing, god wot, but vanitee, in sweven is.  
 Swevenes engendren of replecciouns,  
 And ofte of fume, and of complecciouns,  
 Whan humours been to habundant in a wight.  
 Certes this dreem, which ye han met tonigh,  
 Cometh of the grete superfluitee  
 Of youre rede *colera*, pardee,  
 Which causeth folk to dreden in here dremes  
 Of arwes, and of fyr with rede lemes,  
 Of grete bestes, that they wol hem byte,  
 Of contek, and of whelpes grete and lyte;  
 Right as the humour of malencolye  
 Causeth ful many a man, in sleep, to crye,  
 For fere of blake beres, or boles blake,

Or elles, blake develes wole hem take.  
 Of othere humours coude I telle also,  
 That werken many a man in sleep ful wo;  
 But I wol passe as lightly as I can.

Lo Catoun, which that was so wys a man,  
 Seyde he nat thus, ne do no fors of dremes?  
 Now, sire," quod she, "whan we flee fro the bemes,  
 For Goddes love, as tak som laxatyf;  
 Up peril of my soule, and of my lyf,  
 I counseille yow the beste, I wol nat lye,  
 That bothe of colere and of malencolye  
 Ye purge yow; and for ye shul nat tarie,  
 Though in this toun is noon apotecarie,  
 I shal my-self to herbes techen yow,  
 That shul ben for your hele, and for your prow;  
 And in our yerd tho herbes shal I finde,  
 The whiche han of hir propertee, by kinde,  
 To purgen yow binethe, and eek above.  
 Forget not this, for goddes owene love!  
 Ye been ful colerik of compleccioun.  
 Ware the sonne in his ascencioun  
 Ne fynde yow nat repleet of humours hote;  
 And if it do, I dar wel leye a grote,  
 That ye shul have a fevere terciane,  
 Or an agu, that may be youre bane.  
 A day or two ye shul have digestyves  
 Of wormes, er ye take your laxatyves,  
 Of lauriol, centaure, and fumetere,  
 Or elles of ellebor, that groweth there,  
 Of catapuce, or of gaytres beryis,  
 Of erbe yve, growing in our yerd, that mery is;  
 Pekke hem up right as they growe, and ete hem in.  
 Be mery, housbond, for your fader kin!  
 Dredeth no dreem; I can say yow namore."  
 "Madame," quod he, "*graunt mercy* of your lore.  
 But nathelees, as touching daun Catoun,  
 That hath of wisdom such a greet renoun,  
 Though that he bad no dremes for to drede,  
 By god, men may in olde bokes rede  
 Of many a man, more of auctoritee  
 Than ever Catoun was, so mote I thee,  
 That al the revers seyn of his sentence,

And han wel founden by experience,  
 That dremes ben significaciouns,  
 As wel of joye as tribulaciouns  
 That folk enduren in this lyf present.  
 Ther nedeth make of this noon argument;  
 The verray preve sheweth it in dede.

Oon of the gretteste auctours that men rede  
 Seith thus, that whylom two felawes wente  
 On pilgrimage, in a ful good entente;  
 And happed so, they come into a toun,  
 Wher-as ther was swich congregacioun  
 Of peple, and eek so streit of herbergage  
 That they ne founde as mucche as o cotage  
 In which they bothe mighte y-logged be.  
 Wherefor thay mosten, of necessitee,  
 As for that night, departen compaignye;  
 And ech of hem goth to his hostelrye,  
 And took his logging as it wolde falle.  
 That oon of hem was logged in a stalle,  
 Fer in a yerd, with oxen of the plough;  
 That other man was logged wel y-nough,  
 As was his aventure, or his fortune,  
 That us governeth alle as in commune.

And so bifel, that, longe er it were day,  
 This man mette in his bed, ther-as he lay,  
 How that his felawe gan up-on him calle,  
 And seyde, 'allas! for in an oxes stalle  
 This night I shal be mordred ther I lye.  
 Now help me, dere brother, er I dye;  
 In alle haste com to me,' he sayde.  
 This man out of his sleep for fere abrayde;  
 But whan that he was wakned of his sleep,  
 He turned him, and took of this no keep;  
 Him thoughte his dreem nas but a vanitee.  
 Thus twyes in his sleping dremed he.  
 And atte thridde tyme yet his felawe  
 Cam, as him thoughte, and seide, 'I am now slawe;  
 Bihold my bloody woundes, depe and wyde'  
 Arys up erly in the morwe-tyde,  
 And at the west gate of the toun,' quod he,  
 'A carte ful of dong ther shaltow see,  
 In which my body is hid ful prively,

Do thilke carte aresten boldely.  
 My gold caused my mordre, sooth to sayn;  
 And tolde him every poynt how he was slayn,  
 With a ful pitous face, pale of hewe.  
 And truste wel, his dreem he fond ful trewe;  
 For on the morwe, as sone as it was day,  
 To his felawes in he took the way;  
 And whan that he cam to this oxes stale,  
 After his felawe he bigan to calle.

The hostiler answered him anon,  
 And seyde, 'sire, your felawe is agon,  
 As sone as day he wente out of the toun.'  
 This man gan fallen in suspecious,  
 Remembering on his dremes that he mette,  
 And forth he goth, no lenger wolde he lette,  
 Unto the west gate of the toun, and fond  
 A dong-carte, as it were to donge lond,  
 That was arrayed in the same wyse  
 As ye han herd the dede man devyse;  
 And with an hardy herte he gan to crye  
 Vengeaunce and justice of this felonye:—  
 'My felawe mordred is this same night,  
 And in this carte he lyth gapinge upright.  
 I crye out on the ministres,' quod he,  
 'That sholden kepe and reulen this citee;  
 Harrow! alas! her lyth my felawe slayn!  
 What sholde I more un-to this tale sayn?  
 The peple out-sterre, and caste the cart to grounde,  
 And in the middel of the dong they founde  
 The dede man, that mordred was al newe.

O blisful god, that art so just and trewe!  
 Lo, how that thou biwreyest mordre alway!  
 Mordre wol out, that see we day by day.  
 Mordre is so wlatson and abhominable  
 To god, that is so just and resonable,  
 That he ne wol nat suffre it heled be;  
 Though it abyde a yeer, or two, or three,  
 Mordre wol out, this my conclusioun.  
 And right anoon, ministres of that toun  
 Han hent the carter, and so sore him pyned,  
 And eek the hostiler so sore engyned,  
 That thay biknewe hur wikkednesse anoon,

And were an-hanged by the nekke-boon.

Here may men seen that dremes been to drede.

And certes, in the same book I rede,

Right in the nexte chapitre after this,

(I gabbe nat, so have I joye or blis,)

Two men that wolde han passed over see,

For certeyn cause, in-to a fer contree,

If that the wind ne hadde been contrarie,

That made hem in a citee for to tarie,

That stood ful mery upon an haven-syde.

But on a day, agayn the even-tyde,

The wind gan chaunge, and blew right as hem leste.

Jolif and glad they wente un-to hir reste,

And casten hem ful erly for to saille;

But to that oo man fil a greet mervaille.

That oon of hem, in sleping as he lay,

Him mette a wonder dreem, agayn the day;

Him thoughte a man stood by his beddes syde,

And him comaunded, that he sholde abyde,

And seyde him thus, 'if thou to-morwe wende,

Thou shalt be dreynt; my tale is at an ende.'

He wook, and tolde his felawe what he mette,

And preyde him his viage for to lette;

As for that day, he preyde him to abyde.

His felawe, that lay by his beddes syde,

Gan for to laughe, and scorned him ful faste.

'No dreem,' quod he, 'may so myn herte agaste,

That I wol lette for to do my thinges.

I sette not a straw by thy dreminges,

For swevenes been but vanitees and japes.

Men dreme al-day of owles or of apes,

And eke of many a mase ther withal;

Men dreme of thing that never was ne shal.

But siþ I see that thou wolt heer abyde,

And thus for-sleuthen wilfully thy tyde,

God wot it reweth me; and have good day.'

And thus he took his leve, and wente his way.

But er that he hadde halfe his cours y-seyled,

Noot I nat why, ne what mischaunce it eyled,

But casuelly the shippes botme rente,

And ship and man under the water wente

In sighte of othere shippes it byside,

That with hem seyled at the same tyde.  
 And therfor, faire Pertelote so dere,  
 By swiche ensamples olde maistow lere,  
 That no man sholde been to recchelees  
 Of dremes, for I sey thee, doutelees,  
 That many a dreem ful sore is for to drede.

Lo, in the lyf of seint Kenelm, I rede,  
 That was Kenulphus sone, the noble king  
 Of Mercenrike, how Kenelm mette a thing;  
 A lyte er he was mordred, on a day,  
 His mordre in his avisoun he say.  
 His norice him expouned every del  
 His sweven, and bad him for to kepe him wel  
 For traisoun; but he nas but seven yeer old,  
 And therefore litel tale hath he told  
 Of any dreem, so holy was his herte.  
 By god, I hadde lever than my sherte  
 That ye had rad his legende, as have I.  
 Dame Pertelote, I sey yow trewely,  
 Macrobeus, that writ th'avisoun  
 In Affrike of the worthy Cipoun,  
 Affermeth dremes, and seith that they been  
 Warning of thinges that men after seen.

And forther-more, I pray yow loketh wel  
 In th'olde testament, of Daniel,  
 If he held dremes any van:tee.  
 Reed eek of Joseph, and ther shul ye see  
 Wher dremes ben somtyme (I sey nat alle)  
 Warning of thinges that shul after falle.  
 Loke of Egypt the king, daun Pharao,  
 His bakere and his boteler also,  
 Wher they ne felte noon effect in dremes.  
 Who-so wol seken actes of sondry remes,  
 May rede of dremes many a wonder thing.

Lo Cresus, which that was of Lyde king,  
 Mette he nat that he sat upon a tree,  
 Which signified he sholde anhangd be?  
 Lo heer Andromacha, Ectores wyf,  
 That day that Ector sholde lese his lyt,  
 She dremed on the same night biforn,  
 How that the lyf of Ector sholde be lorn,  
 If thilke day he wente in-to bataille;

She warned him, but it mighte nat availle;  
 He wente for to fighte nathelees,  
 But he was slayn anon of Achilles.  
 But thilke tale is al to long to telle,  
 And eek it is ny day, I may nat dwelle.  
 Shortly I seye, as for conclusioun,  
 That I shal han of this avisioun  
 Adversitee; and I seye forther-more,  
 That I ne telle of laxatyves no store,  
 For they ben venimous, I woot it wel;  
 I hem defye, I love hem never a del.

Now let us speke of murthe, and sunte al this;  
 Madame Pertelote, so have I blis,  
 Of o thing god hath sent me large grace;  
 For whan I see the beautee of your face,  
 Ye ben so scarlet-reed about your yën,  
 It maketh al my drede for to dyen;  
 For, also siker as *In principio*,  
*Mulier est hominis confusio*;  
 Madame, the sentence of this Latin is—  
 Womman is mannes joye and al his blis.  
 For whan I fele a-night your softe syde,  
 Al-be-it that I may nat on you ryde,  
 For that our perche is maad so narwe, alas!  
 I am so ful of joye and of solas  
 That I defye bothe sweven and dreem.”  
 And with that word he fley down fro the beem,  
 For it was day, and eek his hennes alle;  
 And with a chuk he gan hem for to calle,  
 For he had founde a corn, lay in the yerd.  
 Royal he was, he was namore aferd;  
 He fethered Pertelote twenty tyme,  
 And trad as ofte, er that it was pryme.  
 He loketh as it were a grim leoun;  
 And on his toos he rometh up and down,  
 Him deynd not to sette his foot to grounde.  
 He chukketh, whan he hath a corn y-founde,  
 And to him rennen thanne his wyves alle.  
 Thus royal, as a prince is in his halle,  
 Leve I this Chauntecleer in his pasture;  
 And after wol I telle his aventure.

Whan that the month in which the world bigan,



That highte March, whan god first maked man,  
 Was complet, and [y]-passed were also,  
 Sin March bigan, thritty dayes and two,  
 Bifel that Chauntecleer, in al his pryde,  
 His seven wyves walking by his syde,  
 Caste up his eyen to the brighte sonne,  
 That in the signe of Taurus hadde y-ronne  
 Twenty degrees and oon, and somewhat more;  
 And knew by kynde, and by noon other lore,  
 That it was pryme, and crew with blisful stevene.  
 "The sonne," he sayde, "is clomben up on hevene  
 Fourty degrees and oon, and more, y-wis.  
 Madame Pertelote, my worldes blis,  
 Herkneþ this blisful briddes how they singe,  
 And see the fresshe floures how they springe;  
 Ful is myn herte of revel and solas."  
 But sodeinly him fil a sorweful cas;  
 For ever the latter ende of joye is wo.  
 God woot that worldly joye is sone ago;  
 And if a rethor coude faire endyte,  
 He in a cronique sauþly mighte it wryte,  
 As for a sovereyn notabilitee.  
 Now every wys man, lat him herkne me;  
 This storie is al-so trewe, I undertake,  
 As is the book of Launcelot de Lake,  
 That wommen holde in ful gret reverence.  
 Now wol I torne agayn to my sentence.

A col-fox, ful of sly iniquitee,  
 That in the grove hadde woned yeres thre,  
 By heigh imaginacioun forncast,  
 The same night thurgh-out the hegges brast  
 Into the yerd, ther Chauntecleer the faire  
 Was wont, and eek his wyves, to repaire;  
 And in a bed of wortes stille he lay,  
 Til it was passed undern of the day,  
 Wayting his tyme on Chauntecleer to falle,  
 As gladly doon this homicydes alle,  
 That in awayt liggen to mordre men.  
 O false morderer, lurking in thy den!  
 O newe Scariot, newe Genilon!  
 False dissimilour, O Greek Sinon,  
 That broughtest Troye al outrely to sorwel

O Chauntecleer, acursed be that morwe,  
 That thou into that yerd flough fro the bernes!  
 Thou were ful wel y-warned by thy dremes,  
 That thilke day was perilous to thee.  
 But what that god forwoot mot nedes be,  
 After the opinioun of certeyn clerkis.  
 Witnesse on him, that any perfit clerk is,  
 That in scole is gret altercacioun  
 In this matere, and greet disputisoun,  
 And hath ben of an hundred thousand men.  
 But I ne can not bulte it to the bren,  
 As can the holy doctour Augustyn,  
 Or Boëce, or the bishop Bradwardyn,  
 Whether that goddes worthy forwiting  
 Streyneth me nedely for to doon a thing,  
 (Nedely clepe I simple necessitee);  
 Or elles, if free choys be graunted me  
 To do that same thing, or do it noght,  
 Though god forwoot it, er that it was wrought;  
 Or if his wit ng streyneth nevere a del  
 But by necessitee condicionel.  
 I wol not han to do of swich matere;  
 My tale is of a cok, as ye may here,  
 That took his counseil of his wyf, with sorwe,  
 To walken in the yerd upon that morwe  
 That he had met the drem, that I yow tolde.  
 Wominnenes counseils been ful ofte colde;  
 Wommannes counseil broghte us first to wo,  
 And made Adam fro paradys to go,  
 Ther-as he was ful mery, and wel at ese.—  
 But for I noot, to whom it mighte displese,  
 If I counseil of wommen wolde blame,  
 Passe over, for I seyde it in my game.  
 Rede auctours, wher they trete of swich matere,  
 And what thay seyn of wommen ye may here.  
 Thise been the cokkes wordes, and nat myne;  
 I can noon harm of no womman divyne.—  
 Faire in the sond, to bathe hir merily,  
 Lyth Pertelote, and alle hir sustres by,  
 Agayn the sonne; and Chauntecleer so free  
 Song merier than the mermayde in the see;  
 For Physiologus seith sikerly,

How that they singen wel and merily.  
 And so bifel that, as he caste his yē,  
 Among the wories, on a boterflye,  
 He was war of this fox that lay ful lowe.  
 No-thing ne liste him thanne for to crowe,  
 But cryde anon, "cok, cok," and up he sterte,  
 As man that was affrayed in his herte.  
 For naturelly a beest desyreth flee  
 Fro his contrarie, if he may it see,  
 Though he never erst had seyn it with his yē.

This Chauntecleer, whan he gan him espye,  
 He wolde han fled, but that the fox anon  
 Seyde, "Gentil sire, allas! wher wol ye gon?  
 Be ye affrayed of me that am your freend?  
 Now certes, I were worse than a feend,  
 If I to yow wolde harm or vileinye.  
 I am nat come your counsel for t'esprie;  
 But trewely, the cause of my cominge  
 Was only for to herkne how that ye singe.  
 For trewly ye have as mery a stevene  
 As kny aungel hath, that is in hevene;  
 Therwith ye han in musik more felinge  
 Than hadde Boëce, or any that can singe.  
 My lord your fader (god his soule blesse!)  
 And eek your moder, of hir gentillesse,  
 Han in myn hous y-been, to my gret ese;  
 And certes, sire, ful fayn wolde I yow plesse.  
 But for men speke of singing, I wol saye,  
 So mote I brouke wel myn eyen tweye,  
 Save yow, I herde never man so singe,  
 As dide your fader in the morweninge;  
 Certes, it was of herte, al that he song.  
 And for to make his voys the more strong,  
 He wolde so payne him, that with bothe his yēn  
 He moste winke, so loude he wolde cryen,  
 And stonden on his tiptoon ther-with-al,  
 And strecche forth his nekke long and smal.  
 And eek he was of swich discrecioun,  
 That ther nas no man in no regioun  
 That him in song or wisdom mighte passe.  
 I have wel rad in daun Burnel the Asse,  
 Among his vers, how that ther was a cok,

For that a preestes son yaf him a knob  
 Upon his leg, whyl he was yong and nyce,  
 He made him for to lese his benefyce.  
 But certeyn, there nis no comparisoun  
 Bitwix the wisdom and discrecioun  
 Of youre fader, and of his subtiltee.  
 Now singeth, sire, for seinte Charitee,  
 Let see, conne ye your fader countrefete?"  
 This Chauntecleer his winges gan to bete,  
 As man that coude his tresoun nat esype,  
 So was he ravissed with his flaterye.

Allas! ye lordes, many a fals flatour  
 Is in your courtes, and many a losengeour,  
 That plesen yow wel more, by my feith,  
 Than he that soothfastnesse unto yow seith.  
 Redeth Ecclesiaste of flaterye;  
 Beth war, ye lordes, of hir trecherye.

This Chauntecleer stood hye up-on his toos,  
 Strecching his nekke, and heeld his eyen cloos,  
 And gan to crowe loude for the nones;  
 And daun Russel the fox sterte up at ones,  
 And by the gargat hente Chauntecleer,  
 And on his bak toward the wode him beer,  
 For yet ne was ther no man that him sewed.  
 O destinee, that mayst nat been eschewed!  
 Allas, that Chauntecleer fleigh fro the bemes!  
 Allas, his wyf ne roghte nat of dremes!  
 And on a Friday fil al this meschaunce.

O Venus, that art goddessse of plesaunce,  
 Sin that thy servant was this Chauntecleer,  
 And in thy service dide al his poweer,  
 More for delyt, than world to multiplye,  
 Why woldestow suffre him on thy day to dye?  
 O Gaufred, dere mayster soverayn,

That, whan thy worthy king Richard was slayn  
 With shot, compleynedest his deth so sore,  
 Why ne hadde I now thy sentence and thy lore,  
 The Friday for to chyde, as diden ye?  
 (For on a Friday soothly slayn was he.)  
 Than wolde I shewe yow how that I coude pleyne  
 For Chauntecleres drede, and for his peyne.

Certes, swich cry ne lamentacioun

Was never of ladies maad, whan Ilioun  
 Was wonne, and Pirrus with his streite swerd,  
 When he hadde hent king Priam by the berd,  
 And slayn him (as saith us *Encydos*),  
 As maden alle the hennes in the clos,  
 Whan they had seyn of Chauntecleer the sighte.  
 But sovereynly dame Pertelote shrighthe,  
 Ful louder than dide Hasdrubales wyf,  
 Whan that hir housbond hadde lost his lyf,  
 And that the Romainys hadde brend Cartage;  
 She was so ful of torment and rage,  
 That wilfully into the fyr she sterte,  
 And brende hir-selven with a stedfast herte.  
 O woful hennes, right so cryden ye,  
 As, whan that Nero brende the citee  
 Of Rome, cryden senatoures wyves,  
 For that hir housbondes losten alle hir lyves;  
 Withouten gilt this Nero hath hem slayn.  
 Now wol I torne to my tale agayn:—

This sely widwe, and eek hir doghtres two,  
 Herden thise hennes crye and maken wo,  
 And out at dores sterten they anoon,  
 And syen the fox toward the grove goon,  
 And bar upon his bak the cok away;  
 And cryden, "Out! harrow! and weylaway!  
 Ha, ha, the fox!" and after him they ran,  
 And eek with staves many another man;  
 Ran Colle our dogge, and Talbot, and Gerland,  
 And Malkin, with a distaf in hir hand;  
 Ran cow and calf, and eek the verray hogges  
 So were they fered for berking of the dogges  
 And shouting of the men and wimmen eke,  
 They ronne so, hem thoughte hir herte breke.  
 They yelleden as feendes doon in helle;  
 The dokes cryden as men wolde hem quelle;  
 The gees for fere flownen over the trees;  
 Out of the hyve cam the swarm of bees;  
 So hidous was the noyse, al *benedictel*  
 Certes, he Jakke Straw, and his meynee,  
 Ne made never shoutes half so shrille,  
 Whan that they wolden any Fleming kille,  
 As thilke day was maad upon the fox.

Of bras thay broghten bemes, and of box,  
Of horn, of boon, in whiche they blewe and pouped,  
And therwithal thay shryked and they houped;  
It semed as that heven sholde falle.

Now, gode men, I pray yow herkneth alle!

Lo, how fortune turneth sodeinly  
The hope and pryde eek of hir enemy!  
This cok, that lay upon the foxes bak,  
In al his drede, un-to the fox he spak,  
And seyde, "sire, if that I were as ye,  
Yet sholde I seyn (as wis god helpe me),  
Turneth agayn, ye proude cherles alle!  
A verray pestilence up-on yow falle!  
Now am I come un-to this wodes syde,  
Maugree your heed, the cok shal heer abyde;  
I wol him ete in feith, and that anon."—  
The fox answerde, "in feith, it shal be don,"—  
And as he spak that word, al sodeinly  
This cok brak from his mouth deliverly,  
And heighe up-on a tree he fleigh anon.  
And whan the fox saugh that he was y-gon,  
"Allas!" quod he, "O Chauntecleer, alas!  
I have to yow," quod he, "y-doon trespas,  
In-as-muche as I maked yow aferd,  
Whan I yow hente, and broghte out of the yerd;  
But, sire, I dide it in no wikke entente;  
Com down, and I shal telle yow what I mente.  
I shal seye sooth to yow, god help me so."

"Nay than," quod he, "I shrewe us bothe two,  
And first I shrewe my-self, bothe blood and bones,  
If thou bigyle me ofter than ones.  
Thou shalt na-more, thurgh thy flaterye,  
Do me to singe and winke with myn yē.  
For he that winketh, whan he sholde see,  
Al wilfully, god lat him never thee!"  
"Nay," quod the fox, "but god yeve him meschaunce,  
That is so undiscreet of governaunce,  
That jangleth whan he sholde holde his pees."

Lo, swich it is for to be recchelees,  
And negligēt, and truste on flaterye.  
But ye that holden this tale a folye,  
As of a fox, or of a cok and hen,

Taketh the moralitee, good men.  
 For seint Paul seith, that al that writen is,  
 To our doctryne it is y-write, y-wis.  
 Taketh the fruyt, and lat the chaf be stille.

Now, gode god, if that it be thy wille,  
 As seith my lord, so make us alle good men;  
 And bringe us to his heighe blisse. Amen.

*Here is ended the Nonne Preestes Tale*

---

JOHN SKELTON

---

*To Mistress Margaret Hussey*

MERRY Margaret,  
 As midsummer flower,  
 Gentle as falcon  
 Or hawk of the tower,  
 With solace and gladness,  
 Much mirth and no madness,  
 All good and no badness;  
 So joyously,  
 So maidenly,  
 So womanly,  
 Her demeaning;  
 In every thing  
 Far, far passing  
 That I can indite,  
 Or suffice to write  
 Of merry Margaret,  
 As midsummer flower,  
 Gentle as falcon  
 Or hawk of the tower.  
 As patient and as still,  
 And as full of good will,  
 As the fair Isyphill,  
 Coliander,  
 Sweet pomander,  
 Good Cassander;

Steadfast of thought,  
Well made, well wrought.  
Far may be sought  
Erst than ye can find  
So courteous, so kind,  
As merry Margaret,  
This midsummer flower,  
Gentle as falcon  
Or hawk of the tower.

---

SIR THOMAS WYATT

---

*Forget Not Yet*

FORGET not yet the tried intent  
Of such a truth as I have meant;  
My great travail so gladly spent  
Forget not yet!

Forget not yet when first began  
The weary life ye know, since when  
The suit, the service none tell can;  
Forget not yet!

Forget not yet the great assays,  
The cruel wrong, the scornful ways,  
The painful patience in denays,  
Forget not yet!

Forget not! oh! forget not this,  
How long ago hath been, and is  
The mind that never meant amiss—  
Forget not yet!

Forget not then thine own approved,  
The which so long hath thee so loved,  
denays] denials



## ENGLISH POETRY

Whose steadfast faith yet never moved—  
Forget not this!

## HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY

*Brittle Beauty*

BRITTLE beauty that nature made so frail,  
Whereof the gift is small, and short the season,  
Flow'ring today tomorrow apt to fail,  
Fickle treasure, abhorrèd of reason,  
Dangerous to deal with, vain, of none avail,  
Costly in keeping, passed not worth two peason,  
Slippery in sliding as an eel's tail,  
Hard to attain, once gotten not geason,  
Jewel of jeopardy that peril doth assail,  
False and untrue, enticèd oft to treason,  
Enemy to youth (that most may I bewail!),  
Ah, bitter sweet! infecting as the poison,  
Thou farest as fruit that with the frost is taken:  
Today ready ripe, tomorrow all too shaken.

## CHIDIOCK TICHBORNE

*Written on the Eve of Execution*

MY prime of youth is but a frost of cares,  
My feast of joy is but a dish of pain,  
My crop of corn is but a field of tares,  
And all my good is but vain hope of gain;  
My life is fled, and yet I saw no sun;  
And now I live, and now my life is done.

My tale was heard, and yet it was not told;  
My fruit is fallen, and yet my leaves are green;  
My youth is spent, and yet I am not old;  
I saw the world, and yet I was not seen;  
My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun;  
And now I live, and now my life is done.

I sought my death and found it in the womb,  
I lookt for life and saw it was a shade,  
I trod the earth and knew it was my tomb,  
And now I die, and now I was but made;  
My glass is full, and now my glass is run,  
And now I live, and now my life is done.

---

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

---

*The Passionate Man's Pilgrimage*

*Supposed to be written by one at the point of death*

GIVE me my scallop shell of quiet,  
My staff of faith to walk upon,  
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,  
My bottle of salvation:  
My gown of glory, hope's true gage,  
And thus I'll make my pilgrimage.

Blood must be my body's balmer,  
No other balm will there be given  
Whilst my soul like a white palmer  
Travels to the land of heaven,  
Over the silver mountains,  
Where spring the nectar fountains;  
And there I'll kiss  
The bowl of bliss,  
And drink my eternal fill  
On every milken hill.

My soul will be a-dry before,  
But after it, will ne'er thirst more.

And by the happy blissful way  
More peaceful pilgrims I shall see,  
That have shook off their gowns of clay,  
And go apparelled fresh like me.  
I'll bring them first  
To slake their thirst,  
And then to taste those nectar suckets  
At the clear wells  
Where sweetness dwells,  
Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets.

And when our bottles and all we  
Are filled with immortality;  
Then the holy paths we'll travel  
Strewed with rubies thick as gravel,  
Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire floors,  
High walls of coral and pearl bowers.

From thence to heaven's bribeless hall  
Where no corrupted voices brawl,  
No conscience molten into gold,  
Nor forg'd accusers bought and sold,  
No cause deferred, nor vain-spent journey,  
For there Christ is the King's Attorney:  
Who pleads for all without degrees,  
And he hath angels, but no fees.

When the grand twelve million jury  
Of our sins with sinful fury,  
Gainst our souls black verdicts give,  
Christ pleads his death, and then we live.  
Be thou my speaker, taintless pleader,  
Unblotted lawyer, true proceeder,  
Thou movest salvation even for alms,  
Not with a bribéd lawyer's palms.

And this is my eternal plea,  
To him that made heaven, earth and sea,  
Seeing my flesh must die so soon,

And want a head to dine next noon,  
Just at the stroke when my veins start and spread  
Set on my soul an everlasting head.  
Then am I ready like a palmer fit,  
To tread those blest paths which before I writ.

---

EDMUND SPENSER

---

*Prothalamion*

CALM was the day, and through the trembling air  
Sweet breathing Zephyrus did softly play,  
A gentle spirit, that lightly did delay  
Hot Titan's beams, which then did glister fair;  
When I whose sullen care,  
Through discontent of my long fruitless stay  
In prince's court, and expectation vain  
Of idle hopes, which still do fly away  
Like empty shadows, did afflict my brain,  
Walked forth to ease my pain  
Along the shore of silver streaming Thames,  
Whose rutty bank, the which his river hems,  
Was painted all with variable flowers,  
And all the meads adorned with dainty gems,  
Fit to deck maidens' bowers,  
And crown their paramours,  
Against the bridal day, which is not long:  
Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.

There, in a meadow, by the river's side,  
A flock of nymphs I chanced to espy,  
All lovely daughters of the flood thereby,  
With goodly greenish locks all loose untied,  
As each had been a bride;  
And each one had a little wicker basket,  
Made of fine twigs entrailed curiously,  
In which they gathered flowers to fill their flasket,

And with fine fingers cropped full featously  
 The tender stalks on high.  
 Of every sort, which in that meadow grew,  
 They gathered some; the violet pallid blue,  
 The little daisy, that at evening closes,  
 The virgin lily, and the primrose true,  
 With store of vermeil roses,  
 To deck their bridegrooms' posies,  
 Against the bridal day, which was not long:  
 Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.

With that, I saw two swans of goodly hue  
 Come softly swimming down along the Lee;  
 Two fairer birds I yet did never see.  
 The snow, which doth the top of Pindus strew,  
 Did never whiter shew,  
 Nor Jove himself, when he a swan would be  
 For love of Leda, whiter did appear:  
 Yet Leda was they say as white as he,  
 Yet not so white as these, nor nothing near.  
 So purely white they were,  
 That even the gentle stream, the which them bare,  
 Seemed foul to them, and bade his billows spare  
 To wet their silken feathers, lest they might  
 Soil their fair plumes with water not so fair,  
 And mar their beauties bright,  
 That shone as heaven's light,  
 Against their bridal day, which was not long:  
 Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.

Eftsoons the nymphs, which now had flowers their fill,  
 Ran all in haste, to see that silver brood,  
 As they came floating on the crystal flood.  
 Whom when they saw, they stood amazed still,  
 Their wondering eyes to fill.  
 Them seemed they never saw a sight so fair,  
 Of fowls so lovely, that they sure did deem  
 Them heavenly born, or to be that same pair  
 Which through the sky draw Venus' silver team;  
 For sure they did not seem  
 To be begot of any earthly seed,  
 But rather angels or of angels' breed:

Yet were they bred of Somers-heat they say,  
In sweetest season, when each flower and weed  
The earth did fresh array,  
So fresh they seemed as day,  
Even as their bridal day, which was not long:  
Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.

Then forth they all out of their baskets drew  
Great store of flowers, the honour of the field,  
That to the sense did fragrant odours yield,  
All which upon those goodly birds they threw,  
And all the waves did strew,  
That like old Peneus' waters they did seem,  
When down along by pleasant Tempe's shore,  
Scattered with flowers, through Thessaly they stream,  
That they appear through lilies' plenteous store,  
Like a bride's chamber floor.  
Two of those nymphs, meanwhile, two garlands bound,  
Of freshest flowers which in that mead they found,  
The which presenting all in trim array,  
Their snowy foreheads therewithal they crowned,  
Whilst one did sing this lay,  
Prepared against that day,  
Against their bridal day, which was not long:  
Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.

"Ye gentle birds, the world's fair ornament,  
And heaven's glory, whom this happy hour  
Doth lead unto your lovers' blissful bower,  
Joy may you have and gentle heart's content  
Of your love's complement:  
And let fair Venus, that is queen of love,  
With her heart-quelling sun upon you smile,  
Whose smile, they say, hath virtue to remove  
All love's dislike, and friendship's faulty guile  
For ever to assoil.  
Let endless peace your steadfast hearts accord,  
And blessed plenty wait upon your board,  
And let your bed with pleasures chaste abound,  
That fruitful issue may to you afford,  
Which may your foes confound,  
And make your joys redound,

Somers-heat] summer's heat = Somerset

Upon your bridal day, which is not long:  
 Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song."

So ended she; and all the rest around  
 To her redoubled that her undersong,  
 Which said, their bridal day should not be long.  
 And gentle echo from the neighbour ground  
 Their accents did resound.  
 So forth those joyous birds did pass along,  
 Adown the Lee, that to them murmured low,  
 As he would speak, but that he lacked a tongue,  
 Yet did by signs his glad affection show,  
 Making his stream run slow.  
 And all the fowl which in his flood did dwell  
 'Gan flock about these twain, that did excel  
 The rest so far as Cynthia doth shend  
 The lesser stars. So they, enranged well,  
 Did on those two attend,  
 And their best service lend,  
 Against their wedding day, which was not long:  
 Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.

At length they all to merry London came,  
 To merry London, my most kindly nurse,  
 That to me gave his life's first native source;  
 Though from another place I take my name,  
 An house of ancient fame.  
 There when they came, whereas those bricky towers,  
 The which on Thames' broad aged back do ride,  
 Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers  
 There whilom wont the Templar Knights to bide,  
 Till they decayed through pride:  
 Next whereunto there stands a stately place,  
 Where oft I gained gifts and goodly grace  
 Of that great lord, which therein wont to dwell,  
 Whose want too well now feels my friendless case.  
 But ah! here fits not well  
 Old woes but joys to tell  
 Against the bridal day, which is not long:  
 Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble peer,  
 Great England's glory and the world's wide wonder,  
 shend] shame

Whose dreadful name late through all Spain did thunder,  
 And Hercules' two pillars standing near  
 Did make to quake and fear.

Fair branch of honour, flower of chivalry,  
 That fillest England with thy triumph's fame,  
 Joy have thou of thy noble victory,  
 And endless happiness of thine own name

That promiseth the same:

That through thy prowess and victorious arms,  
 Thy country may be freed from foreign harms;  
 And great Elisa's glorious name may ring  
 Through all the world, filled with thy wide alarms,  
 Which some brave Muse may sing

To ages following,

Upon the bridal day, which is not long:

Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.

From those high towers this noble lord issuing,  
 Like radiant Hesper when his golden hair  
 In th' Ocean billows he hath bathed fair,  
 Descended to the river's open viewing,  
 With a great train ensuing.

Above the rest were goodly to be seen  
 Two gentle knights of lovely face and feature  
 Beseeming well the bower of any queen,  
 With gifts of wit and ornaments of nature,  
 Fit for so goodly stature;

That like the twins of Jove they seemed in sight,  
 Which deck the baldrick of the heavens bright.

They two forth pacing to the river's side,  
 Received those two fair birds, their love's delight,  
 Which at th' appointed tide

Each one did make his bride,

Against their bridal day, which is not long:

Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.

### *Amoretti*

#### xxxiv

**L**IKE as a ship, that through the ocean wide,  
 By conduct of some star doth make her way,  
 Whenas a storm hath dimmed her trusty guide,  
 Out of her course doth wander far astray;



So I, whose star, that wont with her bright ray  
 Me to direct, with clouds is overcast,  
 Do wander now, in darkness and dismay,  
 Through hidden perils round about me placed;  
 Yet hope I well that, when this storm is past,  
 My Helicè, the lodestar of my life,  
 Will shine again, and look on me at last,  
 With lovely light to clear my cloudy grief:  
     Till then I wander care-full, comfortless,  
     In secret sorrow, and sad pensiveness.

## LXXV

One day I wrote her name upon the strand,  
 But came the waves and washèd it away:  
 Again I wrote it with a second hand,  
 But came the tide and made my pains his prey.  
 "Vain man," said she, "that dost in vain essay  
 A mortal thing so to immortalize;  
 For I myself shall like to this decay,  
 And eke my name be wipèd out likewise."  
 "Not so," quoth I; "let baser things devise  
 To die in dust, but you shall live by fame;  
 My verse your virtues rare shall eternize,  
 And in the heavens write your glorious name:  
     Where, whenas Death shall all the world subdue,  
     Our love shall live, and later life renew."

---

 SIR PHILIP SIDNEY
 

---

*"Astrophel to Stella"*

## I

LOVING in truth, and fain in verse my love to show,  
 That she, dear she, might take some pleasure of my pain,  
 Pleasure might cause her read, reading might make her know,  
 Knowledge might pity win, and pity grace obtain,

I sought fit words to paint the blackest face of woe;  
 Studying inventions fine, her wits to entertain,  
 Oft turning others' leaves to see if thence would flow  
 Some fresh and fruitful showers upon my sun-burned brain.  
 But words came halting forth, wanting Invention's stay;  
 Invention, Nature's child, fled step-dame Study's blows,  
 And others' feet still seemed but strangers in my way.  
 Thus, great with child to speak, and helpless in my throes,  
 Biting my truant pen, beating myself for spite,  
 "Fool," said my Muse to me, "look in thy heart and write."

## XXXI

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies!  
 How silently, and with how wan a face!  
 What! may it be that even in heavenly place  
 That busy archer his sharp arrows tries?  
 Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes  
 Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;  
 I read it in thy looks; thy languished grace  
 To me, that feel the like, thy state describes.  
 Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,  
 Is constant love deemed there but want of wit?  
 Are beauties there as proud as here they be?  
 Do they above love to be loved, and yet  
 Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?  
 Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?

## XXXIX

Come, sleep, O sleep, the certain knot of peace,  
 The bating place of wit, the balm of woe,  
 The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,  
 Th' indifferent judge between the high and low;  
 With shield of proof shield me from out the prease  
 Of those fierce darts despair at me doth throw;  
 O make me in those civil wars to cease;  
 I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.  
 Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,  
 A chamber deaf to noise and blind to light,  
 A rosy garland and a weary head;  
 And if these things, as being thine by right,  
 prease] crowd

Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me,  
 Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see.

## XLI

Having this day my horse, my hand, my lance  
 Guided so well that I obtained the prize,  
 Both by the judgment of the English eyes  
 And of some sent from that sweet enemy, France;  
 Horsemen my skill in horsemanship advance,  
 Town-folks my strength; a daintier judge applies  
 His praise to sleight which from good use doth rise;  
 Some lucky wits impute it but to chance;  
 Others, because of both sides I do take  
 My blood from them who did excel in this,  
 Think Nature me a man of arms did make.  
 How far they shot awry! The true cause is,  
 Stella looked on, and from her heavenly face  
 Sent forth the beams which made so fair my race.

---

 FULKE GREVILLE, LORD BROOKE
 

---

*Epitaph on Sir Philip Sidney*

SILENCE augmenteth grief, writing increaseth rage,  
 Staled are my thoughts, which loved and lost the wonder of our  
 age:

Yet quickened now with fire, though dead with frost ere now,  
 Enraged I write I know not what; dead, quick, I know not how.

Hard-hearted minds relent and rigour's tears abound,  
 And envy strangely rues his end, in whom no fault she found.  
 Knowledge her light hath lost; valour hath slain her knight.  
 Sidney is dead; dead is my friend; dead is the world's delight.

Place, pensive, wails his fall whose presence was her pride;  
 Time crieth out, "My ebb is come; his life was my spring tide."

Fame mourns in that she lost the ground of her reports;  
Each living wight laments his lack, and all in sundry sorts.

He was (woe worth that word!) to each well-thinking mind  
A spotless friend, a matchless man, whose virtue ever shined,  
Declaring in his thoughts, his life, and that he writ,  
Highest conceits, longest foresights, and deepest works of wit.

He, only like himself, was second unto none,  
Whose death (though life) we rue, and wrong, and all in vain do  
moan.

Their loss, not him, wail they, that fill the world with cries,  
Death slew not him, but he made death his ladder to the skies.

Now sink of sorrow I, who live, the more the wrong!  
Who wishing death, whom death denies, whose thread is all too  
long;  
Who tied to wretched life, who looks for no relief,  
Must spend my ever dying days in never ending grief.

Heart's ease and only I, like parallels, run on,  
Whose equal length keep equal breadth, and never meet in one;  
Yet for not wronging him, my thoughts, my sorrow's cell,  
Shall not run out, though leak they will, for liking him so well.

Farewell to you, my hopes, my wonted waking dreams,  
Farewell, sometimes enjoyed joy; eclipsed are thy beams.  
Farewell, self-pleasing thoughts, which quietness brings forth;  
And farewell, friendship's sacred league, uniting minds of worth.

And farewell, merry heart, the gift of guiltless minds,  
And all sports which for life's restore variety assigns;  
Let all that sweet is void; in me no mirth may dwell.  
Philip, the cause of all this woe, my life's content, farewell!

Now rhyme, the son of rage, which art no kin to skill,  
And endless grief, which deadens my life, yet knows not how to kill,  
Go, seek that hapless tomb, which if ye hap to find,  
Salute the stones, that keep the limbs, that held so good a mind.

---

 GEORGE PEELE
 

---

*A Farewell to Arms*

TO QUEEN ELIZABETH

**H**IS golden locks Time hath to silver turn'd;  
 O Time too swift, O swiftness never ceasing!  
 His youth 'gainst Time and Age hath ever spurn'd,  
 But spurn'd in vain; youth waneth by increasing:  
 Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading seen;  
 Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever green.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,  
 And, lovers' sonnets turn'd to holy psalms,  
 A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,  
 And feed on prayers, which are Age his alms:  
 But though from court to cottage he depart,  
 His saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,  
 He'll teach his swains this carol for a song—  
 "Blest be the hearts that wish my sovereign well,  
 Curs'd be the souls that think her any wrong"  
 Goddess, allow this aged man his right,  
 To be your beadsman now that was your knight.

---

 ROBERT GREENE
 

---

*The Description of Sir Geoffrey Chaucer*

**H**IS stature was not very tall,  
 Lean he was, his legs were small,  
 Hosed within a stock of red,

A buttoned bonnet on his head,  
From under which did hang, I ween,  
Silver hairs both bright and sheen.  
His beard was white, trimmed round,  
His countenance blithe and merry found.  
A sleeveless jacket large and wide,  
With many plights and skirts side,  
Of water camlet did he wear;  
A whittle by his belt he bare,  
His shoes were corned, broad before,  
His inkhorn at his side he wore,  
And in his hand he bore a book.  
Thus did this ancient poet look.

---

## ROBERT SOUTHWELL

---

### *The Burning Babe*

AS I in hoary winter's night stood shivering in the snow,  
Surprised I was with sudden heat which made my heart to  
glow;  
And lifting up a fearful eye to view what fire was near,  
A pretty Babe all burning bright did in the air appear;  
Who, scorched with excessive heat, such floods of tears did shed.  
As though his floods should quench his flames which with his tears  
were fed.  
"Alas!" quoth he, "but newly born in fiery heats I fry,  
Yet none approach to warm their hearts or feel my fire but I.  
My faultless breast the furnace is, the fuel wounding thorns;  
Loye is the fire, and sighs the smoke, the ashes shame and scorns;  
The fuel justice layeth on, and mercy blows the coals;  
The metal in this furnace wrought are men's defiled souls:  
For which, as now on fire I am to work them to their good,  
So will I melt into a bath to wash them in my blood."  
With this he vanished out of sight and swiftly shrunk away,  
And straight I called unto mind that it was Christmas day.

---

 MARK ALEXANDER BOYD
 

---

*Sonet*

**F**RA bank to bank, fra wood to wood I rin,  
 Ourhailit with my feeble fantasie;  
 Like til a leaf that fallis from a tree,  
 Or til a reed ourblawin with the win.

Twa gods guides me. the ane of tham is blin,  
 Yea and a bairn brocht up in vanitie;  
 The next a wife ingenrit of the sea,  
 And lichter nor a dauphin with her fin.

Unhappy is the man for evermair  
 That tills the sand and sawis in the air;  
 But twice unhappier is he, I lairn,  
 That feidis in his hairt a mad desire,  
 And follows on a woman throw the fire,  
 Led by a blind and teachit by a bairn.

---

 MICHAEL DRAYTON
 

---

*To the Cambro-Britons and Their Harp,  
 His Ballad of Agincourt*

**F**AIR stood the wind for France,  
 When we our sails advance,  
 Nor now to prove our chance,  
 Longer will tarry;  
 But putting to the main  
 At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,

With all his martial train,  
Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,  
Furnished in warlike sort,  
Marcheth towards Agincourt,  
In happy hour;  
Skirmishing day by day  
With those that stopped his way,  
Where the French gen'ral lay  
With all his power.

Which in his height of pride,  
King Henry to deride,  
His ransom to provide  
To the King sending;  
Which he neglects the while  
As from a nation vile,  
Yet with an angry smile  
Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,  
Quoth our brave Henry then:  
Though they to one be ten,  
Be not amazed.  
Yet have we well begun,  
Battles so bravely won  
Have ever to the sun  
By fame been raised.

And for myself, quoth he,  
This my full rest shall be,  
England ne'er mourn for me,  
Nor more esteem me;  
Victor I will remain,  
Or on this earth lie slain,  
Never shall she sustain  
Loss to redeem me.

Poitiers and Crécy tell,  
When most their pride did swell,  
Under our swords they fell;



## ENGLISH POETRY

No less our skill is  
Than when our grandsire great,  
Claiming the regal seat  
By many a warlike feat,  
Lopped the French lilies.

The Duke of York so dread  
The eager vaward led;  
With the main Henry sped  
Amongst his henchmen.  
Excester had the rear,  
A braver man not there,  
O Lord, how hot they were  
On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone,  
Armor on armor shone,  
Drum now to drum did groan,  
To hear was wonder,  
That with the cries they make  
The very earth did shake,  
Trumpet to trumpet spake,  
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,  
O noble Erpingham,  
Which didst the signal aim  
To our hid forces;  
When from a meadow by,  
Like a storm suddenly,  
The English archery  
Stuck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,  
Arrows a cloth-yard long,  
That like to serpents stung,  
Piercing the weather;  
None from his fellow starts,  
But playing manly parts,  
And like true English hearts,  
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,  
And forth their bilboes drew,  
And on the French they flew,  
Not one was tardy;  
Arms were from shoulders sent,  
Scalps to the teeth were rent,  
Down the French peasants went;  
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble King,  
His broad sword brandishing,  
Down the French host did ding,  
As to o'erwhelm it;  
And many a deep wound lent,  
His arms with blood besprent,  
And many a cruel dent  
Bruiséd his helmet.

Gloster, that Duke so good,  
Next of the royal blood,  
For famous England stood  
With his brave brother;  
Clarence, in steel so bright,  
Though but a maiden knight,  
Yet in that furious fight,  
Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,  
Oxford the foe invade,  
And cruel slaughter made,  
Still as they ran up;  
Suffolk his axe did ply,  
Beaumont and Willoughby  
Bare them right doughtily,  
Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's day  
Fought was this noble fray,  
Which fame did not delay  
To England to carry;

Oh, when shall English men  
 With such acts fill a pen,  
 Or England breed again  
 Such a King Harry?

---

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

---

*Hero and Leander*

FIRST SESTIAD

ON Hellespont, guilty of true love's blood,  
 In view, and opposite, two cities stood,  
 Sea borderers, disjoined by Neptune's might;  
 The one Abydos, the other Sestos hight.  
 At Sestos, Hero dwelt; Hero the fair,  
 Whom young Apollo courted for her hair,  
 And offered as a dower his burning throne,  
 Where she should sit for men to gaze upon.  
 The outside of her garments were of lawn,  
 The lining purple silk, with gilt stars drawn;  
 Her wide sleeves green, and bordered with a grove,  
 Where Venus in her naked glory strove  
 To please the careless and disdainful eyes  
 Of proud Adonis, that before her lies;  
 Her kirtle blue, whereon was many a stain,  
 Made with the blood of wretched lovers slain  
 Upon her head she ware a myrtle wreath,  
 From whence her veil reached to the ground beneath.  
 Her veil was artificial flowers and leaves,  
 Whose workmanship both man and beast deceives.  
 Many would praise the sweet smell as she passed,  
 When 'twas the odour which her breath forth cast;  
 And there for honey bees have sought in vain,  
 And, beat from thence, have lighted there again.  
 About her neck hung chains of pebble-stone.  
 Which, lightened by her neck, like diamonds shone.

She ware no gloves, for neither sun nor wind  
Would burn or parch her hands, but to her mind  
Or warm or cool them, for they took delight  
To play upon those hands, they were so white.  
Buskins of shells all silvered used she,  
And branched with blushing coral to the knee,  
Where sparrows perched, of hollow pearl and gold,  
Such as the world would wonder to behold:  
Those with sweet water oft her handmaid fills,  
Which, as she went, would chirrup through the bills.  
Some say, for her the fairest Cupid pined,  
And, looking in her face, was strooken blind.  
But this is true, so like was one the other,  
As he imagined Hero was his mother;  
And oftentimes into her bosom flew,  
About her naked neck his bare arms threw,  
And laid his childish head upon her breast,  
And with still panting rocked, there took his rest.  
So lovely fair was Hero, Venus' nun,  
As Nature wept, thinking she was undone,  
Because she took more from her than she left,  
And of such wondrous beauty her bereft;  
Therefore, in sign her treasure suffered wrack,  
Since Hero's time hath half the world been black.  
Amorous Leander, beautiful and young,  
(Whose tragedy divine Musaeus sung)  
Dwelt at Abydos; since him dwelt there none  
For whom succeeding times make greater moan.  
His dangling tresses that were never shorn,  
Had they been cut and unto Colchos borne,  
Would have allured the venturous youth of Greece  
To hazard more than for the Golden Fleece.  
Fair Cynthia wished his arms might be her sphere;  
Grief makes her pale, because she moves not there.  
His body was as straight as Circe's wand;  
Jove might have sipped out nectar from his hand.  
Even as delicious meat is to the taste,  
So was his neck in touching, and surpassed  
The white of Pelop's shoulder. I could tell ye,  
How smooth his breast was, and how white his belly,  
And whose immortal fingers did imprint  
That heavenly path, with many a curious dint,

That runs along his back; but my rude pen  
 Can hardly blazen forth the loves of men,  
 Much less of powerful gods: let it suffice,  
 That my slack muse sings of Leander's eyes,  
 Those orient cheeks and lips, exceeding his  
 That leapt into the water for a kiss  
 Of his own shadow, and despising many,  
 Died ere he could enjoy the love of any.  
 Had wild Hippolytus Leander seen,  
 Enamoured of his beauty had he been;  
 His presence made the rudest peasant melt,  
 That in the vast uplandish country dwelt;  
 The barbarous Thracian soldier, moved with nought,  
 Was moved with him, and for his favour sought.  
 Some swore he was a maid in man's attire,  
 For in his looks were all that men desire,  
 A pleasant smiling cheek, a speaking eye,  
 A brow for love to banquet royally;  
 And such as knew he was a man would say,  
 Leander, thou art made for amorous play:  
 Why art thou not in love, and loved of all?  
 Though thou be fair, yet be not thine own thrall.

The men of wealthy Sestos, every year,  
 (For his sake whom their goddess held so dear,  
 Rose-checked Adonis) kept a solemn feast.  
 Thither resorted many a wand'ring guest,  
 To meet their loves; such as had none at all,  
 Came lovers home from this great festival.  
 For every street, like to a firmament,  
 Glistered with breathing stars, who where they went,  
 Frighted the melancholy earth, which deemed  
 Eternal heaven to burn, for so it seemed,  
 As if another Phaeton had got  
 The guidance of the sun's rich chariot.  
 But far above the loveliest Hero shined,  
 And stole away th' enchanted gazer's mind; ,  
 For like sea-nymphs' inveigling harmony,  
 So was her beauty to the standers by.  
 Nor that night-wand'ring pale and watery star  
 (When yawning dragons draw her thirling car  
 From Latmos' mount up to the gloomy sky,  
 Where, crowned with blazing light and majesty,

She proudly sits) more over-rules the flood,  
Than she the hearts of those that near her stood.  
Even as when gaudy nymphs pursue the chase,  
Wretched Ixion's shaggy-footed race,  
Incensed with savage heat, gallop amain  
From steep pine-bearing mountains to the plain:  
So ran the people forth to gaze upon her,  
And all that viewed her were enamoured on her.  
And as in fury of a dreadful fight,  
Their fellows being slain or put to flight,  
Poor soldiers stand with fear of death dead strooken,  
So at her presence all, surprised and taken,  
Await the sentence of her scornful eyes:  
He whom she favours lives, the other dies.  
There might you see one sigh, another rage,  
And some (their violent passions to assuage)  
Compile sharp satires; but alas too late,  
For faithful love will never turn to hate.  
And many, seeing great princes were denied,  
Pined as they went, and thinking on her died.  
On this feast day, O curséd day and hour,  
Went Hero thorough Sestos, from her to ver  
To Venus' temple, where unhappily,  
As after chanced, they did each other spy.  
So fair a church as this had Venus none;  
The walls were of discoloured jasper stone,  
Wherein was Proteus carvéd, and o'er head,  
A lively vine of green sea-agate spread;  
Where by one hand, light headed Bacchus hung,  
And with the other, wine from grapes outwring.  
Of crystal shining fair the pavement was;  
The town of Sestos called it Venus' glass.  
There might you see the gods in sundry shapes,  
Committing heady riots, incest, rapes:  
For know, that underneath this radiant floor  
Was Danaë's statue in a brazen tower,  
Jove slyly stealing from his sister's bed,  
To dally with Idalian Ganymed,  
And for his love Europa bellowing loud,  
And tumbling with the Rainbow in a cloud:  
Blood-quaffing Mars heaving the iron net,  
Which lumping Vulcan and his Cyclops set;

Love kindling fire, to burn such towns as Troy,  
 Sylvanus weeping for the lovely boy  
 That now is turned into a cypress tree,  
 Under whose shade the wood-gods love to be.  
 And in the midst a silver altar stood;  
 There Hero sacrificing turtles' blood,  
 Vailed to the ground, veiling her eye-lids close,  
 And modestly they opened as she rose:  
 Thence flew Love's arrow with the golden head,  
 And thus Leander was enamouréd.  
 Stone still he stood, and evermore he gazed,  
 Till with the fire that from his count'nance blazed,  
 Relenting Hero's gentle heart was strook,  
*Such force and virtue hath an amorous look.*

It lies not in our power to love, or hate,  
 For will in us is over-ruled by fate.  
 When two are stript long ere the course begin,  
 We wish that one should lose, the other win;  
 And one especially do we affect  
 Of two gold ingots like in each respect.  
 The reason no man knows, let it suffice,  
 What we bel old is censured by our eyes.  
 Where both deliberate, the love is slight,  
 Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?

---

 WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
 

---

## XVIII

**S**HALL I compare thee to a summer's day?  
 Thou art more lovely and more temperate:  
 Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
 And summer's lease hath all too short a date:  
 Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
 And often is his cold complexion dimm'd;  
 And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
 By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd:  
 But thy eternal summer shall not fade,

Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;  
 Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,  
 When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st:  
     So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,  
     So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

## XXIX

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,  
 I all alone beweepe my outcast state,  
 And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,  
 And look upon myself, and curse my fate,  
 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,  
 Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,  
 Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,  
 With what I most enjoy contented least;  
 Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,  
 Haply I think on thee,—and then my state,  
 Like to the lark at break of day arising  
 From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;  
     For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings  
     That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

## XXX

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought  
 I summon up remembrance of things past,  
 I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,  
 And with old woes new wail my dear times' waste:  
 Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,  
 For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,  
 And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,  
 And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight:  
 Then can I grieve at grievances forgone,  
 And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er  
 The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,  
 Which I new pay as if not paid before.  
     But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,  
     All losses are restor'd and sorrows end.

## LV

Not marble, not the gilded monuments  
 Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rime;



But you shall shine more bright in these contents  
 Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.  
 When wasteful war shall statues overturn,  
 And broils root out the work of masonry,  
 Nor mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn  
 The living record of your memory.  
 'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity  
 Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room,  
 Even in the eyes of all posterity  
 That wear this world out to the ending doom.  
     So, till the judgment that yourself arise,  
     You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

## LX

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,  
 So do our minutes hasten to their end;  
 Each changing place with that which goes before,  
 In sequent toil all forwards do contend.  
 Nativity, once in the main of light,  
 Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,  
 Crooked eclipses 'gaunst his glory fight,  
 And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.  
 Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth  
 And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,  
 Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,  
 And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:  
     And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,  
     Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

## LXVI

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry,  
 As, to behold desert a beggar born,  
 And needy nothing trimmed in jollity,  
 And purest faith unhappily forsworn,  
 And gilded honor shamefully misplaced,  
 And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,  
 And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,  
 And strength by limping sway disabled,  
 And art made tongue-tied by authority,  
 And folly doctor-like controlling skill,  
 And simple truth miscalled simplicity,

And captive good attending captain ill:  
Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,  
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

## LXXIII

That time of year thou may'st in me behold  
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang  
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,  
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.  
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day  
As after sunset fadeth in the west;  
Which by and by black night doth take away,  
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.  
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,  
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,  
As the death-bed whereon it must expire  
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.  
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,  
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

## LXXXVII

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,  
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:  
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;  
My bonds in thee are all determinate.  
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?  
And for that riches where is my deserving?  
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,  
And so my patent back again is swerving.  
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,  
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;  
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,  
Comes home again, on better judgment making.  
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,  
In sleep a king, but, waking, no such matter.

## XCIV

They that have power to hurt and will do none,  
That do not do the thing they most do show,  
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,  
Unmovèd, cold, and to temptation slow;

They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,  
 And husband nature's riches from expense:  
 They are the lords and owners of their faces,  
 Others but stewards of their excellence.  
 The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,  
 Though to itself it only live and die,  
 But if that flower with base infection meet,  
 The basest weed outbraves his dignity:  
 For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds:  
 Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

CVI

When in the chronicle of wasted time  
 I see descriptions of the fairest wights,  
 And beauty making beautiful old rime,  
 In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,  
 Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,  
 Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,  
 I see their antique pen would have express'd  
 Even such a beauty as you master now.  
 So all their praises are but prophecies  
 Of this our time, all you prefiguring;  
 And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,  
 They had not skill enough your worth to sing:  
 For we, which now behold these present days,  
 Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

CXVI

Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
 Admit impediments. Love is not love  
 Which alters when it alteration finds,  
 Or bends with the remover to remove:  
 O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,  
 That looks on tempests and is never shaken;  
 It is the star to every wandering bark,  
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.  
 Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks  
 Within his bending sickle's compass come;  
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom.  
 If this be error, and upon me prov'd,  
 I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

*Songs*

(FROM THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA)

WHO is Silvia? what is she?  
That all our swains commend her?  
Holy, fair, and wise is she;  
The heaven such grace did lend her,  
That she might admirèd be.

Is she kind as she is fair?  
For beauty lives with kindness:  
Love doth to her eyes repair,  
To help him of his blindness;  
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,  
That Silvia is excelling;  
She excels each mortal thing  
Upon the dull earth dwelling:  
To her let us garlands bring.

(FROM LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST)

WHEN daisies pied and violets blue,  
And lady-smocks all silver-white,  
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue  
Do paint the meadows with delight,  
The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,  
Cuckool  
Cuckoo, cuckool!  
O word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,  
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,  
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,  
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,  
The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
Mocks married men, for thus sings he—  
Cuckool

# ENGLISH POETRY

Cuckoo, cuckoo!  
O word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear!

(FROM LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST)

WHEN icicles hang by the wall,  
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,  
And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
And milk come frozen home in pail,  
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
    To-whit!  
To-who!—a merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,  
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,  
And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,  
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
    To-whit!  
To-who!—a merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

## Fairy Songs

(FROM A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM)

### I

OVER hill, over dale,  
Thorough bush, thorough brier,  
Over park, over pale,  
Thorough flood, thorough fire,  
I do wander everywhere  
Swifter than the moon's sphere;  
And I serve the Fairy Queen,  
To dew her orbs upon the green.

The cowslips tall her pensioners be;  
In their gold coats spots you see;  
Those be rubies, fairy favours,  
In those freckles live their savours:  
I must go seek some dewdrops here,  
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

## II

You spotted snakes with double tongue,  
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;  
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong;  
Come not near our fairy queen:

Philomel, with melody,  
Sing in our sweet lullaby  
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby  
Never harm,  
Nor spell, nor charm,  
Come our lovely lady nigh;  
So, good night, with lullaby.

Weaving spiders come not here:  
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!  
Beetles black, approach not near;  
Worm nor snail, do no offence.

Philomel, with melody,  
Sing in our sweet lullaby  
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby  
Never harm,  
Nor spell, nor charm,  
Come our lovely lady nigh;  
So, good night, with lullaby.

## III

Now the hungry lion roars,  
And the wolf howls the moon;  
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,  
All with weary task fordone.

## ENGLISH POETRY

Now the wasted brands do glow,  
 Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,  
 Puts the wretch that lies in woe  
 In remembrance of a shroud.

Now it is the time of night  
 That the graves, all gaping wide,  
 Every one lets forth his spright,  
 In the church-way paths to glide:

And we fairies, that do run  
 By the triple Hecate's team,  
 From the presence of the sun,  
 Following darkness like a dream,

Now are frolic; not a mouse  
 Shall disturb this hallow'd house.  
 I am sent with broom before,  
 To sweep the dust behind the door.

*Casket Song*

(FROM THE MERCHANT OF VENICE)

TELL me where is fancy bred,  
 Or in the heart, or in the head?  
 How begot, how nourishèd?  
 Reply, reply.

It is engendered in the eyes,  
 With gazing fed; and fancy dies  
 In the cradle where it lies.

Let us all ring fancy's knell;  
 I'll begin it—Ding dong bell.  
 Ding dong bell.

*Balthasar's Song*

(FROM MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING)

SIGH no more, ladies, sigh no more,  
Men were deceivers ever;  
One foot in sea, and one on shore,  
To one thing constant never:  
Then sigh not so,  
But let them go,  
And be you blithe and bonny,  
Converting all your sounds of woe  
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo  
Of dumps so dull and heavy;  
The fraud of men was ever so,  
Since summer first was leavy.  
Then sigh not so,  
But let them go,  
And be you blithe and bonny,  
Converting all your sounds of woe  
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

*Amien's Songs*

(FROM AS YOU LIKE IT)

I

UNDER the greenwood tree,  
Who loves to lie with me,  
And tune his merry note  
Unto the sweet bird's throat,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither—  
Here shall he see  
No enemy  
But winter and rough weather.



Who doth ambition shun,  
 And loves to live i' the sun,  
 Seeking the food he eats,  
 And pleased with what he gets,  
 Come hither, come hither, come hither—  
     Here shall he see  
     No enemy  
 But winter and rough weather.

## II

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
 Thou art not so unkind  
     As man's ingratitude;  
 Thy tooth is not so keen,  
 Because thou art not seen,  
     Although thy breath be rude.  
 Heigh-ho, sing heigh-ho, unto the green holly:  
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.  
     Then heigh-ho, the holly!  
     This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
 That dost not bite so nigh  
     As benefits forgot:  
 Though thou the waters warp,  
 Thy sting is not so sharp  
     As friend remember'd not  
 Heigh-ho, sing heigh-ho, unto the green holly.  
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.  
     Then heigh-ho, the holly!  
     This life is most jolly.

*Feste's Songs*

(FROM TWELFTH NIGHT)

## I

O MISTRESS mine, where are you roaming?  
 O! stay and hear; your true love's coming,  
 That can sing both high and low.

Trip no further, pretty sweeting;  
Journeys end in lovers meeting,  
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'Tis not hereafter;  
Present mirth hath present laughter;  
What's to come is still unsure.  
In delay there lies no plenty;  
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty;  
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

## II

Come away, come away, death,  
And in sad cypress let me be laid;  
Fly away, fly away, breath;  
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.  
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,  
O! prepare it.  
My part of death, no one so true  
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,  
On my black coffin let there be strown;  
Not a friend, not a friend greet  
My poor corse, where my bones shall be thrown.  
A thousand thousand sighs to save,  
Lay me, O! where  
Sad true lover never find my grave,  
To weep there.

## III

When that I was and a little tiny boy,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
A foolish thing was but a toy,  
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,  
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas, to wive,  
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
 By swaggering could I never thrive,  
 For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my beds,  
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
 With toss-pots still had drunken heads,  
 For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,  
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
 But that's all one, our play is done,  
 And we'll strive to please you every day.

### *Ophelia's Songs*

(FROM HAMLET)

#### I

HOW should I your true love know  
 From another one?  
 By his cockle hat and staff,  
 And his sandal shoon.

He is dead and gone, lady,  
 He is dead and gone;  
 At his head a grass-green turf,  
 At his heels a stone.

White his shroud as the mountain snow,  
 Larded with sweet flowers,  
 Which bewept to the grave did go  
 With true-love showers.

#### II

And will he not come again?  
 And will he not come again?  
 No, no, he is dead:  
 Go to thy death-bed:  
 He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,  
 All flaxen was his poll:  
     He is gone, he is gone,  
     And we cast away moan;  
 God ha' mercy on his soul!

*Song for Mariana*

(FROM MEASURE FOR MEASURE)

TAKE, O take those lips away  
 That so sweetly were forsworn;  
 And those eyes, the break of day,  
     Lights that do mislead the morn.  
 But my kisses bring again,  
                     Bring again;  
 Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,  
                     Seal'd in vain.

*Song to Imogen*

(FROM CYMBELINE)

HARK! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,  
 And Phoebus gins arise,  
 His steeds to water at those springs  
     On chaliced flowers that lies;  
 And winking Mary-buds begin  
     To ope their golden eyes;  
 With everything that pretty bin,  
     My lady sweet, arise!  
 Arise, arise!

*Fidele's Dirge*

(FROM CYMBELINE)

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun,  
 Nor the furious winter's rages;  
 Thou thy worldly task hast done,

## ENGLISH POETRY

Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages,  
Golden lads and girls all must,  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,  
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke:  
Care no more to clothe and eat;  
To thee the reed is as the oak:  
The sceptre, learning, physic, must  
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,  
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;  
Fear not slander, censure rash;  
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:  
All lovers young, all lovers must  
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

*Ariel's Songs*

(FROM THE TEMPEST)

## I

COME unto these yellow sands,  
And then take hands:  
Curtsied when you have, and kist  
The wild waves whist,  
Foot it featly here and there;  
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.  
Hark, hark!  
*Bow-wow.*  
The watch-dogs bark:  
*Bow-wow.*  
Hark, hark! I hear  
The strain of strutting chanticleer  
Cry Cock-a-diddle-dow!

## II

Full fathom five thy father lies:  
Of his bones are coral made;

Those are pearls that were his eyes:

Nothing of him that doth fade  
But doth suffer a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange.  
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:

*Ding-dong.*

Hark! now I hear them—

Ding dong bell.

III.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;  
In a cowslip's bell I lie;  
There I couch when owls do cry.  
On the bat's back I do fly  
After summer merrily:  
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

---

THOMAS NASHE

---

**R**ICH men, trust not in wealth  
Gold cannot buy you health:  
Physic himself must fade;  
All things to end are made;  
The plague full swift goes by.  
I am sick, I must die—

Lord have mercy on us!

Beauty is but a flower  
Which wrinkles will devour;  
Brightness falls from the air;  
Queens have died young, and fair;  
Dust hath closed Helen's eye.  
I am sick, I must die—

Lord have mercy on us!

Strength stoops unto the grave,  
Worms feed on Hector brave;

## ENGLISH POETRY

Swords may not fight with fate;  
 Earth still holds ope her gate;  
 Come, come, the bells do cry.  
 I am sick, I must die—  
 Lord have mercy on us!

---

 THOMAS CAMPION
 

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*Laura*

ROSE-CHEEK'D *Laura*, come;  
 Sing thou smoothly with thy beauty's  
 Silent music, either other  
 Sweetly gracing.

Lovely forms do flow  
 From concent divinely framèd:  
 Heaven is music, and thy beauty's  
 Birth is heavenly.

These dull notes we sing  
 Discords need for helps to grace them;  
 Only beauty purely loving  
 Knows no discord;

But still moves delight,  
 Like clear springs renew'd by flowing,  
 Ever perfect, ever in them-  
 selves eternal.

## SONGS FROM LUTE BOOKS

Kind are her answers,  
 But her performance keeps no day;  
 Breaks time, as dancers  
 From their own music when they stray.  
 All her free favours  
 And smooth words wing my hopes in vain.  
 O! did ever voice so sweet but only feign?

Can true love yield such delay,  
Converting joy to pain?

Lost is our freedom  
When we submit to women so.  
Why do we need them  
When in their best they work our woe?  
There is no wisdom  
Can alter ends by Fate prefixed.  
O! why is the good of man with evil mixed?  
Never were days yet called two,  
But one night went betwixt.

Now winter nights enlarge  
The number of their hours,  
And clouds their storms discharge  
Upon the airy towers.  
Let now the chimneys blaze  
And cups o'erflow with wine;  
Let well-tuned words amaze  
With harmony divine.  
Now yellow waxen lights  
Shall wait on honey love,  
While youthful revels, masques, and courtly sights  
Sleep's leaden spells remove.  
This time doth well dispense  
With lovers' long discourse;  
Much speech hath some defence,  
Though beauty no remorse.  
All do not all things well;  
Some measures comely tread,  
Some knotted riddles tell,  
Some poems smoothly read.  
The summer hath his joys,  
And winter his delights;  
Though love and all his pleasures are but toys,  
They shorten tedious nights.

Thrice toss these oaken ashes in the air;  
Thrice sit thou mute in this enchanted chair;



Then thrice three times tie up this true love's knot,  
And murmur soft: "She will, or she will not."

Go burn these poisonous weeds in yon blue fire,  
These screech-owl's feathers and this prickling briar,  
This cypress gathered at a dead man's grave,  
That all thy fears and cares an end may have.

Then come, you fairies, dance with me a round;  
Melt her hard heart with your melodious sound.  
In vain are all the charms I can devise;  
She hath an art to break them with her eyes.

---

BEN JONSON

---

*Hymn to Diana*

QUEEN and Huntress, chaste and fair,  
Now the sun is laid to sleep,  
Seated in thy silver chair  
State in wonted manner keep;  
Hesperus entreats thy light,  
Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade  
Dare itself to interpose;  
Cynthia's shining orb was made  
Heaven to clear when day did close;  
Bless us then with wished sight,  
Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart  
And thy crystal-shining quiver;  
Give unto the flying hart  
Space to breathe, how short soever;  
Thou that mak'st a day of night,  
Goddess excellently bright.

*To Celia*

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,  
And I will pledge with mine;  
Or leave a kiss but in the cup  
And I'll not look for wine.  
The thirst that from the soul doth rise  
Doth ask a drink divine;  
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,  
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,  
Not so much honoring thee  
As giving it a hope that there  
It could not withered be;  
But thou thereon didst only breathe  
And sent'st it back to me;  
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear  
Not of itself but thee!

*The Triumph*

SEE the Chariot at hand here of Love,  
Wherein my Lady rideth!  
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,  
And well the car Love guideth.  
As she goes, all hearts do duty  
Unto her beauty;  
And enamour'd do wish, so they might  
But enjoy such a sight,  
That they still were to run by her side,  
Through swords, through seas, whither she would ride.

Do but look on her eyes, they do light  
All that Love's world compriseth!  
Do but look on her hair, it is bright  
As Love's star when it riseth!  
Do but mark, her forehead's smother  
Than words that soothe her;  
And from her arch'd brows such a grace  
Sheds itself through the face,

As alone there triumphs to the life  
All the gain, all the good, of the elements' strife.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow  
Before rude hands have touch'd it?  
Have you mark'd but the fall of the snow  
Before the soil hath smutch'd it?  
Have you felt the wool of beaver,  
Or swan's down ever?  
Or have smelt o' the bud o' the brier,  
Or the nard in the fire?  
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?  
O so white, O so soft, O so sweet is she!

### *First Three Verses of an Ode*

TO THE IMMORTAL MEMORY AND FRIENDSHIP OF THAT NOBLE  
PAIR, SIR LUCIUS CARY AND SIR H. MORISON

IT is not growing like a tree  
In bulk, doth make man better be;  
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,  
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:  
A lily of a day  
Is fairer far in May,  
Although it fall and die that night;  
It was the plant and flower of light.  
In small proportions we just beauties see;  
And in short measures, life may perfect be.

Call, noble *Lucius*, then for wine,  
And let thy looks with gladness shine:  
Accept this garland, plant it on thy head,  
And think—nay, know—thy *Morison's* not dead.  
He leap'd the present age,  
Possess'd with holy rage  
To see that bright eternal Day  
Of which we Priests and Poets say  
Such truths as we expect for happy men;  
And there he lives with memory—and *Ben*

*Jonson*: who sung this of him, ere he went  
 Himself to rest,  
 Or taste a part of that full joy he meant  
 To have exprest  
 In this bright Asterism  
 Where it were friendship's schism—  
 Were not his *Lucius* long with us to tarry—  
 To separate these twy  
 Lights, the *Dioscuri*,  
 And keep the one half from his *Harry*.  
 But fate doth so alternate the design,  
 Whilst that in Heav'n, this light on earth must shine.

---

 JOHN DONNE
 

---

*The Good-Morrow*

I WONDER by my troth, what thou, and I  
 Did, till we lov'd? were we not wean'd till then?  
 But suck'd on countrey pleasures, childishly?  
 Or snorted we in the seaven sleepers den?  
 T'was so; But this, all pleasures fancies bee.  
 If ever any beauty I did see,  
 Which I desir'd, and got, t'was but a dreame of thee.

And now good morrow to our waking soules,  
 Which watch not one another out of feare;  
 For love, all love of other sights controules,  
 And makes one little roome, an every where.  
 Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone,  
 Let Maps to other, worlds on worlds have showne,  
 Let us possesse one world, each hath one, and is one.

My face is thine eye, thine in mine appeares,  
 And true plaine hearts doe in the faces rest,

Where can we finde two better hemispheares  
 Without sharpe North, without declining West?  
 What ever dyes, was not mixt equally;  
 If our two loves be one, or, thou and I  
 Love so alike, that none doe slacken, none can die.

### *Song*

GOE, and catche a falling starre,  
 Get with child a mandrake roote,  
 Tell me, where all past yeares are,  
 Or who cleft the Divels foot,  
 Teach me to heare Mermaides singing,  
 Or to keep off envies stinging,  
 And finde  
 What winde  
 Serves to advance an honest minde.

If thou beest borne to strange sights,  
 Things invisible to see,  
 Ride ten thousand daies and nights,  
 Till age snow white haire on thee,  
 Thou, when thou retorn'st, wilt tell mee  
 All strange wonders that befell thee,  
 And sweare  
 No where  
 Lives a woman true, and faire.

If thou findst one, let mee know,  
 Such a Pilgrimage were sweet;  
 Yet doe not, I would not goe,  
 Though at next doore wee might meet,  
 Though shee were true, when you met her,  
 And last, till you write your letter,  
 Yet shee  
 Will bee  
 False, ere I come, to two, or three.

*The Undertaking*

I HAVE done one braver thing  
Than all the *Worthies* did,  
And yet a braver thence doth spring,  
Which is, to keepe that hid.

It were but madnes now t'impart  
The skill of specular stone,  
When he which can have learn'd the art  
To cut it, can finde none.

So, if I now should utter this,  
Others (because no more  
Such stuffe to worke upon, there is,)  
Would love but as before.

But he who lovelinesse within  
Hath found, all outward loathes,  
For he who colour loves, and skinne,  
Loves but their oldest clothes.

If, as I have, you also doe  
Vertue'attir'd in woman see,  
And dare love that, and say so too,  
And forget the Hee and Shee;

And if this love, though placed so,  
From prophane men you hide,  
Which will no faith on this bestow,  
Or, if they doe, deride:

Then you have done a braver thing  
Than all the *Worthies* did;  
And a braver thence will spring,  
Which is, to keepe that hid.

*The Sunne Rising*

**B**USIE old foole, unruly Sunne,  
 Why dost thou thus,  
 Through windowes, and through curtaines call on us?  
 Must to thy motions lovers seasons run?  
     Sawcy pedantique wretch, goe chide  
     Late schoole boyes, and sowre prentices,  
 Goe tell Court-huntsmen, that the King will ride,  
 Call countrey ants to harvest offices;  
 Love, all alike, no season knowes, nor clyme,  
 Nor houres, dayes, moneths, which are the rags of time.

Thy beames, so reveiend, and strong  
 Why shouldst thou thinke?  
 I could eclipse and cloud them with a winke,  
 But that I would not lose her sight so long:  
     If her eyes have not blinded thine,  
     Looke, and tomorrow late, tell mee,  
     Whether both the 'India's of spice and Myne  
     Be where thou leftst them, or lie here with mee.  
 Aske for those Kings whom thou saw'st yesterday,  
 And thou shalt heare, All here in one bed lay.  
     She's all States, and all Princes, I,  
     Nothing else is.  
 Princes doe but play us; compar'd to this,  
 All honor's mimique; All wealth alchimie.  
     Thou sunne art halfe as happy'as wee.  
     In that the world's contracted thus;  
     Thine age askes ease, and since thy duties bee  
     To warme the world, that's done in warming us.  
 Shine here to us, and thou art every where;  
 This bed thy center is, these walls, thy spheare.

*The Anniversary*

**A**LL kings, and all their favourites,  
 All glory of honours, beauties, wits,  
 The sun itself, which makes time, as they pass,  
 Is'elder by a year now than it was

When thou and I first one another saw.  
 All other things to their destruction draw,  
     Only our love hath no decay;  
 This no tomorrow hath, nor yesterday;  
 Running it never runs from us away,  
 But truly keeps his first, last, everlasting day.

Two graves must hide thine and my corse;  
 If one might, death were no divorce.  
 Alas! as well as other princes, we  
 —Who prince enough in one another be—  
 Must leave at last in death these eyes and ears.  
 Oft fed with true oaths, and with sweet salt tears;  
     But souls where nothing dwells but love  
 —All other thoughts being inmates—then shall prove  
 This or a love increased there above,  
 When bodies to their graves, souls from their graves remove.

And then we shall be thoroughly blest;  
 But now no more than all the rest.  
 Here upon earth we're kings, and none but we  
 Can be such kings, nor of such subjects be.  
 Who is so safe as we? where none can do  
 Treason to us, except one of us two.  
 True and false fears let us refrain,  
 Let us love nobly, and live, and add again  
 Years unto years unto years, till we attain  
 To write threescore; this is the second of our reign.

### *The Extasie*

WHERE, like a pillow on a bed,  
     A Pregnant banke swel'd up, to rest  
 The violets reclining head,  
     Sat we two, one anothers best.  
 Our hands were firmly cimented  
     With a fast balme, which thence did spring,  
 Our eye-beames twisted, and did thred  
     Our eyes, upon one double string;  
 So to'entergraft our hands, as yet  
     Was all the meanes to make us one,



And pictures in our eyes to get  
 Was all our propagation.  
 As 'twixt two equall Armies, Fate  
 Suspends uncertaine victorie,  
 Our soules, (which to advance their state,  
 Were gone out,) hung 'twixt her, and mee.  
 And whil'st our soules negotiate there,  
 Wee like sepulchrall statues lay;  
 All day, the same our postures were,  
 And wee said nothing, all the day.  
 If any, so by love refin'd,  
 That he soules language understood,  
 And by good love were growen all minde,  
 Within convenient distance stood,  
 He (though he knew not which soul spake,  
 Because both meant, both spake the same)  
 Might thence a new concoction take,  
 And part farre purer than he came.  
 This Extasie doth unperplex  
 (We said) and tell us what we love,  
 Wee see by this, it was not sexe,  
 Wee see, we saw not what did move:  
 But as all severall soules containe  
 Mixture of things, they know not what,  
 Love, these mixt soules, doth mixe againe,  
 And makes both one, each this and that.  
 A single violet transplant,  
 The strength, the colour, and the size,  
 (All which before was poore, and scant,)  
 Redoubles still, and multiplies.  
 When love, with one another so  
 Interinanimates two soules,  
 That abler soule, which thence doth flow,  
 Defects of loneliness controules.  
 Wee then, who are this new soule, know,  
 Of what we are compos'd, and made,  
 For, th'Atomies of which we grow,  
 Are soules, whom no change can invade.  
 But O alas, so long, so farre  
 Our bodies why doe wee forbear?  
 They are ours, though they are not wee, Wee are  
 The intelligences, they the spheares.

We owe them thanks, because they thus,  
 Did us, to us, at first convey,  
 Yeeled their forces, sense, to us,  
 Nor are drosse to us, but allay.  
 On man heavens influence workes not so,  
 But that it first imprints the ayre,  
 Soe soule into the soule may flow,  
 Though it to body first repaire.  
 As our blood labours to beget  
 Spirits, as like soules as it can,  
 Because such fingers need to knit  
 That subtile knot, which makes us man:  
 So must pure lovers soules descend  
 T'affections, and to faculties,  
 Which sense may reach and apprehend,  
 Else a great Prince in prison lies.  
 To'our bodies turne wee then, that so  
 Weake men on love reveal'd may looke;  
 Loves mysteries in soules doe grow,  
 But yet the body is his booke.  
 And if some lover, such as wee,  
 Have heard this dialogue of one,  
 Let him still marke us, he shall see  
 Small change, when we're to bodies gone.

### *The Relique*

WHEN my grave is broke up againe  
 Some second ghest to entertaine,  
 (For graves have learn'd that woman-head  
 To be to more than one a Bed)  
 And he that digs it, spies  
 A bracelet of bright haire about the bone,  
 Will he not let'us alone,  
 And thinke that there a loving couple lies,  
 Who thought that this device might be some way  
 To make their soules, at the last busie day,  
 Meet at this grave, and make a little stay?

If this fall in a time, or land,  
 Where mus-devotion doth command,

Then, he that digges us up, will bring  
 Us, to the Bishop, and the King,  
 To make us Reliques; then  
 Thou shalt be a Mary Magdalen, and I  
 A something else thereby;  
 All women shall adore us, and some men;  
 And since at such time, miracles are sought,  
 I would have that age by this paper taught  
 What miracles wee harmlesse lovers wrought.

First, we lov'd well and faithfully,  
 Yet knew not what wee lov'd, nor why,  
 Difference of sex no more wee knew,  
 Than our Guardian Angells doe;  
 Comming and going, wee  
 Perchance might kisse, but not between those meales;  
 Our hands ne'r toucht the seales,  
 Which nature, injur'd by late law, sets free:  
 These miracles wee did; but now alas,  
 All measure, and all language, I should passe,  
 Should I tell what a miracle shee was.

## x

Death be not proud, though some have called thee  
 Mighty and dreadfull, for, thou art not soe,  
 For, those, whom thou think'st, thou dost overthrow,  
 Die not, poore death, nor yet canst thou kill mee.  
 From rest and sleepe, which but thy pictures bee,  
 Much pleasure, then from thee, much more must flow,  
 And soonest our best men with thee doe goe,  
 Rest of their bones, and soules deliverie.  
 Thou art slave to Fate, Chance, kings, and desperate men,  
 And dost with poyson, warre, and sicknesse dwell,  
 And poppie, or charmes can make us sleepe as well,  
 And better than thy stroake; why swell'st thou then?  
 One short sleepe past, wee wake eternally,  
 And death shall be no more; death, thou shalt die.

## xiv

Batter my heart, three person'd God; for, you  
 As yet but knocke, breathe, shine, and seeke, to mend,

That I may rise, and stand, o'erthrow mee, and bend  
 Your force, to breake, blowe, burn and make me new.  
 I, like an usurpt towne, to'another due,  
 Labour to'admit you, but Oh, to no end,  
 Reason your viceroy in mee, mee should defend,  
 But is captiv'd, and proves weake or untrue.  
 Yet dearly I love you, and would be loved faine,  
 But am bethroth'd unto your enemy:  
 Divorce mee, untie, or breake that knot againe,  
 Take mee to you, imprison mee, for I  
 Except you'enthral mee, never shall be free,  
 Nor ever chaste, except you ravish mee.

*A Hymne to God the Father*

I

WILT thou forgive that sinne where I begunne,  
 Which is my sin, though it were done before?  
 Wilt thou forgive those sinnes, through which I runne,  
 And do run still: though still I do deplore?  
 When thou hast done, thou hast not done,  
 For, I have more.

II

Wilt thou forgive that sinne by which I have wonne  
 Others to sinne? and, made my sinne their doore?  
 Wilt thou forgive that sinne which I did shunne  
 A yeare, or two: but wallowed in, a score?  
 When thou hast done, thou hast not done,  
 For, I have more.

III

I have a sinne of feare, that when I have spunne  
 My last thred, I shall perish on the shore;  
 Swear by thy selfe, that at my death thy sonne  
 Shall shine as he shines now, and heretofore;  
 And, having done that, Thou haste done,  
 I feare no more.

---

 JOHN WEBSTER
 

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FROM THE DUCHESS OF MALFI

*Ferdinand.* Is she dead?*Bosola.* She is what you would have her.  
Fix your eye here.*Ferdinand.* Constantly.*Bosola.* Do you not weep?  
Other sins only speak; murder shrieks out.  
The element of water moistens the earth,  
But blood flies upward and bedews the heavens.*Ferdinand.* Cover her face: mine eyes dazzle: she died young.

FROM THE WHITE DEVIL

*Funeral Dirge for Marcello*

(His Mother sings it)

Call for the Robin-red-breast, and the Wren,  
 Since o'er shady groves they hover,  
 And with leaves and flowers do cover  
 The friendless bodies of unburied men.  
 Call unto his funeral dole  
 The Ant, the Field-mouse, and the Mole,  
 To raise him hillocks that shall keep him warm,  
 And (when gay tombs are robb'd) sustain no harm;  
 But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men,  
 For with his nails he'll dig them up again.

---

GEORGE WITHER

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*Shall I, Wasting in Despair*

SHALL I, wasting in despair,  
 Die because a woman's fair?  
 Or make pale my cheeks with care  
 'Cause another's rosy are?  
 Be she fairer than the day,  
 Or the flowery meads in May,  
 If she be not so to me  
 What care I how fair she be?

Should my heart be grieved or pined  
 'Cause I see a woman kind?  
 Or a well-disposèd nature  
 Joinèd with a lovely feature?  
 Be she meeker, kinder than  
 Turtle-dove, or pelican,  
 If she be not so to me,  
 What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move  
 Me to perish for her love?  
 Or her well-deserving, known,  
 Make me quite forget my own?  
 Be she with that goodness blest  
 Which may gain her name of best,  
 If she be not such to me  
 What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,  
 Shall I play the fool, and die?  
 Those that bear a noble mind,  
 Where they want of riches find,  
 Think what with them they would do  
 That without them dare to woo;

## ENGLISH POETRY

And unless that mind I see,  
What care I though great she be?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,  
I will ne'er the more despair:  
If she love me, this believe  
I will die ere she shall grieve:  
If she slight me when I woo,  
I can scorn and let her go;  
For if she be not for me,  
What care I for whom she be?

---

 ROBERT HERRICK
 

---

A SWEET disorder in the dress  
Kindles in clothes a wantonness:  
A lawn about the shoulders thrown  
Into a fine distraction;  
An erring lace, which here and there  
Enthrals the crimson stomacher;  
A cuff neglectful, and thereby  
Ribbons to flow confusedly;  
A winning wave, deserving note,  
In the tempestuous petticoat;  
A careless shoe-string, in whose tie  
I see a wild civility;  
Do more bewitch me than when art  
Is too precise in every part.

*To the Virgins: to Make Much of Time*

GATHER ye rosebuds while ye may,  
Old time is still a-flying;  
And the same flower that smiles today,  
Tomorrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,  
The higher he's a-getting,  
The sooner will his race be run,  
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,  
When youth and blood are warmer;  
But being spent, the worse and worst  
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,  
And while ye may, go marry;  
For having lost but once your prime,  
You may for ever tarry.

*Night Piece to Julia*

HER eyes the glow-worm lend thee,  
The shooting stars attend thee:  
And the elves also,  
Whose little eyes glow,  
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o'-the-Wisp mislight thee,  
Nor snake or slow-worm bite thee;  
But on, on thy way,  
Not making a stay,  
Since ghost there's none to affright thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber;  
What though the moon does slumber?  
The stars of the night  
Will lend thee their light,  
Like tapers clear, without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,  
Thus, thus to come unto me;  
And when I shall meet  
Thy silv'ry feet,  
My soul I'll poure into thee.



*Upon Julia's Clothes*

WHENAS in silks my Julia goes,  
 Then, then, methinks, how sweetly flows  
 That liquefaction of her clothes.

Next, when I cast mine eyes, and see  
 That brave vibration each way free,  
 Oh, how that glittering taketh me!

*His Winding Sheet*

COME thou, who art the wine and wit  
 Of all I've writ:  
 The grace, the glory, and the best  
 Piece of the rest.  
 Thou art of what I did intend  
 The all and end;  
 And what was made, was made to meet  
 Thee, thee, my sheet.  
 Come then and be to my chaste side  
 Both bed and bride:  
 We two, as reliques left, will have  
 One rest, one grave:  
 And hugging close, we will not fear  
 Lust entering here:  
 Where all desires are dead and cold  
 As is the mould;  
 And all affections are forgot,  
 Or trouble not.  
 Here, here, the slaves and prisoners be  
 From shackles free:  
 And weeping widows long oppress'd  
 Do here find rest.  
 The wrong'd client ends his laws  
 Here, and his cause.  
 Here those long suits of Chancery lie  
 Quiet, or die:  
 And all Star-Chamber bills do cease  
 Or hold their peace.

Here needs no Court for our Request  
 Where all are best,  
 All wise, all equal, and all just  
 Alike i' th' dust.  
 Nor need we here to fear the frown  
 Of court or crown:  
 Where fortune bears no sway o'er things,  
 There all are kings.  
 In this securer place we'll keep  
 As lull'd asleep;  
 Or for a little time we'll lie  
 As robes laid by;  
 To be another day re-worn,  
 Turn'd, but not torn:  
 Or like old testaments engross'd,  
 Lock'd up, not lost.  
 And for a while lie here conceal'd,  
 To be reveal'd  
 Next at the great Platonick year,  
 And then meet here.

---

 GEORGE HERBERT
 

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*The Quip*

THE merry World did on a day  
 With his train-bands and mates agree  
 To meet together, where I lay,  
 And all in sport to jeer at me.

First, Beauty crept into a rose,  
 Which when I plucked not, "Sir," said she,  
 "Tell me, I pray, whose hands are those?"—  
 But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Platonick year] the perfect or cyclic year, when the sun, moon, and five planets end their revolutions together and start anew. See *Timæus*.

## ENGLISH POETRY

Then Money came, and clinking still,  
 "What tune is this, poor man?" said he:  
 "I heard in Music you had skill."  
 But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came brave Glory puffing by  
 In silks that whistled—who but he?  
 He scarce allowed me half an eye—  
 But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came quick Wit and Conversation,  
 And he would needs a comfort be,  
 And, to be short, make an oration—  
 But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me

Yet when the hour of Thy design  
 To answer these fine things shall come,  
 Speak not at large, say, I am Thine,  
 And then they have their answer home.

*The Pulley*

WHEN God at first made Man,  
 Having a glass of blessings standing by—  
 Let us (said He) pour on him all we can;  
 Let the world's riches, which dispersèd lie,  
 Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way,  
 Then beauty flow'd, then wisdom, honour, pleasure:  
 When almost all was out, God made a stay,  
 Perceiving that, alone of all His treasure,  
 Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said He)  
 Bestow this jewel also on My creature,  
 He would adore My gifts instead of Me,  
 And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature:  
 So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,  
 But keep them with repining restlessness;

Let him be rich and weary, that at least,  
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness  
May toss him to My breast.

---

JAMES SHIRLEY

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*A Dirge*

THE glories of our blood and state,  
Are shadows, not substantial things,  
There is no armour against fate,  
Death lays his icy hand on Kings,  
Sceptre and Crown  
Must tumble down,  
And in the dust be equal made  
With the poor crookèd scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,  
And plant fresh laurels where they kill,  
But their strong nerves at last must yield,  
They tame but one another still;  
Early or late,  
They stoop to fate,  
And must give up their murmuring breath,  
When they, pale Captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,  
Then boast no more your mighty deeds,  
Upon Death's purple Altar now,  
See, where the Victor-victim bleeds.  
Your heads must come  
To the cold Tomb;  
Only the actions of the just  
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

---

 JOHN MILTON
 

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*On the Morning of Christ's Nativity*

THIS is the Month, and this the happy morn  
 Wherein the Son of Heav'n's eternal King,  
 Of wedded Maid, and Virgin Mother born,  
 Our great redemption from above did bring;  
 For so the holy sages once did sing,  
     That he our deadly forfeit should release,  
 And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious Form, that Light unsufferable,  
 And that far-beaming blaze of Majesty,  
 Wherewith he wont at Heav'n's high Council-Table,  
 To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,  
 He laid aside; and here with us to be,  
     Forsook the Courts of everlasting Day,  
 And chose with us a darksome House of mortal Clay.

Say Heav'nly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein  
 Afford a present to the Infant God?  
 Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,  
 To welcom him to this his new abode,  
 Now while the Heav'n by the Suns team untrod,  
     Hath took no print of the approaching light,  
 And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

See how from far upon the Eastern rode  
 The Star-led Wisards haste with odours sweet,  
 O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,  
 And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;  
 Have thou the honour first, thy Lord to greet,  
     And joyn thy voice unto the Angel Quire,  
 From out his secret Altar toucht with hallow'd fire.

*The Hymn*

**I**T was the Winter wilde,  
While the Heav'n-borne-childe,  
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;  
Nature in aw to him  
Had doff't her gawdy trim,  
With her great Master so to sympathize:  
It was no season then for her  
To wanton with the Sun her lusty Paramour.

Only with speeches fair  
She woo's the gentle Air  
To hide her guilty front with innocent Snow,  
And on her naked shame,  
Pollute with sinfull blame,  
The Saintly Vail of Maiden white to throw,  
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes  
Should look so neer upon her foul deformities.

But he her fears to cease,  
Sent down the meek-eyd Peace,  
She crown'd with Olive green, came softly sliding  
Down through the turning sphear  
His ready Harbinger,  
With Turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing,  
And waving wide her mirtle wand,  
She strikes a universall Peace through Sea and Land.

No War, or Battails sound  
Was heard the World around,  
The idle spear and shield were high up hung;  
The hooked Chariot stood  
Unstain'd with hostile blood,  
The Trumpet spake not to the armed throng,  
And Kings sate still with awfull eye,  
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

But peacefull was the night  
Wherin the Prince of light  
His raign of peace upon the earth began:

The Windes with wonder whist,  
Smoothly the waters kist,  
Whispering new joyes to the milde Ocean,  
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,  
While Birds of Calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

The Stars with deep amaze  
Stand fixt in stedfast gaze,  
Bending one way their pretious influence,  
And will not take their flight,  
For all the morning light,  
Or *Lucifer* that often warn'd them thence;  
But in their glimmering Orbs did glow,  
Untill their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

And though the shady gloom  
Had given day her room,  
The Sun himself with-held his wonted speed,  
And hid his head for shame,  
As his inferiour flame,  
The new enlightn'd world no more should need;  
He saw a greater Sun appear  
Than his bright Throne, or burning Axletree could bear.

The Shepherds on the Lawn,  
Or ere the point of dawn,  
Sate simply chatting in a rustick row;  
Full little thought they than,  
That the mighty *Pan*  
Was kindly come to live with them below;  
Perhaps their loves, or els their sheep,  
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busie keep.

When such musick sweet  
Their hearts and ears did greet,  
As never was by mortall finger strook,  
Divinely-warbled voice  
Answering the stringed noise,  
As all their souls in blisfull rapture took:  
The Air such pleasure loth to lose,  
With thousand echo's still prolongs each heav'nly close.

Nature that heard such sound  
Beneath the hollow round  
Of *Cynthia's* seat, the Airy region thrilling,  
Now was almost won  
To think her part was don,  
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;  
She knew such harmony alone  
Could hold all Heav'n and Earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight  
A Globe of circular light,  
That with long beams the shame-fac't night array'd,  
The helmed Cherubim  
And sworded Seraphum,  
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displaid,  
Harping in loud and solemn quire,  
With unexpressive notes to Heav'ns new-born Heir.

Such Musick (as 'tis said)  
Before was never made,  
But when of old the sons of morning sung,  
While the Creator Great  
His constellations set,  
And the well-balanc't world on hinges hung,  
And cast the dark foundations deep,  
And bid the weltring waves their oozy channel keep.

Ring out ye Crystall sphears,  
Once bless our human ears,  
(If ye have power to touch our senses so)  
And let your silver chime  
Move in melodious time;  
And let the Base of Heav'ns deep Organ blow,  
And with your ninefold harmony  
Make up full consort to th' Angelike symphony.

For if such holy Song  
Enwrap our fancy long,  
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold,  
And speckl'd vanity  
Will sicken soon and die,  
And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould,



And Hell it self will pass away,  
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea Truth, and Justice then  
Will down return to men,  
Th' enameld *Arras* of the Rain-bow wearing,  
And Mercy set between,<sup>1</sup>  
Thron'd in Celestiall sheen,  
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering,  
And Heav'n as at som festivall,  
Will open wide the Gates of her high Palace Hall.

But wisest Fate sayes no,  
This must not yet be so,  
The Babe lies yet in smiling Infancy,  
That on the bitter cross  
Must redeem our loss;  
So both himself and us to glorifie:  
Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep,  
The wakefull trump of doom must thunder through the deep,

With such a horrid clang  
As on mount *Sinai* rang  
While the red fire, and smouldring clouds out brake:  
The aged Earth agast  
With terroure of that blast,  
Shall from the surface to the center shake;  
When at the worlds last session,  
The dreadfull Judge in middle Air shall spread his throne.

And then at last our bliss  
Full and perfect is,  
But now begins; for from this happy day  
Th' old Dragon under ground  
In straiter limits bound,  
Not half so far casts his usurped sway,  
And wrath to see his Kingdom fail,  
Swindges the scaly Horror of his fouled tail.

The Oracles are dumm,  
No voice or hideous humm

<sup>1</sup> Orb'd in a Rain-bow; and like glories wearing Mercy will sit between.

Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.  
*Apollo* from his shrine  
 Can no more divine,

With hollow shriek the steep of *Delphos* leaving.  
 No nightly trance, or breathed spell,  
 Inspire's the pale-ey'd Priest from the prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o're,  
 And the resounding shore,  
 A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament;  
 From haunted spring, and dale  
 Edg'd with poplar pale,  
 The parting Genius is with sighing sent,  
 With flowre-inwov'n tresses torn  
 The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

In consecrated Earth,  
 And on the holy Hearth,  
 The *Lars*, and *Lemures* moan with midnight plaint,  
 In Urns, and Altars round,  
 A drear, and dying sound  
 Affrights the *Flamins* at their service quaint;  
 And the chill Marble seems to sweat,  
 While each peculiar power forgoes his wonted seat.

*Peor*, and *Baalim*,  
 Forsake their Temples dun,  
 With that twice-batter'd god of *Palestine*,  
 And mooned *Ashtaroath*,  
 Heav'n's Queen and Mother both,  
 Now sits not girt with Tapers holy shine,  
 The Libyc *Hammon* shrinks his horn,  
 In vain the *Tyrian* Maids their wounded *Thamuz* mourn.

And sullen *Moloch* fled,  
 Hath left in shadows dred,  
 His burning Idol all of blackest hue,  
 In vain with Cymbals ring,  
 They call the grisly king,  
 In dismall dance about the furnace blue;  
 The brutish gods of *Nile* as fast,  
*Isis* and *Orus*, and the Dog *Anubis* hast.

Nor is *Osiris* seen  
 In *Memphian* Grove, or Green,  
 Trampling the unshower'd Grasse with lowings loud:  
 Nor can he be at rest  
 Within his sacred chest,  
 Naught but profoundest Hell can be his shroud,  
 In vain with *Timbrel'd* Anthems dark  
 The sable-stoled Sorcerers bear his worshipt Ark.

He feels from *Juda's* Land  
 The dredded Infants hand,  
 The rayes of *Bethlehem* blind his dusky eyn;  
 Nor all the gods beside,  
 Longer dare abide,  
 Not *Typhon* huge ending in snaky twine:  
 Our Babe to shew his Godhead true,  
 Can in his swadling bands controul the damned crew.

So when the Sun in bed,  
 Curtain'd with cloudy red,  
 Pillows his chin upon an Orient wave,  
 The flocking shadows pale,  
 Troop to th' infernall jail,  
 Each fettr'd Ghost slips to his severall grave,  
 And the yellow-skirted *Fayes*,  
 Fly after the Night-steeds, leaving their Moon-lov'd maze.

But see the Virgin blest,  
 Hath laid her Babe to rest.  
 Time is our tedious Song should here have ending,  
 Heav'ns youngest teemed Star,  
 Hath fixt her polisht Car,  
 Her sleeping Lord with Handmaid Lamp attending:  
 And all about the Courtly Stable,  
 Bright-harnest Angels sit in order serviceable.

### *L'Allegro*

HENCE loathed Melancholy  
 Of Cerberus, and blackest midnight born,  
 In Stygian Cave forlorn  
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy,

Find out som uncouth cell,

Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,  
And the night-Raven sings;

There under Ebon shades, and low-brow'd Rocks,  
As ragged as thy Locks,

In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

But com thou Goddes fair and free,

In Heav'n ycleap'd Euphrosyne,

And by men, heart-easing Mirth,

Whom lovely Venus at a birth

With two sister Graces more

To Ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;

Or whether (as som Sager sing)

The frolick Wind that breathes the Spring,

Zephir with Aurora playing,

As he met her once a Maying,

There on Beds of Violets blew,

And fresh-blown Roses washt in dew,

Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,

So buxom, blith, and debonair.

Haste thee nymph, and bring with thee

Jest and youthful Jollity,

Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,

Nods, and Becks, and Wreathed Smiles,

Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,

And love to live in dimple sleek;

Sport that wrinkled Care derides,

And Laughter holding both his sides.

Com, and trip it as ye go

On the light fantastuck toe,

And in thy right hand lead with thee,

The Mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty;

And if I give thee honour due,

Mirth, admit me of thy crue

To live with her, and live with thee,

In unreprieved pleasures free;

To hear the Lark begin his flight,

And singing startle the dull night,

From his watch-towre in the skies,

Till the dappled dawn doth rise;

Then to com in spite of sorrow,

And at my window bid good morrow,

Through the Sweet-Briar, or the Vine,  
 Or the twisted Eglantine.  
 While the Cock with lively din,  
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin,  
 And to the stack, or the Barn dore,  
 Stoutly struts his Dames before,  
 Oft list'ning how the Hounds and horn  
 Chearly rouse the slumbring morn,  
 From the side of som Hoar Hill,  
 Through the high wood echoing shrill.  
 Som time walking not unseen  
 By Hedge-row Elms, on Hillocks green,  
 Right against the Eastern gate,  
 Wher the great Sun begins his state,  
 Rob'd in flames, and Amber light,  
 The clouds in thousand Liveries dight.  
 While the Plowman neer at hand,  
 Whistles o'er the Furrow'd Land,  
 And the Milkmaid singeth blithe,  
 And the Mower whets his sithe,  
 And every Shepherd tells his tale  
 Under the Hawthorn in the dale.  
 Strait mine eye hath caught new pleasures  
 Whilst the Lantskip round it measures,  
 Russet Lawns, and Fallows Gray,  
 Where the nibling flocks do stray,  
 Mountains on whose barren brest  
 The labouring clouds do often rest:  
 Meadows trim with Daisies pide,  
 Shallow Brooks, and Rivers wide.  
 Towers, and Battlements it sees  
 Boosom'd high in tufted Trees,  
 Where perhaps som beauty lies,  
 The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.  
 Hard by, a Cottage chimney smokes,  
 From betwixt two aged Okes,  
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,  
 Are at their savory dinner set  
 Of Hearbs, and other Country Messes,  
 Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;  
 And then in haste her Bowre she leaves,  
 With Thestylis to bind the Sheaves;

Or if the earlier season lead  
To the tann'd Haycock in the Mead,  
Som times with secure delight  
The up-land Hamlets will invite,  
When the merry Bells ring round,  
And the jocond rebecks sound  
To many a youth, and many a maid,  
Dancing in the Chequer'd shade;  
And young and old com forth to play  
On a Sunshine Holyday,  
Till the live-long day-light fail,  
Then to the Spicy Nut-brown Ale,  
With stories of many a feat,  
How Faery Mab the junkets eat,  
She was pincht, and pull'd she sed,  
And he by Friars Lanthorn led;  
Tells how the drudging Goblin swet,  
To earn his Cream-bowle duly set,  
When in one night, ere glumps of morn,  
His shadowy Flae hath thresh'd the Corn  
That ten day-labourers could not end,  
Then lies him down the Lubbar Fend.  
And stretch'd out all the Chimney's length,  
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;  
And Crop-full out of dores he flings,  
Ere the first Cock his Mattin rings.  
Thus don the Tales, to bed they creep,  
By whispering Windes soon lull'd asleep.  
Towred Cities please us then,  
And the busie hum of men,  
Where throngs of Knights and Barons bold,  
In weeds of Peace high triumphs hold,  
With store of Ladies, whose bright eyes  
Rain influence, and judge the prise  
Of Wit, or Arms, while both contend  
To win her Grace, whom all commend.  
There let Hymen oft appear  
In Saffron robe, with Taper clear,  
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,  
With mask, and antique Pageantry,  
Such sights as youthful Poets dream  
On Summer eeves by haunted stream.

Then to the well-trod stage anon,  
 If Jonsons learned Sock be on,  
 Or sweetest Shakespear fancies childe,  
 Warble his native Wood-notes wilde.  
 And ever against eating Cares,  
 Lap me in soft Lydian Aires,  
 Married to immortal verse  
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce  
 In notes, with many a winding bout  
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out,  
 With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,  
 The melting voice through mazes running;  
 Untwisting all the chains that ty  
 The hidden soul of harmony.  
 That Orpheus self may heave his head  
 From golden slumber on a bed  
 Of heapt Elysian flowres, and hear  
 Such streins as would have won the ear  
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free  
 His half regan'd Eurydice.  
 These delights, if thou canst give,  
 Mirth with thee, I mean to live.

### *Lycidas*

A LAMENT FOR A FRIEND DROWNED IN HIS PASSAGE FROM CHESTER ON  
 THE IRISH SEAS, 1637

YET once more, O ye Laurels, and once more  
 Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never sere,  
 I come to pluck your Berries harsh and crude,  
 And with forced fingers rude,  
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.  
 Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,  
 Compels me to disturb your season due:  
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,  
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:  
 Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew  
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.  
 He must not float upon his watery bier  
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,

Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin, then, Sisters of the sacred well,  
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;  
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.  
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,  
So may some gentle Muse  
With lucky words favor my destined Urn,  
And as he passes turn,  
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.  
For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,  
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill;  
Together both, ere the high Lawns appeared  
Under the opening eye-lids of the Morn,  
We drove a-field, and both together heard  
What time the Grey-fly winds her sultry horn,  
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,  
Oft till the Star that rose, at Evening, bright  
Toward Heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel,  
Meanwhile the Rural ditties were not mute,  
Tempered to the Oaten Flute;  
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel,  
From the glad sound would not be absent long,  
And old Damætas loved to hear our song.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,  
Thee, Shepherd, thee the Woods, and desert Caves,  
With wild Thyme and the gadding Vine o'ergrown,  
And all their echoes mourn.

The Willows, and the Hazel Copses green,

Shall now no more be seen,

Fanning their joyous Leaves to thy soft lays.  
As killing as the Canker to the Rose,  
Or Taint-worm to the weanling Herds that graze,  
Or Frost to Flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,  
When first the White-thorn blows;  
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to Shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep  
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?

For neither were ye playing on the steep,  
Where your old Bards, the famous Druids, lie,  
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,  
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream:  
Ay me, I fondly dream!



Had ye been there—for what could that have done?  
 What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,  
 The Muse herself, for her enchanting son  
 Whom Universal nature did lament,  
 When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,  
 His gory visage down the stream was sent,  
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

Alas! What boots it with uncessant care  
 To tend the homely slighted Shepherd's trade,  
 And strictly meditate the thankless Muse,  
 Were it not better done, as others use,  
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,  
 Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?  
 Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise  
 (That last infirmity of Noble mind)  
 To scorn delights, and live laborious days;  
 But the fair Guerdon when we hope to find,  
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,  
 Comes the blind Fury with the abhorrèd shears,  
 And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"  
 Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears;  
 "Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,  
 Nor in the glittering foil  
 Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies,  
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,  
 And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;  
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,  
 Of so much fame in Heaven expect thy meed."

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honored flood,  
 Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds,  
 That strain I heard was of a higher mood:  
 But now my Oat proceeds,  
 And listens to the Herald of the Sea  
 That came in Neptune's plea.  
 He asked the Waves, and asked the Felon winds,  
 What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain?  
 And questioned every gust of rugged wings  
 That blows from off each beakèd Promontory.  
 They knew not of his story,  
 And sage Hippotades their answer brings,  
 That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed,  
 The Air was calm, and on the level brine,

Sleek Panope with all her sisters played.  
It was that fatal and perfidious Bark  
Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,  
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend Sire, went footing slow.  
His Mantle hairy, and his Bonnet sedge,  
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge  
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.  
"Ah, who hath reft," (quoth he) "my dearest pledge?"  
Last come, and last did go,  
The Pilot of the Galilean Lake.

Two massy Keys he bore of metals twain,  
(The Golden opes, the Iron shuts amain).  
He shook his Mitred locks, and stern bespake,  
"How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,  
Enow of such as, for their bellies' sake,  
Creep and intrude, and climb into the fold!  
Of other care they little reckoning make,  
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,  
And shove away the worthy bidden guest.  
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold  
A Sheep-hook, or have learned aught else the least  
That to the faithful Herdman's art belongs!  
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;  
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs  
Grate on their scrannel Pipes of wretched straw,  
The hungry Sheep look up, and are not fed,  
But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,  
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:  
Besides what the grim Wolf with privy paw  
Daily devours apace, and nothing said.  
But that two-handed engine at the door,  
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more."

Return Alpheus, the dread voice is past,  
That shrunk thy streams; return Sicilian Muse,  
And call the Vales, and bid them hither cast  
Their Bells, and Flowerets of a thousand hues.  
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use,  
Of shades and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,  
On whose fresh lap the swart Star sparely looks,  
Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,  
That on the green turf suck the honied showers,

And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.  
Bring the rathe Primrose that forsaken dies,  
The tufted Crow-toe, and pale Jessamine,  
The white Pink, and the Pansy freaked with jet,  
The glowing Violet,  
The Musk-rose, and the well-attired Woodbine,  
With Cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,  
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:  
Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,  
And Daffadillies fill their cups with tears,  
To strew the Laureate Hearse where Lycid lies.  
For so to interpose a little ease,  
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.  
Ay me! Whilst tnee the shores, and sounding Seas  
Wash far away, where e'er thy bones are hurled,  
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,  
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide  
Vist'st the bottom of the monstrous world;  
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,  
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,  
Where the great vision of the guarded Mount  
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold;  
Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth:  
And, O ye Dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woful Shepherds, weep no more,  
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,  
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor.  
So sinks the day-star in the Ocean bed,  
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,  
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled Ore,  
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:  
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,  
Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves  
Where, other groves and other streams along,  
With Nectar pure his oozy Locks he laves,  
And hears the unexpressive nuptial Song,  
In the blest Kingdoms meek of joy and love.  
There entertain him all the Saints above,  
In solemn troops, and sweet Societies,  
That sing, and singing in their glory move,  
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.  
Now, Lycidas, the Shepherds weep no more;

Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,  
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good  
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth Swain to the Oaks and rills,  
While the still morn went out with Sandals grey,  
He touched the tender stops of various Quills,  
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:  
And now the Sun had stretched out all the hills,  
And now was dropt into the Western bay;  
At last he rose, and twitched his Mantle blue:  
Tomorrow to fresh Woods, and Pastures new.

*Sonnet XVI*

WHEN I consider how my light is spent,  
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,  
And that one Talent which is death to hide,  
Lodg'd with me useless, though my Soul more bent  
To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
My true account, lest he returning chide,  
Doth God exact day-labour, light deny'd,  
I fondly ask; But patience to prevent  
That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need  
Either man's work or his own gifts, who best  
Bear his milde yoke, they serve him best, his State  
Is Kingly. Thousands at his bidding speed  
And post o'er Land and Ocean without rest:  
They also serve who only stand and waite.

FROM PARADISE LOST

HIM the Almighty Power  
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal skie  
With hideous ruine and combustion down  
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell  
In adamantine chains and penal fire,  
Who durst defie th' Omnipotent to arms.  
Nine times the space that measures day and night  
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew  
Lay vanquisht, rowling in the fiery gulfe,  
Confounded though immortal. But his doom

Reserv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought  
 Both of lost happiness and lasting pain  
 Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes  
 That witness'd huge affliction and dismay,  
 Mixt with obdurate pride and stedfast hate.  
 At once as far as Angels kenn he views  
 The dismal situation waste and wilde,  
 A dungeon horrible, on all sides round  
 As one great furnace flam'd; yet from those flames  
 No light, but rather darkness visible  
 Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,  
 Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace  
 And rest can never dwell, hope never comes  
 That comes to all; but torture without end  
 Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed  
 With ever-burning sulphur unconsum'd.  
 Such place Eternal Justice had prepar'd  
 For those rebellious, here their prison ordain'd.  
 In utter darkness, and their portion set  
 As far remov'd from God and light of Heav'n  
 As from the center thrice to th' utmost pole.  
 O how unlike the place from whence they fell!  
 There the companions of his fall, o'rewhelm'd  
 With Floods and Whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,  
 He soon discerns, and weltring by his side  
 One next himself in power, and next in crime,  
 Long after known in *Palestine*, and nam'd  
*Beelzebub*. To whom th' Arch-Enemy,  
 And thence in Heav'n call'd Satan, with bold words  
 Breaking the horrid silence thus began.  
 If thou beest he; But O how fall'n! how chang'd  
 From him, who in the happy Realms of Light  
 Cloth'd with transcendent brightness didst outshine  
 Myriads though bright: If he whom mutual league,  
 United thoughts and counsels, equal hope,  
 And hazard in the Glorious Enterprize,  
 Joynd with me once, now misery hath joynd  
 In equal ruin: into what Pit thou seest  
 From what highth fal'n, so much the stronger provd  
 He with his Thunder: and till then who knew  
 The force of those dire Arms? yet not for those  
 Nor what the Potent Victor in his rage

Can else inflict do I repent or change,  
 Though chang'd in outward lustre; that fixt mind  
 And high disdain, from sence of injur'd merit,  
 That with the mightiest rais'd me to contend,  
 And to the fierce contention brought along  
 Innumerable force of Spirits arm'd  
 That durst dislike his reign, and me preferring,  
 His utmost power with adverse power oppos'd  
 In dubious Battel on the Plains of Heav'n,  
 And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?  
 All is not lost; the unconquerable Will,  
 And study of revenge, immortal hate,  
 And courage never to submit or yield:  
 And what is else not to be overcome?

He scarce had ceas't when the superiour Fiend  
 Was moving toward the shore; his ponderous shield,  
 Ethereal temper, massy, large and round,  
 Behind him cast; the broad circumference  
 Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb  
 Through optic glass the Tuscan artist<sup>1</sup> views  
 At ev'ning from the top of Fesole,  
 Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,  
 Rivers or mountains in her spotty globe.  
 His spear, to equal which the tallest pine  
 Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast  
 Of some great ammiral, were but a wand,<sup>2</sup>  
 He walkt with, to support uneasie steps  
 Over the burning marle, not like those steps  
 On Heavens azure; and the torrid clime  
 Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire.  
 Nathless he so endur'd, till on the beach  
 Of that inflam'd sea, he stood and call'd  
 His legions, Angel forms, who lay intrans't  
 Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks  
 In Vallombrosa,<sup>3</sup> where th' Etrurian shades  
 High overarch't imbower; or scatterd sedge  
 Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd

<sup>1</sup> Galileo, whom Milton had met at Florence, improved the telescope. Fesole is on a hill overlooking Florence which lies in the valley of the Arno

<sup>2</sup> Admiral, the flagship of a fleet

<sup>3</sup> A "shady valley" eighteen miles from Florence. Milton is said to have passed several days at a monastery there.

Hath vext the Red-Sea<sup>4</sup> coast, whose waves orethrew  
 Busiris<sup>5</sup> and his Memphian<sup>6</sup> chivalrie,  
 While with perfidious hatred they pursu'd  
 The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld  
 From the safe shore their floating carcases  
 And broken chariot wheels; so thick bestrown  
 Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,  
 Under amazement of their hideous change.  
 He call'd so loud, that all the hollow Deep  
 Of Hell resounded. Princes, Potentates,  
 Warriors, the flowr of Heav'n, once yours, now lost,  
 If such astonishment as this can sieze  
 Eternal spirits; or have ye chos'n this place  
 After the toyl of battel to repose  
 Your wearied vertue, for the ease you find  
 To slumber here, as in the vales of Heav'n?  
 Or in this abject posture have ye sworn  
 To adore the Conquerour who now beholds  
 Cherube and Seraph rowling in the flood  
 With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till anon  
 His swift pursuers from Heav'n gates discern  
 Th' advantage, and descending tread us down  
 Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts  
 Transfix us to the bottom of this gulfe?  
 Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n.

## FROM SAMSON AGONISTES

WHEREFORE was my birth from Heaven foretold  
 Twice by an Angel, who at last in sight  
 Of both my Parents all in flames ascended  
 From off the Altar, where an Off'ring burn'd,  
 As in a fiery column charioting  
 His Godlike presence, and from some great act  
 Or benefit reveal'd to *Abraham's* race?  
 Why was my breeding order'd and prescrib'd  
 As of a person separate to God,

<sup>4</sup> The Hebrew name means "Sea of Sedge"

<sup>5</sup> Though Busiris was an earlier ruler than the Pharaoh who was drowned in the Red Sea, Milton identifies him with that oppressor of the Israelites.

<sup>6</sup> Egyptian

Design'd for great exploits; if I must dye  
Betray'd, Captiv'd, and both my Eyes put out,  
Made of my Enemies the scorn and gaze;  
To grind in Brazen Fetters under task  
With this Heav'n-gifted strength? O glorious strength  
Put to the labour of a Beast, debas't  
Lower then bondsslave! Promise was that I  
Should *Israel* from *Philistian* yoke deliver;  
Ask for this great Deliverer now, and find him  
Eyeless in *Gaza* at the Mill with slaves,  
Himself in bonds under *Philistian* yoke;  
Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt  
Divine Prediction; what if all foretold  
Had been fulfilld but through mine own default,  
Whom have I to complain of but my self?  
Who this high gift of strength committed to me,  
In what part lodg'd, how easily bereft me,  
Under the Seal of silence could not keep,  
But weakly to a woman must reveal it  
O'recome with importunity and tears.  
O impotence of mind, in body strong!  
But what is strength without a double share  
Of wisdom, vast, unwieldy, burdensom,  
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall  
By weakest subtleties, not made to rule,  
But to subserve where wisdom bears command.  
God, when he gave me strength, to shew withal  
How slight the gift was, hung it in my Hair.  
But peace, I must not quarrel with the will  
Of highest dispensation, which herein  
Happ'ly had ends above my reach to know:  
Suffices that to me strength is my bane,  
And proves the source of all my miseries;  
So many, and so huge, that each apart  
Would ask a life to wail, but chief of all,  
O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!  
Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,  
Dungeon, or beggery, or decrepit age!  
Light the prime work of God to me is extinct,  
And all her various objects of delight  
Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd,  
Inferiour to the vilest now become



Of man or worm; the vilest here excel me,  
 They creep, yet see, I dark in light expos'd  
 To daily fraud, contempt, abuse and wrong,  
 Within doors, or without, still as a fool,  
 In power of others, never in my own;  
 Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.  
 O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,  
 Irrecoverably dark, total Eclipse  
 Without all hope of day!

---

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

---

*Why So Pale and Wan?*

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover?  
 Prithee, why so pale?  
 Will, when looking well can't move her,  
 Looking ill prevail?  
 Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?  
 Prithee, why so mute?  
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,  
 Saying nothing do 't?  
 Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame! This will not move;  
 This cannot take her;  
 If of herself she will not love,  
 Nothing can make her:  
 The devil take her!

*Out Upon It*

OUT upon it, I have lov'd  
 Three whole days together;  
 And am like to love three more,  
 If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings  
Ere he shall discover  
In the whole wide world again  
Such a constant lover.

But the spite on 't is, no praise  
Is due at all to me:  
Love with me had made no stays,  
Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,  
And that very Face,  
There had been at least ere this  
A dozen dozen in her place.

---

RICHARD CRASHAW

---

*Wishes to His Supposed Mistress*

WHOE'ER she be—  
That not impossible She  
That shall command my heart and me:

Where'er she lie,  
Lock'd up from mortal eye  
In shady leaves of destiny:

Till that ripe birth  
Of studied Fate stand forth,  
And teach her fair steps to our earth:

Till that divine  
Idea take a shrine  
Of crystal flesh, through which to shine:

Meet you her, my Wishes,  
Bespeak her to my blisses,  
And be ye call'd my absent kisses.

I wish her Beauty,  
That owes not all its duty  
To gaudy tire, or ghst'ring shoe-tie:

Something more than  
Taffata or tissue can,  
Or rampant feather, or rich fan.

A Face, that's best  
By its own beauty drest,  
And can alone commend the rest.

A Face, made up  
Out of no other shop  
Than what Nature's white hand sets ope.

A Cheek, where youth  
And blood, with pen of truth,  
Write what the reader sweetly ru'th.

A Cheek, where grows  
More than a morning rose,  
Which to no box his being owes.

Lips, where all day  
A lover's kiss may play,  
Yet carry nothing thence away.

Looks, that oppress  
Their richest tires, but dress  
And clothe their simplest nakedness.

Eyes, that displace  
The neighbour diamond, and outface  
That sunshine by their own sweet grace.

Tresses, that wear  
Jewels but to declare  
How much themselves more precious are:

Whose native ray  
Can tame the wanton day  
Of gems that in their bright shades play.

Each ruby there,  
Or pearl that dare appear,  
Be its own blush, be its own tear.

A well-tamed Heart,  
For whose more noble smart  
Love may be long choosing a dart.

Eyes, that bestow  
Full quivers on love's bow,  
Yet pay less arrows than they owe.

Smiles, that can warm  
The blood, yet teach a charm,  
That chastity shall take no harm.

Blushes, that bin  
The burnish of no sin,  
Nor flames of aught too hot within.

Joys, that confess  
Virtue their mistress,  
And have no other head to dress.

Fears, fond and slight  
As the coy bride's, when night  
First does the longing lover right.

Days, that need borrow  
No part of their good-morrow  
From a fore-spent night of sorrow.

Days, that in spite  
Of darkness, by the light  
Of a clear mind, are day all night.

Nights, sweet as they,  
Made short by lovers' play,  
Yet long by th' absence of the day.

Life, that dares send  
A challenge to his end,  
And when it comes, say, "Welcome, friend!"

Sydneian showers  
Of sweet discourse, whose powers  
Can crown old Winter's head with flowers.

Soft silken hours,  
Open suns, shady bowers;  
'Bove all, nothing within that lowers.

Whate'er delight  
Can make Day's forehead bright,  
Or give down to the wings of Night.

I wish her store  
Of worth may leave her poor  
Of wishes; and I wish—no more

Now, if Time knows  
That Her, whose radiant brows  
Weave them a garland of my vows;

Her, whose just bays  
My future hopes can raise,  
A trophy to her present praise;

Her, that dares be  
What these lines wish to see;  
I seek no further, it is She.

'Tis She, and here,  
Lo! I unclothe and clear  
My Wishes' cloudy character.

May she enjoy it  
Whose merit dare apply it,  
But modesty dares still deny it!

Such worth as this is  
Shall fix my flying Wishes,  
And determine them to kisses.

Let her full glory,  
My fancies, fly before ye;  
Be ye my fictions—but her story.

---

RICHARD LOVELACE

---

*Going to the Warres*

(TO LUCASTA)

TELL me not (sweet) I am unkinde,  
That from the Nunnerie  
Of thy chaste breast, and quiet minde,  
To Warre and Armes I flie.

True; a new Mistresse now I chase,  
The first Foe in the Field;  
And with a stronger Faith imbrace  
A Sword, a Horse, a Shield.

Yet this Inconstancy is such,  
As you too shall adore;  
I could not love thee (Deare) so much,  
Lov'd I not Honour more.

*To Althea from Prison*

WHEN Love with unconfinèd wings  
Hovers within my gates,  
And my divine Althea brings  
To whisper at the grates;  
When I lie tangled in her hair  
And fetter'd to her eye,  
The birds that wanton in the air  
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round  
With no allaying Thames,  
Our careless heads with roses bound,  
Our hearts with loyal flames;

## ENGLISH POETRY

When thirsty grief in wine we steep,  
 When healths and draughts go free—  
 Fishes that tipple in the deep  
 Know no such liberty.

When, like committed hnnets, I  
 With shriller throat shall sing  
 The sweetness, mercy, majesty,  
 And glories of my King;  
 When I shall voice aloud how good  
 He is, how great should be,  
 Enlargèd winds, that curl the flood,  
 Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,  
 Nor iron bars a cage;  
 Minds innocent and quiet take  
 That for an hermitage;  
 If I have freedom in my love  
 And in my soul am free,  
 Angels alone, that soar above,  
 Enjoy such liberty.

---

 ABRAHAM COWLEY
 

---

*Beauty*

BEAUTY, thou wild fantastic ape,  
 Who dost in ev'ry country change thy shape!  
 Here black, there brown, here tawny, and there white;  
 Thou flatt'rer which compli'st with every sight!  
 Thou Babel which confound'st the eye,  
 With unintelligible variety!  
 Who hast no certain What, nor Where,  
 But vari'st still, and dost thy self declare  
 Inconstant, as thy she-possessioners are.

Beauty, love's scene and masquerade,  
 So gay by well-plac'd lights, and distance made!  
 False coin, with which th' impostor cheats us still;

The stamp and colour good, but metal ill!  
 Which light, or base we find, when we  
 Weigh by enjoyment, and examine thee!  
 For though thy being be but show,  
 'Tis chiefly night which men to thee allow:  
 And choose t' enjoy thee, when thou least art thou.

Beauty, thou active, passive ill!  
 Which diest thy self as fast at thou dost kill!  
 Thou tulip, who thy stock in paint dost waste,  
 Neither for physic good, nor smell, nor taste.  
 Beauty, whose flames but meteors are,  
 Short-liv'd and low, though thou wouldst seem a star,  
 Who dar'st not thine own home descry,  
 Pretending to dwell richly in the eye,  
 When thou, alas, dost in the fancy lie.

---

 ANDREW MARVELL
 

---

*To His Coy Mistress*

**H**AD we but world enough, and time,  
 This coyness, Lady, were no crime.  
 We would sit down, and think which way  
 To walk and pass our long love's day.  
 Thou by the Indian Ganges' side  
 Shouldst rubies find: I by the tide  
 Of Humber would complain. I would  
 Love you ten years before the Flood;  
 And you should, if you please, refuse  
 Till the conversion of the Jews.  
 My vegetable love should grow  
 Vaster than empires, and more slow:  
 An hundred years should go to praise  
 Thine eyes and on thy forehead gaze;  
 Two hundred to adore each breast,  
 But thirty thousand to the rest;  
 An age at least to every part,  
 And the last age should show your heart.



For, Lady, you deserve this state;  
Nor would I love at lower rate.

But at my back I always hear  
Time's wingèd charriot hurrying near;  
And yonder all before us lie  
Desarts of vast eternity.  
Thy beauty shall no more be found,  
Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound  
My echoing song: then worms shall try  
That long preserv'd virginity,  
And your quaint honour turn to dust,  
And into ashes all my lust.  
The grave's a fine and private place,  
But none I think do there embrace.

Now therefore, while the youthful hew  
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,  
And while thy willing soul transpires  
At every pore with instant fires,  
Now let us sport us while we may,  
And now, like amorous birds of prey,  
Rather at once our time devour  
Than languish in his slow-chapt power.  
Let us roll all our strength and all  
Our sweetness up into one ball,  
And tear our pleasures with rough strife  
Thorough the iron gates of life.  
Thus, though we cannot make our sun  
Stand still, yet we will make him run.

### *The Definition of Love*

MY love is of a birth as rare  
As 'tis for object strange and high;  
It was begotten by despair  
Upon impossibility.

Magnanimous despair alone  
Could show me so divine a thing,  
Where feeble hope could ne'r have flown  
But vainly flap its tinsel wing.

And yet I quickly might arrive  
Where my extended soul is fixt,  
But fate does iron wedges drive,  
And alwaies crouds it self betwixt.

For fate with jealous eye does see  
Two perfect loves, nor lets them close;  
Their union would her ruine be,  
And her tyrannick pow'r depose.

And therefore her decrees of steel  
Us as the distant poles have plac'd,  
(Though loves whole world on us doth wheel)  
Not by themselves to be embrac'd.

Unless the giddy heaven fall,  
And earth some new convulsion tear;  
And, us to joyn, the world should all  
Be cramp'd into a planisphere.<sup>1</sup>

As lines, so loves, oblique may well  
Themselves in every angle greet;  
But ours so truly paralel,  
Though infinite, can never meet.

Therefore the love which us doth bind,  
But fate so enviously debarrs,  
Is the conjunction of the mind,  
And opposition of the stars.

---

HENRY VAUGHAN

---

*Peace*

MY soul, there is a country  
Far beyond the stars,  
Where stands a wingèd sentry  
All skilful in the wars:

<sup>1</sup> Projection of a sphere on a plane.

There, above noise and danger,  
 Sweet Peace sits crown'd with smiles,  
 And One born in a manger  
 Commands the beauteous files.  
 He is thy gracious Friend,  
 And—O my soul, awakel—  
 Did in pure love descend  
 To die here for thy sake.  
 If thou canst get but thither,  
 There grows the flower of Peace,  
 The Rose that cannot wither,  
 Thy fortress, and thy ease.  
 Leave then thy foolish ranges;  
 For none can thee secure  
 But One who never changes—  
 Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

---

 JOHN DRYDEN
 

---

*Zimri*

SOME of their Chiefs were Princes of the Land:  
 In the first rank of these did *Zimri*<sup>1</sup> stand:  
 A man so various, that he seem'd to be  
 Not one, but all Mankind's Epitome.  
 Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;  
 Was Every thing by starts, and Nothing long:  
 But, in the course of one revolving Moon,  
 Was Chymist, Fidler, States-man, and Buffoon;  
 Then all for Women, Painting, Rhiming, Drinking.  
 Besides ten thousand Freaks that dy'd in thinking.  
 Blest Madman, who could every hour employ,  
 With something New to wish, or to enjoy!  
 Railing and praising were his usual Theams;  
 And both (to shew his judgment) in Extreams:

<sup>1</sup>The Duke of Buckingham, a mercurial statesman and the literary enemy of Dryden

So over Violent, or over Civil,  
 That every Man, with him, was God or Devil.  
 In squandring Wealth was his peculiar Art:  
 Nothing went unrewarded, but Desert.  
 Begger'd by fools, whom still he found too late:  
 He had his Jest, and they had his Estate.  
 He laugh'd himself from Court; then sought Relief  
 By forming Parties, but could ne'r be Chief:  
 For, spight of him, the weight of Business fell  
 On *Absalom* and wise *Achitophel*:  
 Thus wicked but in Will, of Means bereft,  
 He left not Faction, but of that was left.

### *Shadwell*

ALL humane things are subject to decay,  
 And, when Fate summons, Monarchs must obey:  
 This *Fleekno* found, who, like *Augustus*, young  
 Was call'd to Empire and had govern'd long:  
 In Prose and Verse was own'd, without dispute  
 Through all the realms of Non-sense, absolute.  
 This aged Prince now flourishing in Peace,  
 And blest with issue of a large increase,  
 Worn out with business, did at length debate  
 To settle the Succession of the State;  
 And pond'ring which of all his Sons was fit  
 To Reign, and wage immortal War with Wit,  
 Cry'd, 'tis resolv'd; for Nature pleads that He  
 Should onely rule, who most resembles me:  
*Sh*—alone my perfect image bears,  
 Mature in dullness from his tender years;  
*Sh*—alone of all my Sons is he  
 Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity.  
 The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,  
 But *Sh*—never deviates into sense.  
 Some beams of Wit on other souls may fall,  
 Strike through and make a lucid intervall;  
 But *Sh*—Genuine Night admits no Ray,  
 His rising Fogs prevail upon the Day;  
 Besides, his goodly Fabrick fills the Eye,  
 And seems design'd for thoughtless Majesty;

Thoughtless as Monarch-Oaks that shade the Plain,  
 And spread in solemn State, supinely Reign;  
*Heywood* and *Shirly* were but Types of Thee,  
 Thou last great Prophet of Tautology.  
 Ev'n I a Dunce of more renown than they,  
 Was sent before but to prepare thy way;  
 I coursly Cloath'd in Drugget Russet, came  
 To teach the Nations in thy greater name.

*Alexander's Feast*  
*Or, the Power of Music*

AN ODE IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY:

1697

'T WAS at the royal feast, for Persia won,  
 By Philip's warlike son:  
 Aloft in awful state  
 The god-like hero sate  
 On his imperial throne;  
 His valiant peers were plac'd around;  
 Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound.  
 (So should desert in arms be crown'd:)  
 The lovely Thais by his side,  
 Sate like a blooming Eastern bride  
 In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.  
 Happy, happy, happy pair!  
 None but the brave,  
 None but the brave,  
 None but the brave deserve the fair.

CHORUS

*Happy, happy, happy pair!*  
*None but the brave,*  
*None but the brave,*  
*None but the brave deserves the fair.*

Timotheus<sup>1</sup> plac'd on high  
 Amid the tuneful quire,

<sup>1</sup> Alexander's favorite musician

With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:  
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,  
 And heav'nly joys inspire.  
 The song began from Jove;  
 Who left his blissful seats above,  
 (Such is the pow'r of mighty love.)  
 A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god:  
 Sublime on radiant spires he rode,  
 When he to fair Olympia press'd:  
 And while he sought her snowy breast:  
 Then, round her slender waist he curl'd,  
 And stamp'd an image of himself, a sov'rain of the world.  
 The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound,  
 A present deity, they shout around:  
 A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound.

With ravish'd ears  
 The monarch hears,  
 Assumes the god,  
 Affects to nod,  
 And seems to shake the spheres.

## CHORUS

*With ravish'd ears  
 The monarch hears,  
 Assumes the god,  
 Affects to nod,  
 And seems to shake the spheres.*

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,  
 Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young:  
 The jolly god in triumph comes;  
 Sound the trumpets; beat the drums;  
 Flush'd with a purple grace  
 He shows his honest face:  
 Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, He comes.  
 Bacchus ever fair and young  
 Drinking joys did first ordain;  
 Bacchus blessings are a treasure;  
 Drinking is the soldiers pleasure;

Rich the treasure;  
 Sweet the pleasure;  
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

## CHORUS

*Bacchus blessings are a treasure,  
 Drinking is the soldiers pleasure;  
 Rich the treasure,  
 Sweet the pleasure,  
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.*

'booth'd with the sound the king grew vain;  
 Fought all his battails o'er again;  
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.  
 The master saw the madness rise,  
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;  
 And while he heav'n and earth defy'd,  
 Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.  
 He chose a mournful muse,  
 Soft pity to infuse;  
 He sung Darius great and good,  
 By too severe a fate,  
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,  
 Fallen from his high estate,  
 And weltring in his blood:

Deserted at his utmost need  
 By those his former bounty fed;  
 On the bare earth expos'd he lies,  
 With not a friend to close his eyes.  
 With down-cast looks the joyless victor sate,  
 Revolving in his alter'd soul  
 The various turns of chance below;  
 And, now and then, a sigh he stole,  
 And tears began to flow.

## CHORUS

*Revolving in his alter'd soul  
 The various turns of chance below,  
 And, now and then, a sigh he stole,  
 And tears began to flow.*

The mighty master smil'd to see  
 That love was in the next degree;  
 'Twas but a kindred-sound to move,  
 For pity melts the mind to love.

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,  
 Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.  
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble;  
 Honour but an empty bubble.

Never ending, still beginning,  
 Fighting still, and still destroying,  
 If the world be worth thy winning,  
 Think, O think, it worth enjoying.

Lovely Thais sits beside thee,  
 Take the good the gods provide thee.  
 The many rend the skies, with loud applause;  
 So love was crown'd, but musique won the cause.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,  
     Gaz'd on the fair  
     Who caus'd his care,  
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,  
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:  
 At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,  
 The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

## CHORUS

*The prince, unable to conceal his pain,  
     Gaz'd on the fair  
     Who caus'd his care,  
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,  
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again;  
 At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,  
 The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.*

Now strike the golden lyre again;  
 A lowder yet, and yet a lowder strain.  
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,  
 And rouze him, like a rattling peal of thunder.

Hark, hark, the horrid sound  
     Has rais'd up his head;  
     As awak'd from the dead,  
 And amaz'd he stares around.  
 Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,



See the Furies arisel  
 See the snakes that they rear,  
 How they hiss in their hair,  
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!  
 Behold a ghastly band,  
 Each a torch in his hand!  
 Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battail were slain,  
 And unbury'd remain  
 Inglorious on the plain:  
 Give the vengeance due  
 To the valiant crew.  
 Behold how they toss their torches on high,  
 How they point to the Persian abodes,  
 And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods.  
 The princes applaud with a furious joy;  
 And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;  
 Thais led the way,  
 To light him to his prey,  
 And, like another Hellen, fir'd another Troy.

## CHORUS

*And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy;  
 Thais led the way,  
 To light him to his prey,  
 And, like another Hellen, fir'd another Troy.*

Thus long ago,  
 'Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,  
 While organs yet were mute,  
 Timotheus, to his breathing flute  
 And sounding lyre,  
 Cou'd swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.  
 At last divine Cecelia came,  
 Inventress of the vocal frame;  
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,  
 Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,  
 And added length to solemn sounds,  
 With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.  
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,  
 Or both divide the crown:  
 He rais'd a mortal to the skies;  
 She drew an angel down.

## GRAND CHORUS

*At last divine Cecilia came,  
 Inventress of the vocal frame;  
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,  
 Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,  
 And added length to solemn sounds,  
 With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.  
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,  
 Or both divide the crown:  
 He rais'd a mortal to the skies;  
 She drew an angel down.*

---

 MATTHEW PRIOR
 

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*Song*

THE merchant, to secure his treasure,  
 Conveys it in a borrowed name:  
 Euphelia serves to grace my measure,  
 But Chloe is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre,  
 Upon Euphelia's toilet lay—  
 When Chloe noted her desire  
 That I should sing, that I should play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,  
 But with my numbers mix my sighs;  
 And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,  
 I fix my soul on Chloe's eyes.

Fair Chloe blushed: Euphelia frowned:  
 I sung, and gazed; I played, and trembled:  
 And Venus to the Loves around  
 Remarked how ill we all dissembled.

---

 ALEXANDER POPE
 

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## FROM ESSAY ON MAN

**K**NOW then thy-self, presume not God to scan,  
 The proper study of Mankind is Man.  
 Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,  
 A Being darkly wise, and rudely great:  
 With too much knowledge for the Sceptic side,  
 With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,  
 He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest;  
 In doubt to deem himself a God, or Beast;  
 In doubt his Mind or Body to prefer;  
 Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err;  
 Alike in ignorance, his reason such,  
 Whether he thinks too little, or too much.  
 Chaos of Thought and Passion, all confus'd;  
 Still by himself abus'd, or disabus'd;  
 Created half to rise, and half to fall;  
 Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;  
 Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd:  
 The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;  
 Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.  
 Man, but for that, no action could attend,  
 And, but for this, were active to no end:  
 Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,  
 To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;  
 Or, meteor-like, flame lawless through the void,  
 Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.

Most strength the moving principle requires;  
 Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.  
 Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,  
 Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and advise.  
 Self-love still stronger, as its objects nigh;  
 Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie:  
 That sees immediate good by present sense;  
 Reason, the future and the consequence.

Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,  
At best more watchful thus, but that more strong.  
The action of the stronger to suspend  
Reason still use, to reason still attend.  
Attention, habit and experience gains;  
Each strengthens reason, and self-love restrains.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,  
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;  
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.  
But where th' extreme of vice, was ne'er agreed:  
Ask where's the north? at York, 'tis on the Tweed;  
In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,  
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.  
No creature owns it in the first degree,  
But thinks his neighbour farther gone than he;  
Ev'n those who dwell beneath its very zone,  
Or never feel the rage, or never own;  
What happier natures shrink at with affright,  
The hard inhabitant contends is right.

Honour and shame from no condition rise;  
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.  
Fortune in men has some small difference made,  
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;  
The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,  
The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.  
"What differ more," you cry, "than crown and cowl?"  
I'll tell you, friend! a wise man and a fool.  
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,  
Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,  
Worth makes the man, and want of it, the fellow;  
The rest is all but leather or prunella.

Stuck o'er with titles and hung round with strings,  
That thou mayst be by kings, or whores of kings,  
Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,  
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:  
But by your father's worth if yours you rate,  
Count me those only who were good and great.  
Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood  
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,

Go! and pretend your family is young;  
 Nor own, your fathers have been fools so long.  
 What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?  
 Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

Look next on greatness; say where greatness lies?  
 "Where, but among the heroes and the wise?"

Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,  
 From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;  
 The whole strange purpose of their lives to find,  
 Or make, an enemy of all mankind!  
 Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,  
 Yet ne'er looks forward farther than his nose.  
 No less alike the politic and wise;

All sly slow things, with circumspective eyes:  
 Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,  
 Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.  
 But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat;  
 'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great:  
 Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,  
 Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.  
 Who noble ends by noble means obtains,  
 Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,  
 Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed  
 Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.

What's fame? a fancied life in others' breath,  
 A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.  
 Just what you hear, you have, and what's unknown  
 The same (my Lord) if Tully's, or your own.  
 All that we feel of it begins and ends  
 In the small circle of our foes or friends;  
 To all beside as much an empty shade  
 An Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead;  
 Alike or when, or where, they shone, or shine,  
 Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.  
 A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;  
 An honest man's the noblest work of God.

FROM AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM

**B**UT most by numbers judge a poet's song;  
 And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong:  
 In the bright Muse though thousand charms conspire,

Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;  
 Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,  
 Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,  
 Not for the doctrine, but the music there.  
 These equal syllables alone require,  
 Though oft the ear the open vowels tire;  
 While expletives their feeble aid do join;  
 And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:  
 While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,  
 With sure returns of still expected rhymes;  
 Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"  
 In the next line, it "whispers through the trees":  
 If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"  
 The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "sleep":  
 Then, at the last and only couplet fraught  
 With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,  
 A needless Alexandrine ends the song,  
 That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.  
 Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know  
 What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow;  
 And praise the easy vigour of a line,  
 Where Denham's strength, and Waller's sweetness join.  
 True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,  
 As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.  
 'Tis not enough no harshness gives offense,  
 The sound must seem an echo to the sense:  
 Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,  
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;  
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,  
 The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar:  
 When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,  
 The line too labours, and the words move slow;  
 Not so, when swift Camilla<sup>1</sup> scours the plain,  
 Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.  
 Hear how Timotheus' varied lays surprise,  
 And bid alternate passions fall and rise!  
 While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove  
 Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;  
 Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,  
 Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:  
 Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,

<sup>1</sup> See Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*. [Pope.]

And the world's victor stood subdu'd by sound!  
 The pow'r of music all our hearts allow,  
 And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.

---

THOMAS GRAY

---

*Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
 The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,  
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,  
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on the sight,  
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r  
 The moping owl does to the moon complain  
 Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,  
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
 Where heaves the turf in many a mold'ring heap.  
 Each in his narrow cell forever laid,  
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,  
 The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,  
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care:  
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;  
 How jocund did they drive their team afield!  
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,  
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;  
 Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,  
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,  
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
 Awaits alike th' inevitable hour.  
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,  
 If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,  
 Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault  
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust  
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?  
 Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,  
 Or Flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;  
 Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,  
 Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page  
 Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;  
 Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,  
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:  
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.



Some village-Hampden,<sup>1</sup> that with dauntless breast  
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;  
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,  
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd alone  
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;  
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,  
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,  
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride  
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;  
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life  
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect  
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,  
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their names, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,  
The place of fame and elegy supply:  
And many a holy text around she strews,  
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,  
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,  
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

<sup>1</sup> John Hampden, who opposed Charles I's attempt to collect ship-money.

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;  
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,  
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd dead  
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;  
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,  
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,  
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn  
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away  
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech  
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,  
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,  
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove,  
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,  
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

"One morn I miss'd him on the 'custom'd hill,  
Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree;  
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,  
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next with dirges due in sad array  
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.  
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,  
Gray'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth  
A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown:  
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,  
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,  
 Heav'n did a recompense as largely send:  
 He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear:  
 He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,  
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose)  
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

---

 WILLIAM COLLINS
 

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*Ode to Evening*

IF aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,  
 May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,  
 Like thy own solemn springs,  
 Thy springs, and dying gales,

O nymph reserv'd, while now the bright-hair'd sun  
 Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,  
 With brede<sup>1</sup> ethereal wove,  
 O'er hang his wavy bed:

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-ey'd bat,  
 With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,  
 Or where the beetle winds  
 His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,  
 Against the Pilgrim borne in heedless hum:  
 Now teach me, maid compos'd,  
 To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers, stealing thro' my darkning vale,  
 May not unseemly with its stillness suit,  
 As, musing slow, I hail  
 Thy genial lov'd return!

<sup>1</sup> embroidery (braid).

For when thy folding-star arising shews  
His play circlet, at his warning lamp  
The fragrant Hours, and elves  
Who slept in flowers the day,

And many a nymph who wreaths her brows with sedge,  
And sheds the fresh'ning dew, and lovelier still,  
The pensive Pleasures sweet  
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then lead, calm vot'ress, where some sheety lake  
Cheers the lone heath, or some time-hallow'd pile,  
Or upland fallows grey  
Reflect its last cool gleam.

But when chill blust'ring winds, or driving rain,  
Forbid my willing feet, be mine the hut  
That from the mountain's side,  
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires,  
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all  
Thy dewy fingers draw  
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his show'rs, as oft he wont,  
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!  
While Summer loves to sport,  
Beneath thy ling'ring light;

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves,  
Or Winter yelling thro' the troublous air,  
Affrights thy shrinking train,  
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, sure-found beneath the sylvan shed,  
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, rose-lip'd Health  
Thy gentlest influence own,  
And hymn thy fav'rite name!

---

 CHRISTOPHER SMART
 

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## FROM A SONG TO DAVID

FOR adoration, David's psalms  
 Lift up the heart to deeds of alms;  
 And he, who kneels and chants,  
 Prevails his passions to control,  
 Finds meat and med'cine to the soul,  
 Which for translation pants.

For adoration, beyond match,  
 The scholar bullfinch aims to catch  
 The soft flute's iv'ry touch;  
 And, careless on the hazel spray,  
 The daring redbreast keeps at bay  
 The damsel's greedy clutch.

For adoration, in the skies,  
 The Lord's philosopher espies  
 The dog, the ram, and rose;  
 The planet's ring, Orion's sword;  
 Nor is his greatness less ador'd  
 In the vile worm that glows.

For adoration, on the strings  
 The western breezes work their wings,<sup>1</sup>  
 The captive ear to soothe.—  
 Hark! 'tis a voice—how still, and small—  
 That makes the cataracts to fall,  
 Or bids the sea be smooth.

For adoration, incense comes  
 From bezoar,<sup>2</sup> and Arabian gums;

<sup>1</sup> Æolian harp. [Smart]

<sup>2</sup> Bezoar is literally a counter-poison or antidote, then the name was given to various substances formerly held as antidotes, as a concretion found in the stomach or intestines of some animal, then to alleged stones or concretions of various kinds, usually in ignorance of its original meaning, as here. [NED]

And on the civet's<sup>8</sup> fur.  
 But as for pray'r, or ere it faints,  
 Far better is the breath of saints  
 Than galbanum and myrrh.

For adoration, from the down  
 Of dam'sins<sup>4</sup> to th' anana's<sup>5</sup> crown,  
 God sends to tempt the taste;  
 And while the luscious zest invites,  
 The sense, that in the scene delights,  
 Commands desire be chaste.

For adoration, all the paths  
 Of grace are open, all the baths  
 Of purity refresh;  
 And all the rays of glory beam  
 To deck the man of God's esteem,  
 Who triumphs o'er the flesh.

For adoration, in the dome  
 Of Christ the sparrows find an home;  
 And on his olives perch:  
 The swallow also dwells with thee,  
 O man of God's humility,  
 Within his Saviour Church.

Sweet is the dew that falls betimes,  
 And drops upon the leafy limes;  
 Sweet Hermon's fragrant air:<sup>6</sup>  
 Sweet is the lily's silver bell,  
 And sweet the wakeful tapers smell  
 That watch for early pray'r.

Sweet the young nurse with love intense,  
 Which smiles o'er sleeping innocence;  
 Sweet when the lost arrive:  
 Sweet the musician's ardour beats,

An animal ranking in size and appearance between the fox and the weasel, which is a secretion, called by the same name, used in perfumery. [N.E.D.]  
 Damsons.

The pineapple

A mountain in Judea. See Psalms, CXXXIII, 3: "As the dew of Hermon, and as dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion."

While his vague mind's in quest of sweets,  
The choicest flow'rs to hive.

Sweeter in all the strains of love  
The language of thy turtle dove  
Pair'd to thy swelling chord;  
Sweeter with ev'ry grace endu'd  
The glory of thy gratitude,  
Respir'd unto the Lord.

Strong is the horse upon his speed;  
Strong in pursuit the rapid glede,<sup>7</sup>  
Which makes at once his game:  
Strong the tall ostrich on the ground;  
Strong through the turbulent profound  
Shoots xiphias<sup>8</sup> to his aim.

Strong is the lion—like a coal  
His eyeball—like a bastion's mole  
His chest against the foes:  
Strong, the gier-eagle on his sail,  
Strong against tide, th' enormous whale  
Emerges as he goes.

But stronger still, in earth and air,  
And in the sea, the man of pray'r,  
And far beneath the tide;  
And in the seat to faith assign'd,  
Where ask is have, where seek is find  
Where knock is open wide.

Beauteous the fleet before the gale;  
Beauteous the multitudes in mail,  
Rank'd arms and crested heads:  
Beauteous the garden's umbrage mild,  
Walk, water, meditated wild,  
And all the bloomy beds.

<sup>7</sup> The kite.

<sup>8</sup> The sword-fish. [Smart]

Beauteous the moon full on the lawn;  
And beauteous, when the veil's withdrawn,  
The virgin to her spouse:  
Beauteous the temple deck'd and fill'd,  
When to the heav'n of heav'ns they build  
Their heart-directed vows.

Beauteous, yea beauteous more than these,  
The shepherd king upon his knees,  
For his momentous trust;  
With wish of infinite conceit,  
For man, beast, mute, the small and great,  
And prostrate dust to dust.

Precious the bounteous widow's mite;  
And precious, for extreme delight,  
The largess from the churl:<sup>9</sup>  
Precious the ruby's blushing blaze,  
And alba's blest imperial rays,  
And pure cerulean pearl.

Precious the penitential tear;  
And precious is the sigh sincere,  
Acceptable to God.  
And precious are the winning flow'rs,  
In gladsome Israel's feast of bow'rs,  
Bound on the hallow'd sod.

More precious that diviner part  
Of David, ev'n the Lord's own heart,  
Great, beautiful, and new:  
In all things where it was intent,  
In all extremes, in each event,  
Proof—answ'ring true to true.

Glorious the sun in mid career;  
Glorious th' assembled fires appear;  
Glorious the comet's train;  
Glorious the trumpet and alarm;  
Glorious th' almighty stretch'd-out arm;  
Glorious th' enraptur'd main:

<sup>9</sup> [1] Samuel XXV, 18 [Smart.]



## ENGLISH POETRY

Glorious the northern lights a-stream;  
 Glorious the song, when God's the theme;  
     Glorious the thunder's roar;  
 Glorious hosannah from the den;  
 Glorious the catholic amen;  
     Glorious the martyr's gore:

Glorious—more glorious, is the crown  
 Of Him that brought salvation down  
     By meekness, call'd thy Son;  
 Thou that stupendous truth believ'd,  
 And now the matchless deed's achiev'd,  
     *Determin'd, dar'd, and done.*

---

 OLIVER GOLDSMITH
 

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## FROM THE DESERTED VILLAGE

SWEET smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,  
 Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;  
 Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,  
 And desolation saddens all thy green:  
 One only master<sup>1</sup> grasps the whole domain,  
 And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain:  
 No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,  
 But chok'd with sedges, works its weedy way.  
 Along thy glades, a solitary guest,  
 The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;  
 Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,  
 And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.  
 Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,  
 And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall;  
 And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,  
 Far, far away, thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,  
 Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:

<sup>1</sup> By the repeated Enclose Acts landlords could enclose common land in order to improve their holdings. Naturally there were many harsh expulsions.

Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;  
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;  
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,  
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,  
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,  
The village master taught his little school;  
A man severe he was, and stern to view;  
I knew him well, and every truant knew;  
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace  
The day's disasters in his morning face;  
Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,  
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;  
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,  
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd;  
Yet he was kind; or if severe in aught,  
The love he bore to learning was in fault;  
The village all declar'd how much he knew;  
'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too;  
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,  
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge.  
In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,  
For e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still;  
While words of learned length and thund'ring sound  
Amazed the gazing rustics rang'd around,  
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,  
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot  
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.  
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,  
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,  
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspir'd,  
Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retir'd,  
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,  
And news much older than their ale went round.  
Imagination fondly stoops to trace  
The parlour splendours of that festive place;  
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,  
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;

The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,  
 A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;  
 The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,  
 The twelve good rules,<sup>2</sup> the royal game of goose;<sup>3</sup>  
 The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,  
 With aspen boughs, and flow'rs, and fennel gay;  
 While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,  
 Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

---

 WILLIAM COWPER
 

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## FROM THE TASK

GOD made the country, and man made the town.  
 What wonder then that health and virtue, gifts  
 That can alone make sweet the bitter draught  
 That life holds out to all, should most abound  
 And least be threaten'd in the fields and groves?  
 Possess ye, therefore, ye, who, borne about  
 In chariots and sedans, know no fatigue  
 But that of idleness, and taste no scenes  
 But such as art contrives, possess ye still  
 Your element; there only can ye shine,  
 There only minds like your's can do no harm.  
 Our groves were planted to console at noon  
 The pensive wand'rer in their shades. At eve  
 The moon-beam, sliding softly in between  
 The sleeping leaves, is all the light they wish,  
 Birds warbling all the music. We can spare  
 The splendour of your lamps; they but eclipse  
 Our softer satellite. Your songs confound  
 Our more harmonious notes: the thrush departs  
 Scar'd, and th' offended nightingale is mute.  
 There is a public mischief in your mirth;

<sup>2</sup> King Charles I's "Twelve Good Rules," the wall-motto of many a house, were supposedly found in his study after his death.

<sup>3</sup> A game played with dice.

It plagues your country. Folly such as your's,  
 Grac'd with a sword, and worthier of a fan,  
 Has made, what enemies could ne'er have done,  
 Our arch of empire, stedfast but for you,  
 A mutilated structure, soon to fall.

*On the Loss of the Royal George*<sup>1</sup>

WRITTEN WHEN THE NEWS ARRIVED TO THE MARCH IN *Scipio*

TOLL for the brave!  
 The brave that are no more!  
 All sunk beneath the wave,  
 Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,  
 Whose courage well was tried,  
 Had made the vessel heel,  
 And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds,  
 And she was overset;  
 Down went the Royal George,  
 With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!  
 Brave Kempenfelt is gone;  
 His last sea-fight is fought;  
 His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;  
 No tempest gave the shock;  
 She sprang no fatal leak;  
 She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in the sheath;  
 His fingers held the pen,  
 When Kempenfelt went down  
 With twice four hundred men.

<sup>1</sup> While being refitted, the *Royal George* sank August 29, 1782

## ENGLISH POETRY

Weigh the vessel up,  
 Once dreaded by our foes!  
 And mingle with our cup  
 The tears that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,  
 And she may float again  
 Full charg'd with England's thunder,  
 And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,  
 His victories are o'er;  
 And he and his eight hundred  
 Shall plough the wave no more.

---

 ANONYMOUS
 

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*Edward*

“WHY dois your brand sae drap wi bluid,  
                     Edward, Edward,  
 Why dois your brand sae drap wi bluid,  
                     And why sae sad gang yee O?”  
 “O I hae killed my hauke<sup>1</sup> sae guid,  
                     Mither, mither,  
 O I hae killed my hauke sae guid,  
                     And I had nae mair bot hee O.”

“Your haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,  
                     Edward, Edward,  
 Your haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,  
                     My deir son I tell thee O.”  
 “O I hae killed my reid-roan steid,  
                     Mither, mither,  
 O I hae killed my reid-roan steid,  
                     That erst was sae fair and frie O.”

"Your steid was auld, and ye hae gat mair,

Edward, Edward,

Your steid was auld, and ye hae gat mair,

Sum other dule ye drie <sup>2</sup> O.

"O I hae killed my fadir deir,

Mither, mither,

O I hae killed my fadir deir,

Alas, and wae is mee O!"

"And whatten penance wul ye drie for that,

Edward, Edward?

And whatten penance will ye drie for that?

My deir son, now tell me O."

"Ile set my feit in yonder boat,

Mither, mither,

Ile set my feit in yonder boat,

And Ile fare ovir the sea O."

"And what wul ye doe wi your towirs and your ha,<sup>3</sup>

Edward, Edward?

And what wul ye doe wi your towirs and your ha,

That were sae fair to see O?"

"Ile let thame stand tul they doun fa,

Mither, mither,

Ile let thame stand tul they doun fa,

For here nevir mair maun I bee O."

"And what wul ye leive to your bairns and your wife,

Edward, Edward?

And what wul ye leive to your bairns and your wife,

Whan ye gang ovir the sea O?"

"The warldis room, late them beg thrae life,

Mither, mither,

The warldis room, late them beg thrae life,

For thame nevir mair wul I see O."

"And what wul ye leive to your ain mither deir,

Edward, Edward?

And what wul ye leive to your ain mither deir?

My deir son, now tell me O."

<sup>3</sup> grief you suffer

<sup>4</sup> hall

"The curse of hell frae me sall ye beir,  
   Mither, mither,  
 The curse of hell frae me sall ye beir,  
   Sic counsels ye gave to me O."

### *The Twa Corbies*

AS I was walking all alane,  
 I heard twa corbies making a mane;  
 The tane unto the t'other say,  
 "Where sall we gang and dine today?"

"In behint yon auld fail dyke,  
 I wot their lies a new slain knight;  
 And naebody kens that he lies there  
 But his hawk, his hound, and lady fair.

"His hound is to the hunting gane,  
 His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,  
 His lady's ta'en another mate,  
 So we may mak our dinner sweet.

"Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane,  
 And I'll pike out his bonny blue een;  
 Wi ae lock o his gowden hair,  
 We'll theek our nest when it grows bare.

"Mony a one for him makes mane,  
 But nane sall ken where he is gane;  
 Oer his white banes, when they are bare,  
 The wind sall blaw for evermair."

### *Thomas the Rhymer*

TRUE Thomas lay on Huntlie bank;  
 A ferlie he spied wi' his e'e;  
 And there he saw a ladye bright  
   Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.

Her skirt was o' the grass-green silk,  
 Her mantle o' the velvet fyue;

At ilka tett o' her horse's mane,  
Hung fifty siller bells and nine.

True Thomas he pu'd aff his cap,  
And louted low down on his knee:  
"Hail to thee, Mary, Queen of Heaven!  
For thy peer on earth could never be."

"O no, O no, Thomas," she said,  
"That name does not belang to me;  
I'm but the Queen o' fair Elfland,  
That am hither come to visit thee.

"Harp and carp, Thomas," she said;  
"Harp and carp along wi' me;  
And if ye dare to kiss my lips,  
Sure of your bodie I will be."

"Betide me weal, betide me woe,  
That weird shall never daunten me."  
Synce he has kiss'd her rosy lips,  
All underneath the Eildon Tree.

"Now ye maun go wi' me," she said,  
"True Thomas, ye maun go wi' me;  
And ye maun serve me seven years,  
Thro' weal or woe as may chance to be."

She's mounted on her milk-white steed,  
She's ta'en true Thomas up behind;  
And aye, whene'er her bridle rang,  
The steed gaed swifter than the wind.

O they rade on, and farther on,  
The steed gaed swifter than the wind;  
Until they reach'd a desert wide,  
And living land was left behind.

"Light down, light down now, true Thomas,  
And lean your head upon my knee;  
Abide ye there a little space,  
And I will show you ferlies three.



"O see ye not yon narrow road,  
 So thick beset wi' thorns and briars?  
 That is the Path of Righteousness,  
 Though after it but few inquire.

"And see ye not yon braid, braid road,  
 That lies across the lily leven?  
 That is the Path of Wickedness,  
 Though some call it the Road to Heaven.

"And see ye not yon bonny road  
 That winds about the fernie brae?  
 That is the Road to fair Elfland,  
 Where thou and I this night maun gae.

"But, Thomas, ye sall haud your tongue,  
 Whatever ye may hear or see;  
 For speak ye word in Elfsyn-land,  
 Ye'll ne'er win back to your ain countrie."

O they rade on, and farther on,  
 And they waded rivers abune the knee;  
 And they saw neither sun nor moon,  
 But they heard the roaring of the sea.

It was mirk, mirk night, there was nae starlight,  
 They waded thro' red blude to the knee;  
 For a' the blude that's shed on the earth  
 Rins through the springs o' that countrie.

Syne they came to a garden green,  
 And she pu'd an apple frae a tree:  
 "Take this for thy wages, true Thomas;  
 It will give thee the tongue that can never lee."

"My tongue is my ain," true Thomas he said;  
 "A gudely gift ye wad gie to me!  
 I neither dought to buy or sell  
 At fair or tryst where I might be.

"I dought neither speak to prince or peer,  
 Nor ask of grace from fair lady!"—

"Now haud thy peace, Thomas," she said,  
"For as I say, so must it be."

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,  
And a pair o' shoon of the velvet green;  
And till seven years were gane and past,  
True Thomas on earth was never seen.

### *Sir Patrick Spens*

#### *1. The Sailing*

THE king sits in Dunfermline town  
Drinking the blude-red wine;  
"O whare will I get a skeely skipper  
To sail this new ship o' mine?"

O up and spak an eldern knight,  
Sat at the king's right knee;  
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor  
That ever sail'd the sea"

Our king has written a braid letter,  
And seal'd it with his hand,  
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,  
Was walking on the strand.

"To Noroway, to Noroway,  
To Noroway o'er the faem;  
The king's daughter o' Noroway,  
'Tis thou must bring her hame."

The first word that Sir Patrick read  
So loud, loud laugh'd he;  
The neist word that Sir Patrick read  
The tear blinded his e'e.

"O wha is this has done this deed  
And tauld the king o' me,  
To send us out, at this time o' year,  
To sail upon the sea?"

"Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,  
 Our ship must sail the faem;  
 The king's daughter o' Noroway,  
 'Tis we must fetch her hame."

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn  
 Wi' a' the speed they may;  
 They hae landed in Noroway  
 Upon a Wodensday.

#### 11 *The Return*

"Mak ready, mak ready, my merry men a':  
 Our gude ship sails the morn."  
 "Now ever alack, my master dear,  
 I fear a deadly storm.

"I saw the new moon late yestreen  
 Wi' the auld moon in her arm;  
 And if we gang to sea, master,  
 I fear we'll come to harm."

They hadna sail'd a league, a league,  
 A league but barely three,  
 When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,  
 And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the topmast lap,  
 It was sic a deadly storm.  
 And the waves cam owre the broken ship  
 Till a' her sides were torn.

"Go fetch a web o' the silken claith,  
 Another o' the twine,  
 And wap them into our ship's side,  
 And let nae the sea come in."

They fetch'd a web o' the silken claith,  
 Another o' the twine,

lift] sky.  
 lap] sprang.

And they wapp'd them round that gude ship's side,  
But still the sea came in.

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords  
To wet their cork-heel'd shoon;  
But lang or a' the play was play'd  
They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather bed  
That flatter'd on the faem;  
And mony was the gude lord's son  
That never mair cam hame.

O lang, lang may the ladies sit,  
Wi' their fans into their hand,  
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens  
Come sailing to the strand!

And lang, lang may the maidens sit  
Wi' their gowd kames in their hair,  
A-waiting for their ain dear loves!  
For them they'll see nae mair.

Half-owre, half-owre to Aberdour,  
'Tis fifty fathoms deep;  
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,  
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet!

### *Fair Annie*

"T'S narrow, narrow, make your bed,  
And learn to lie your lane;  
For I'm ga'n oer the sea, Fair Annie,  
A braw bride to bring hame.  
Wi her I will get gowd and gear;  
Wi you I neer got nane.

"But wha will bake my bridal bread,  
Or brew my bridal ale?

flatter'd] tossed afloat  
kames] combs.

## ENGLISH POETRY

And wha will welcome my brisk bride,  
That I bring oer the dale?"

"It's I will bake your bridal bread,  
And brew your bridal ale,  
And I will welcome your brisk bride,  
That you bring oer the dale."

"But she that welcomes my brisk bride  
Maun gang like maiden fair;  
She maun lace on her robe sae jimp,  
And braid her yellow hair."

"But how can I gang maiden-like,  
When maiden I am nane?  
Have I not born seven sons to thee,  
And am with child again?"

She's taen her young son in her arms,  
Another in her hand,  
And she's up to the highest tower,  
To see him come to land.

"Come up, come up, my eldest son,  
And look oer yon sea-strand,  
And see your father's new-come bride,  
Before she come to land."

"Come down, come down, my mother dear,  
Come frae the castle wal  
I fear, if langer ye stand there,  
Ye'll let yoursell down fa."

And she gaed down, and farther down,  
Her love's ship for to see,  
And the topmast and the mainmast  
Shone like the silver free.

And she's gane down, and farther down,  
The bride's ship to behold,  
And the topmast and the mainmast  
They shone just like the gold.

She's taen her seven sons in her hand,  
I wot she didna fail;  
She met Lord Thomas and his bride,  
As they came oer the dale.

"You're welcome to your house, Lord Thomas,  
You're welcome to your land;  
You're welcome with your fair ladye,  
That you lead by the hand.

"You're welcome to your ha's, ladye,  
You're welcome to your bowers;  
You're welcome to your hame, ladye,  
For a' that's here is yours."

"I thank thee, Annie; I thank thee, Annie,  
Sae dearly as I thank thee;  
You're the likest to my sister Annie,  
That ever I did see.

"There came a knight out oer the sea,  
And steald my sister away;  
The shame scoup in his company,  
And land whereer he gae!"

She hang ae napkin at the door,  
Another in the ha,  
And a' to wipe the trickling tears,  
Sae fast as they did fa.

And aye she served the lang tables,  
With white bread and with wine,  
And aye she drank the wan water,  
To had her colour fine.

And aye she served the lang tables,  
With white bread and with brown;  
And ay she turned her round about,  
Sae fast the tears fall down.

And he's taen down the silk napkin,  
Hung on a silver pin,

## ENGLISH POETRY

And aye he wipes the tear trickling  
A'down her cheik and chin.

And aye he turn'd him round about,  
And smil'd amang his men;  
Says, Like ye best the old ladye,  
Or her that's new come hame?

When bells were rung and mass was sung,  
And a' men bound to bed,  
Lord Thomas and his new-come bride  
To their chamber they were gaed.

Annie made her bed a little forbye,  
To hear what they might say;  
"And ever alas!" Fair Annie cried,  
"That I should see this day!

"Gin my seven sons were seven young rats,  
Running on the castle wa,  
And I were a grey cat mysell,  
I soon would worry them a'.

"Gin my seven sons were seven young hares,  
Running oer yon lilly lee,  
And I were a grew hound mysell,  
Soon worried they a' should be."

And wae and sad Fair Annie sat,  
And drearie was her sang,  
And ever, as she sobbd and grat,  
"Wae to the man that did the wrang!"

"My gown is on," said the new-come bride,  
"My shoes are on my feet,  
And I will to Fair Annie's chamber,  
And see what gars her greet.

"What ails ye, what ails ye, Fair Annie,  
That ye make sic a moan?  
Has your wine barrels cast the girds,  
Or is your white bread gone?

"O wha was't was your father, Annie,  
 Or wha was't was your mother?  
 And had ye ony sister, Annie,  
 Or had ye ony brother?"

"The Earl of Wemyss was my father,  
 The Countess of Wemyss my mother;  
 And a' the folk about the house  
 To me were sister and brother."

"If the Earl of Wemyss was your father,  
 I wot sae was he mine;  
 And it shall not be for lack o' gowd  
 That ye your love sall tine."

"For I have seven ships o' mine ain,  
 A' loaded to the brim,  
 And I will gie them a' to thee,  
 Wi' four to thine eldest son:  
 But thanks to a' the powers in heaven  
 That I gae maiden hamel!"

### *Clerk Saunders*

CLERK SAUNDERS and may Margaret  
 Walk'd owre yon garden green;  
 And deep and heavy was the love  
 That fell thir twa between.

"A bed, a bed," Clerk Saunders said,  
 "A bed for you and me!"  
 "Fye na, fye na," said may Margaret,  
 "Till anes we married be!"

"Then I'll take the sword frae my scabbard  
 And slowly lift the pin;  
 And you may swear, and save your aith,  
 Ye ne'er let Clerk Saunders in."

"Take you a napkin in your hand,  
 And tie up baith your bonnie e'en,



And you may swear, and save your aith,  
Ye saw me na since late yestreen."

It was about the midnight hour,  
When they asleep were laid,  
When in and came her seven brothers,  
Wi' torches burning red:

When in and came her seven brothers,  
Wi' torches burning bright:  
They said, "We hae but one sister,  
And behold her lying with a knight!"

Then out and spake the first o' them,  
"I bear the sword shall gar him die."  
And out and spake the second o' them,  
"His father has nae mair but he."

And out and spake the third o' them,  
"I wot that they are lovers dear."  
And out and spake the fourth o' them,  
"They hae been in love this mony a year."

Then out and spake the fifth o' them,  
"It were great sin true love to twain."  
And out and spake the sixth o' them,  
"It were shame to slay a sleeping man."

Then up and gat the seventh o' them,  
And never a word spake he;  
But he has striped his bright brown brand  
Out through Clerk Saunders' fair bodye.

Clerk Saunders he started, and Margaret she turn'd  
Into his arms as asleep she lay;  
And sad and silent was the night  
That was atween thir twae.

And they lay still and sleepit sound  
Until the day began to daw';  
And kindly she to him did say,  
'It is time, true love, you were awa'."

But he lay still, and sleepit sound,  
Albeit the sun began to sheen;  
She look'd atween her and the wa',  
And dull and drowsie were his e'en.

Then in and came her father dear;  
Said, "Let a' your mourning be;  
I'll carry the dead corse to the clay,  
And I'll come back and comfort thee."

"Comfort weel your seven sons,  
For comforted I will never be:  
I ween 'twas neither knave nor loon  
Was in the bower last night wi' me."

The clinking bell gaed through the town  
To carry the dead corse to the clay;  
And Clerk Saunders stood at may Margaret's window,  
I wot, an hour before the day.

"Are ye sleeping, Marg'ret?" he says,  
"Or are ye waking presentlie?  
Give me my faith and troth again,  
I wot, true love, I gied to thee."

"Your faith and troth ye sall never get,  
Nor our true love sall never twin,  
Until ye come within my bower,  
And kiss me cheik and chin."

"My mouth it is full cold, Marg'ret;  
It has the smell, now, of the ground;  
And if I kiss thy comely mouth,  
Thy days of life will not be lang.

"O cocks are crowing a merry midnight;  
I wot the wild fowls are boding day;  
Give me my faith and troth again,  
And let me fare me on my way."

"Thy faith and troth thou sallna get,  
And our true love sall never twin,

Until ye tell what comes o' women,  
I wot, who die in strong travelling?"

"Their beds are made in the heavens high,  
Down at the foot of our good Lord's knee,  
Weel set about wi' gillyflowers;  
I wot, sweet company for to see.

"O cocks are crowing a merry midnight;  
I wot the wild fowls are boding day;  
The psalms of heaven will soon be sung,  
And I, ere now, will be miss'd away."

Then she has taken a crystal wand,  
And she has stroken her troth thereon;  
She has given it him out at the shot-window,  
Wi' mony a sad sigh and heavy groan.

"I thank ye, Marg'ret; I thank ye, Marg'ret;  
And ay I thank ye heartlie;  
Gin ever the dead come for the quick,  
Be sure, Marg'ret, I'll come for thee."

It's hosen and shoon, and gown alone,  
She climb'd the wall, and follow'd him,  
Until she came to the green forest,  
And there she lost the sight o' him.

"Is there ony room at your head, Saunders?  
Is there ony room at your feet?  
Or ony room at your side, Saunders,  
Where fain, fain, I wad sleep?"

"There's nae room at my head, Marg'ret,  
There's nae room at my feet;  
My bed it is fu' lowly now,  
Amang the hungry worms I sleep.

"Cauld mould is my covering now,  
But and my winding-sheet;  
The dew it falls nae sooner down  
Than my resting-place is weat.

"But plait a wand o' bonny birk,  
And lay it on my breast;  
And shed a tear upon my grave,  
And wish my saul gude rest."

Then up and crew the red, red cock,  
And up and crew the gray:  
'Tis time, 'tis time, my dear Marg'ret,  
That you were going away.

'And fair Marg'ret, and rare Marg'ret,  
And Marga'ret o' veritie,  
Gin e'er ye love another man,  
Ne'er love him as ye did me."

### *The Unquiet Grave*

"THE wind doth blow today, my love,  
And a few small drops of rain;  
I never had but one true-love,  
In cold grave she was lain.

"I'll do as much for my true-love  
As any young man may;  
I'll sit and mourn all at her grave  
For a twelvemonth and a day."

The twelvemonth and a day being up,  
The dead began to speak:  
"Oh who sits weeping on my grave,  
And will not let me sleep?"

"'Tis I, my love, sits on your grave,  
And I will not let you sleep;  
For I crave one kiss of your clay-cold lips,  
And that is all I seek."

You crave one kiss of my clay-cold lips;  
But my breath smells earthy strong;  
If you have one kiss of my clay-cold lips,  
Your time will not be long.

## ENGLISH POETRY

"'Tis down in yonder garden green,  
 Love, where we used to walk,  
 The finest flower that ere was seen  
 Is withered to a stalk.

"The stalk is withered dry, my love,  
 So will our hearts decay;  
 So make yourself content, my love,  
 Till God calls you away "

*The Wife of Usher's Well*

THERE lived a wife at Usher's Well,  
 And a wealthy wife was she;  
 She had three stout and stalwart sons,  
 And sent them o'er the sea.

They had not been a week from her,  
 A week but barely one,  
 When word came to the mother herself,  
 That her three sons were gone.

They had not been a week from her,  
 A week but barely three,  
 When word came to the mother herself,  
 That her sons she'd never see.

"I wish the wind may never cease,  
 Nor fishes in the flood,  
 Till my three sons come home to me,  
 In earthly flesh and blood!"

It fell about the Martinmas,  
 When nights are long and dark,  
 The mother's three sons they all came home,  
 And their hats were of birch bark.

It neither grew in marsh or trench  
 Nor yet in any ditch;  
 But at the gates of Paradise  
 That birch grew fair and rich.

"Blow up the fire, my maidens!  
Bring water from the well!  
For all my house shall feast this night,  
Since my three sons are well."

And she has made to them a bed,  
She's made it large and wide;  
And she's taken her mantle her about,  
Sat down at the bed-side.

Up then crew the red, red cock,  
And up and crew the gray;  
The eldest to the youngest said,  
"Tis time we were away."

The cock he had not crowed but once,  
And clapped his wings at dawn,  
When the youngest to the eldest said,  
"Brother, we must be gone.

"The cock doth crow, the light doth grow,  
The channeling worm doth chide;  
If we be missed out of our place,  
A sore pain we must abide."

"Lie still, lie still, but a little wee while,  
Lie still but if we may,  
If our mother should miss us when she wakes,  
She will go mad ere day."

"Fare ye well, my mother dear!  
Farewell to barn and byre!  
And fare ye well, the bonny lass,  
That kindles my mother's fire."

### *The Maid Freed from the Gallows*

"O GOOD Lord Judge, and sweet Lord Judge,  
Peace for a little while!  
Methinks I see my own father,  
Come riding by the stile.

"O father, O father, a little of your gold,  
And likewise of your fee!  
To keep my body from yonder grave,  
And my neck from the gallows-tree."

"None of my gold now shall you have,  
Nor likewise of my fee;  
For I am come to see you hangd,  
And hangéd you shall be."

"O good Lord Judge, and sweet Lord Judge,  
Peace for a little while!  
Methinks I see my own mother,  
Come riding by the stile.

"O mother, O mother, a little of your gold,  
And likewise of your fee,  
To keep my body from yonder grave,  
And my neck from the gallows-tree!"

"None of my gold now shall you have,  
Nor likewise of my fee;  
For I am come to see you hangd,  
And hangéd you shall be."

"O good Lord Judge, and sweet Lord Judge,  
Peace for a little while!  
Methinks I see my own brother,  
Come riding by the stile.

"O brother, O brother, a little of your gold,  
And likewise of your fee,  
To keep my body from yonder grave,  
And my neck from the gallows-tree!"

"None of my gold now shall you have,  
Nor likewise of my fee;  
For I am come to see you hangd  
And hangéd you shall be."

"O good Lord Judge, and sweet Lord Judge,  
Peace for a little while!

Methinks I see my own sister  
Come riding by the stile.

"O sister, O sister, a little of your gold,  
And likewise of your fee,  
To keep my body from yonder grave,  
And my neck from the gallows-tree!"

"None of my gold now shall you have,  
Nor likewise of my fee;  
For I am come to see you hangd  
And hangéd you shall be."

"O good Lord Judge, and sweet Lord Judge,  
Peace for a little while!  
Methinks I see my own true-love,  
Come riding by the stile.

"O true-love, O true-love, a little of your gold,  
And likewise of your fee,  
To save my body from yonder grave,  
And my neck from the gallows-tree."

"Some of my gold now you shall have,  
And likewise of my fee,  
For I am come to see you saved,  
And savéd you shall be."

### *The Bonnie Earl of Murray*

YE Highlands and ye Lawlands.  
Oh! where hae ye been?  
They hae slain the Earl of Murray,  
And hae laid him on the green.

Now wae be to thee, Huntly,  
And wherefore did you sae?  
I bade you bring him wi' you,  
But forbade you him to slay.

He was a braw gallant,  
And he rid at the ring;



## ENGLISH POETRY

And the bonnie Earl of Murray,  
Oh! he might hae been a king.

He was a braw gallant,  
And he play'd at the ba';  
And the bonnie Earl of Murray  
Was the flower amang them a'.

He was a braw gallant,  
And he play'd at the glove;  
And the bonnie Earl of Murray,  
Oh! he was the Queen's luve.

Oh! lang will his lady  
Look owre the castle Down,  
Ere she see the Earl of Murray  
Come sounding thro' the town.

*Helen of Kirconnell*

**I** WISH I were where Helen lies,  
Night and day on me she cries;  
O that I were where Helen lies,  
On fair Kirconnell lea!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,  
And curst the hand that fired the shot,  
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,  
And died to succour me!

O think na ye my heart was sair,  
When my Love dropp'd and spak nae mair!  
There did she swoon wi' meikle care,  
On fair Kirconnell lea.

As I went down the water side,  
None but my foe to be my guide,  
None but my foe to be my guide,  
On fair Kirconnell lea;

I lighted down my sword to draw,  
I hackèd him in pieces sma',

I hackèd him in pieces sma',  
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare!  
I'll mak a garland o' thy hair,  
Shall bind my heart for evermair,  
Until the day I die!

O that I were where Helen lies!  
Night and day on me she cries;  
Out of my bed she bids me rise,  
Says, "Haste, and come to me!"

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!  
If I were with thee, I'd be blest,  
Where thou lies low and taks thy rest,  
On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish my grave were growing green,  
A winding-sheet drawn owre me e'en,  
And I in Helen's arms lying,  
On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish I were where Helen lies!  
Night and day on me she cries;  
And I am weary of the skies,  
For her sake that died for me.

### *Binnorie*

THERE were twa sisters sat in a bour;  
*Binnorie, O Binnorie!*  
There cam a knight to be their wooer,  
<sup>2</sup> *By the bonnie mulldams o' Binnorie.*

He courted the eldest with glove and ring,  
But he lo'ed the youngest abune a thing.

The eldest she was vexèd sair,  
And sair envied her sister fair.

Upon a morning fair and clear,  
She cried upon her sister dear:

"O sister, sister, tak my hand,  
And let's go down to the river-strand."

She's ta'en her by the lily hand,  
And led her down to the river-strand.

The youngest stood upon a stane,  
The eldest cam and push'd her in.

"O sister, sister, reach your hand!  
And ye sall be heir o' half my land:

"O sister, reach me but your glove!  
And sweet William sall be your love."

Sometimes she sank, sometimes she swam,  
Until she cam to the miller's dam.

Out then cam the miller's son,  
And saw the fair maid soumm'n' in.

"O father, father, draw your dam!  
There's either a mermaid or a milk-white swan."

The miller hasted and drew his dam,  
And there he found a drown'd woman.

You couldna see her middle sma',  
Her gowden girdle was sae braw.

You couldna see her lily feet,  
Her gowden fringes were sae deep.

All amang her yellow hair  
A string o' pearls was twisted rare.

You couldna see her fingers sma',  
Wi' diamond rings they were cover'd a'.

And by there came a harper fine,  
That harpit to the king at dine.

And when he look'd that lady on,  
He sigh'd and made a heavy moan.

He's made a harp of her breast-bane,  
Whose sound wad melt a heart of stane.

He's ta'en three locks o' her yellow hair,  
And wi' them strung his harp sae rare.

He went into her father's hall,  
And there was the court assembled all.

He laid his harp upon a stane,  
And straight it began to play by lane.

"O yonder sits my father, the King,  
And yonder sits my mother, the Queen;

"And yonder stands my brother Hugh,  
And by him my William, sweet and true."

But the last tune that the harp play'd then—

*Binnorie, O Binnorie!*

Was, "Woe to my sister, false Helèn!"

*By the bonnie milldams o' Binnorie.*

### *A Lyke-Wake Dirge*

THIS ae nighte, this ae nighte,  
—*Every nighte and alle,*  
Fire and sleet and candle-lighte,  
*And Christe receive thy saule.*

When thou from hence away art past,  
—*Every nighte and alle,*  
To Whinny-muir thou com'st at last;  
*And Christe receive thy saule*

## ENGLISH POETRY

If ever thou gavest hosen and shoon,  
     —*Every nighte and alle,*  
 Sit thee down and put them on;  
     *And Christe receive thy saule.*

If hosen and shoon thou ne'er gav'st nane  
     —*Every nighte and alle,*  
 The whinnes sall prick thee to the bare bane;  
     *And Christe receive thy saule.*

From Whunny-muir when thou may'st pass,  
     —*Every nighte and alle,*  
 To Brig o' Dread thou com'st at last;  
     *And Christe receive thy saule.*

From Brig o' Dread when thou may'st pass,  
     —*Every nighte and alle,*  
 To Purgatory fire thou com'st at last;  
     *And Christe receive thy saule.*

If ever thou gavest meat or drink,  
     —*Every nighte and alle,*  
 The fire sall never make thee shrink;  
     *And Christe receive thy saule.*

If meat or drink thou ne'er gav'st nane,  
     —*Every nighte and alle,*  
 The fire will burn thee to the bare bane;  
     *And Christe receive thy saule.*

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,  
     —*Every nighte and alle,*  
 Fire and sleet and candle-lighte,  
     *And Christe receive thy saule.*

*'Western Wind, when wilt thou blow'*

WESTERN wind, when wilt thou blow,  
 That the small rain down can rain?  
 Christ, that my love were in my arms  
 And I in my bed again!

*Lily, Germander, and Sops-in-Wine*

AND can the physician make sick men well?  
 And can the magician a fortune divine?  
 Without lily, germander, and sops-in-wine,  
     *With sweet-briar*  
     *And bon-fire*  
     *And strawberry wire*  
     *And columbine.*

Within and out, in and out, round as a ball,  
 With hither and thither, as straight as a line,  
 With lily, germander, and sops-in-wine,  
     *With sweet-briar*  
     *And bon-fire*  
     *And strawberry wire*  
     *And columbine.*

When Saturn did live, there lived no poor,  
 The king and the beggar with roots did dine,  
 With lily, germander, and sops-in-wine,  
     *With sweet-briar*  
     *And bon-fire*  
     *And strawberry wire*  
     *And columbine.*

*Phyllida's Love Call*

*Phyl.* CORYDON, arise, my Corydon!  
     Titan shineth clear.

*Cor.* Who is it that calleth Corydon?  
     Who is it that I hear?

*Phyl.* Phyllida, thy true Love, calleth thee,  
     Arise then, arise then,

    Arise and keep thy flock with me!

*Cor.* Phyllida, my true Love, is it she?

    I come then, I come then,

    I come and keep my flock with thee.

*Phyl.* Here are cherries ripe, my Corydon;  
Eat them for my sake.

*Cor.* Here's my oaten pipe, my lovely one,  
Sport for thee to make.

*Phyl.* Here are threads, my true Love, fine as silk,  
To knit thee, to knit thee  
A pair of stockings white as milk.

*Cor.* Here are reeds, my true Love, fine and neat,  
To make thee, to make thee  
A bonnet to withstand the heat.

*Phyl.* I will gather flowers, my Corydon,  
To set in thy cap.

*Cor.* I will gather pears, my lovely one,  
To put in thy lap.

*Phyl.* I will buy my true Love garters gay  
For Sundays, for Sundays,  
To wear about his legs so tall.

*Cor.* I will buy my true Love yellow say  
For Sundays, for Sundays,  
To wear about her middle small.

*Phyl.* When my Corydon sits on a hill  
Making melody—

*Cor.* When my lovely one goes to her wheel  
Singing cheerily—

*Phyl.* Sure methinks my true Love doth excel  
For sweetness, for sweetness,  
Sir Pan, that old Arcadian knight.

*Cor.* And methinks my true Love bears the bell  
For clearness, for clearness,  
Beyond the nymphs that be so bright.

*Phyl.* Had my Corydon, my Corydon,  
Been, alack! her swain—

*Cor.* Had my lovely one, my lovely one,  
Been in Ida plain—

*Phyl.* Cynthia Endymion had refused,  
Preferring, preferring,  
My Corydon to play withal.

*Cor.* The queen of love had been excused,  
Bequeathing, bequeathing,  
My Phyllida the golden ball.

*Phyl.* Yonder comes my mother, Corydon,  
Whither shall I fly?

*Cor.* Under yonder beech, my lovely one,  
While she passeth by.

*Phyl.* Say to her thy true Love was not here;  
Remember, remember,  
Tomorrow is another day.

*Cor.* Doubt me not, my true Love, do not fear;  
Farewell then, farewell then,  
Heaven keep our loves alway.

### *A Song of Ale*

Back and side go bare, go bare,  
Both hand and foot go cold,  
But belly, God send thee good ale enough  
Whether it be new or old!

**B**UT if that I may have truly  
Good ale my belly full,  
I shall look like one, by sweet Saint John,  
Were shorn against the wool.  
Though I go bare, take you no care,  
I am nothing a-cold,  
I stuff my skin so full within  
Of jolly good ale and old.

I cannot eat but little meat,  
My stomach is not good;  
But sure I think that I could drink  
With him that weareth an hood.  
Drink is my life; although my wife  
Some time do chide and scold,  
Yet spare I not to ply the pot  
Of jolly good ale and old.

I love no roast but a brown toast,  
Or a crab in the fire;  
A little bread shall do me stead;  
Much bread I never desire.  
Nor frost, nor snow, nor wind I trow,  
Can hurt me if it would,



## ENGLISH POETRY

I am so wrapped within and lapped  
With jolly good ale and old.

I care right nough, I take no thought  
For clothes to keep me warm;  
Have I good drink, I surely think  
Nothing can do me harm:  
For truly than I fear no man,  
Be he never so bold,  
When I am armed and throughly warmed  
With jolly good ale and old.

But now and than I curse and ban,  
They make their ale so small;  
God give them care and evil to fare!  
They stry the malt and all.  
Such peevish pew, I tell you true,  
Not for a crown of gold,  
There cometh one sip within my lip,  
Whether it be new or old.

Good ale and strong maketh me among  
Full jocund and full light,  
That oft I sleep and take no keep  
From morning until night.  
Then start I up and flee to the cup;  
The right way on I hold;  
My thirst to staunch, I fill my paunch  
With jolly good ale and old.

And Kit my wife, that as her life  
Loveth well good ale to seek,  
Full oft drinketh she, that ye may see  
The tears run down her cheek.  
Then doth she troll to me the bowl,  
As a good malt-worm should,  
And say "Sweet-heart, I have take my part  
Of jolly good ale and old."

They that do drink till they nod and wink,  
Even as good fellows should do,  
They shail not muss to have the bliss,  
That good ale hath brought them to.

And all poor souls that scour black bowls,  
And them hath lustily trolled,  
God save the lives of them and their wives,  
Whether they be young or old!

*Tom o' Bedlam's Song*

FROM the hagg and hungrie goblin  
That into raggs would rend ye  
And the spirit that stands by the naked man  
In the Book of Moones defend yee!  
That of your five sounde senses  
You never be forsaken  
Nor wander from your selves with Tom  
Abroad to begg your bacon.

While I doe sing "Any foode any feeding  
Feedinge, drinke or clothing"  
Come dame or maid, be not afraid,  
Poor Tom will iniure nothing.

Of thirty bare yeares have I  
Twice twenty bin enraged  
And of forty bin three tymes fifteene  
In durance soundlie caged  
On the lordlie loftes of Bedlam  
With stubble softe and dainty,  
Braue braceletts strong, sweet whips ding-dong,  
With wholsome hunger plenty.  
And nowe I sing &c.

With a thought I tooke for Maudlin  
And a cruse of cockle portage  
With a thing thus tall, skie blesse you all,  
I befell into this dotage.  
I slept not since the Conquest,  
Till then I never wakèd  
Till the rogysh boy of loue where I lay  
Mee found and strip't mee naked.  
And nowe I sing &c.

When I short have shorne my sowre face  
 And swigg'd my horny barrel  
 In an oaken inne I pound my skin  
 As a suite of guilt apparell.  
 The moon's my constant Mistrisse  
 And the lowlie owle my morrowe  
 The flaming Drake and the Nightcrowe make  
 Mee musicke to my sorrowe.

While I doe sing &c.

The palsie plagues my pulses  
 When I prigg your pigs or pullen,  
 Your culvers take, or matchles make  
 Your Chanticleare or sullen.  
 When I want prouant with Humfrie  
 I sup, and when benighted  
 I repose in Powles with waking soules  
 Yet neuere am affrighted.

But I doe sing &c.

I knowe more then Apollo,  
 For oft when hee ly's sleeping  
 I see the starres att bloudie warres  
 In the wounded welkin weeping,  
 The moone embrace her shepherd  
 And the quene of Love her warryor,  
 While the first doth horne the star of morne  
 And the next the heavenly Farrier.

While I doe sing &c.

The Gipsie snap and Pedro  
 Are none of Tom's comradoes.  
 The punk I skorne and the cut purse sworn  
 And the roaring boyes bravadoe  
 The meeke the white the gentle,  
 Me handle touch and spare not  
 But those that crosse Tom Rynosseros  
 Doe what the panther dare not.

Although I sing &c.

With an host of furious fancies  
 Whereof I am commander.

With a burning speare, and a horse of aire,  
 To the wilderness I wander.  
 By a knight of ghostes and shadowes  
 I summon'd am to tourney  
 Ten leagues beyond the wide world's end.  
 Mee thinke it is noe journey.  
 Yet will I sing &c.

---

 THOMAS CHATTERTON
 

---

*Mynstrelles Songe*<sup>1</sup>

O! SYNGE untoe mie roundelaie,  
 O! droppe the brynie teare wythe mee,  
 Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,  
 Lycke a reynyng ryver bee;  
     Mie love ys dedde,  
     Gon to hys death-bedde,  
     Al under the wyllowe tree.

Blacke hys cryne <sup>2</sup> as the wyntere nyghte,  
 Whyte hys rode <sup>3</sup> as the sommer snowe,  
 Rodde hys face as the mornynge lyghte;  
 Cale <sup>4</sup> he lyes ynne the grave belowe;  
     Mie love ys dedde,  
     Gon to hys deathe-bedde,  
     Al under the wyllowe tree.

Swote <sup>5</sup> hys tyngue as the throstles note,  
 Quicke ynn daunce as thoughte canne bee,  
 Defte hys taboure, codgelle stote; <sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Published in *Aella, a Tragycal Enterlude*.

<sup>2</sup> Hair.

<sup>3</sup> Skin.

<sup>4</sup> Cold.

<sup>5</sup> Sweet.

<sup>6</sup> Cudgel stout.

O! hee lyes bie the wyllowe tree:  
 Mie love ys dedde,  
 Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,  
 Alle underre the wyllowe tree.

Harkel the ravenne flappes hys wynges,  
 In the briered delle belowe;  
 Harkel the dethe-owle loude dothe synge,  
 To the nyghte-mares as heie goe;  
 Mie love ys dedde,  
 Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,  
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

Seel the whyte moone sheenes onne hie;  
 Whyterre ys mie true loves shroude;  
 Whyterre yanne the mornynge skie,  
 Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude;  
 Mie love ys dedde,  
 Gon to hys deathe-bedde,  
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

Heere, uponne mie true loves grave,  
 Schalle the baren fleurs be layde,  
 Nee one hallie Seyncte to save  
 Al the celness<sup>7</sup> of a mayde.  
 Mie love ys dedde,  
 Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,  
 Alle under the wyllowe tree.

Wythe mie hondes I'lle dente the brieres  
 Rounde his hallie corse to gre,<sup>8</sup>  
 Ouphante fairie,<sup>9</sup> lyghte youre fyres,  
 Heere mie boddie styлле schalle bee.  
 Mie love ys dedde,  
 Gon to hys deathe-bedde,  
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

Comme, wythe acorne-coppe and thorne,  
 Drayne mie hartys blodde awaie;  
 Lyfe and all yttes goode I scorne,

<sup>7</sup> Coolness.

<sup>8</sup> Grow.

<sup>9</sup> Elfin fairy.

Daunce bie nete, or feaste by daie.  
 Mie love ys dedde,  
 Gon to hys deathe-bedde,  
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

Waterre wytches, crownde wythe reytes,<sup>10</sup>  
 Bere mee to yer leathalle<sup>11</sup> tyde.  
 I die; I comme; mie true love waytes.  
 Thos the damselle spake, and dyed.

---

 GEORGE CRABBE
 

---

*The Vicar*

FROM INEBRIETY

THE vicar at the table's front presides,  
 Whose presence a monastic life derides;  
 The reverend wig, in sideways order placed,  
 The reverend band, by rubric stains disgraced,  
 The leering eye, in wayward circles roll'd,  
 Mark him the pastor of a jovial fold,  
 Whose various texts excite a loud applause,  
 Favouring the bottle, and the good old cause.  
 See! the dull smile which fearfully appears,  
 When gross indecency her front uprears;  
 The joy conceal'd, the fiercer burns within,  
 As masks afford the keenest gust to sin;  
 Imagination helps the reverend sire,  
 And spreads the sails of sub-divine desire;  
 But when the gay immoral joke goes round,  
 When shame and all her blushing train are drown'd,  
 Rather than hear his God blasphemed, he takes  
 The last loved glass, and then the board forsakes.  
 Not that religion prompts the sober thought,  
 But slavish custom has the practice taught;

<sup>10</sup> Sea weeds.<sup>11</sup> Deadly

Besides, this zealous son of warm devotion  
 Has a true Levite bias for promotion.  
 Vicars must with discretion go astray,  
 Whilst bishops may be damn'd the nearest way.

---

 WILLIAM BLAKE
 

---

*To the Muses*

WHETHER on Ida's shady brow,  
 Or in the chambers of the East,  
 The chambers of the sun, that now  
 From ancient melody have ceas'd;

Whether in Heaven ye wander fair,  
 Or the green corners of the earth,  
 Or the blue regions of the air  
 Where the melodious winds have birth;

Whether on crystal rocks ye rove,  
 Beneath the bosom of the sea  
 Wand'ring in many a coral grove,  
 Fair Nine, forsaking Poetry!

How have you left the ancient love  
 That bards of old enjoy'd in you!  
 The languid strings do scarcely move!  
 The sound is forc'd, the notes are few!

*Songs of Innocence*
*Introduction*

PIPING down the alleys wild,  
 Piping songs of pleasant glee,  
 On a cloud I saw a child,  
 And he laughing said to me:

"Pipe a song about a Lamb!"  
 So I piped with merry cheer.  
 "Piper, pipe that song again;"  
 So I piped: he wept to hear.

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;  
 Sing thy songs of happy cheer:"  
 So I sang the same again,  
 While he wept with joy to hear.

"Piper, sit thee down and write  
 In a book, that all may read."  
 So he vanish'd from my sight,  
 And I pluck'd a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,  
 And I stain'd the water clear,  
 And I wrote my happy songs  
 Every child may joy to hear.

### *The Lamb*

LITTLE Lamb, who made thee?  
 Dost thou know who made thee?  
 Gave thee life, and bid thee feed,  
 By the stream and o'er the mead;  
 Gave thee clothing of delight,  
 Softest clothing, woolly, bright;  
 Gave thee such a tender voice,  
 Making all the vales rejoice?  
 Little Lamb, who made thee?  
 Dost thou know who made thee?

Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,  
 Little Lamb, I'll tell thee.  
 He is calléd by thy name,  
 For He calls Himself a Lamb.  
 He is meek, and He is mild;  
 He became a little child.  
 I a child, and thou a lamb,  
 We are calléd by His name.



## ENGLISH POETRY

Little Lamb, God bless thee!  
 Little Lamb, God bless thee!

*The Little Black Boy*

MY mother bore me in the southern wild,  
 And I am black, but O! my soul is white;  
 White as an angel is the English child,  
 But I am black, as if bereav'd of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree,  
 And, sitting down before the heat of day,  
 She took me on her lap and kiss'd me,  
 And, pointing to the east, began to say:

"Look on the rising sun,—there God does live,  
 And gives His light, and gives His heat away;  
 And flowers and trees and beasts and men receive  
 Comfort in morning, joy in the noonday.

"And we are put on earth a little space,  
 That we may learn to bear the beams of love;  
 And these black bodies and this sunburnt face  
 Is but a cloud, and like a shady grove."

*A Cradle Song*

SWEET dreams, form a shade  
 O'er my lovely infant's head;  
 Sweet dreams of pleasant streams  
 By happy, silent, moony beams.

Sweet sleep, with soft down  
 Weave thy brows an infant crown.  
 Sweet sleep, Angel mild,  
 Hover o'er my happy child.

Sweet smiles, in the night  
 Hover over my delight;  
 Sweet smiles, mother's smiles,  
 All the livelong night beguiles.

Sweet moans, dovelike sighs,  
Chase not slumber from thy eyes.  
Sweet moans, sweeter smiles,  
All the dovelike moans beguiles.

Sleep, sleep, happy child,  
All creation slept and smil'd;  
Sleep, sleep, happy sleep,  
While o'er thee thy mother weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face  
Holy image I can trace.  
Sweet babe, once like thee,  
Thy Maker lay and wept for me,

Wept for me, for thee, for all,  
When He was an infant small.  
Thou His image ever see,  
Heavenly face that smiles on thee,

Smiles on thee, on me, on all;  
Who became an infant small.  
Infant smiles are His own smiles;  
Heaven and earth to peace beguiles.

### *Holy Thursday*

'T WAS on a Holy Thursday, their innocent faces clean,  
The children walking two and two, in red and blue and  
green,  
Grey-headed beadles walk'd before, with wands as white as snow,  
Till into the high dome of Paul's they like Thames' waters flow.

O what a multitude they seem'd, these flowers of London town!  
Seated in companies they sit with radiance all their own.  
The hum of multitudes was there, but multitudes of lambs,  
Thousands of little boys and girls raising their innocent hands.

Now like a mighty wind they raise to Heaven the voice of song,  
Or like harmonious thunderings the seats of Heaven among.  
Beneath them sit the agéd men, wise guardians of the poor;  
Then cherish pity, lest you drive an angel from your door.

*Songs of Experience**The Tyger*

TYGER! Tyger! burning bright  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies  
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?  
On what wings dare he aspire?  
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?  
And when thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand? and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?  
In what furnace was thy brain?  
What the anvil? what dread grasp  
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears  
And water'd heaven with their tears,  
Did he smile his work to see?  
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

*A Poison Tree*

I WAS angry with my friend:  
I told my wrath, my wrath did end.  
I was angry with my foe:  
I told it not, my wrath did grow.

And I water'd it in fears,  
Night and morning with my tears;  
And I sunned it with smiles,  
And with soft deceitful wiles.

And it grew both day and night,  
Till it bore an apple bright;  
And my foe beheld it shine,  
And he knew that it was mine,

And into my garden stole  
When the night had veil'd the pole:  
In the morning glad I see  
My foe outstretch'd beneath the tree.

*"Never Seek to Tell Thy Love"*

NEVER seek to tell thy love,  
Love that never told can be;  
For the gentle wind does move  
Silently, invisibly.

I told my love, I told my love,  
I told her all my heart,  
Trembling, cold, in ghastly fears,  
Ah! she doth depart.

Soon as she was gone from me,  
A traveller came by,  
Silently, invisibly:  
He took her with a sigh.

*Auguries of Innocence*<sup>1</sup>

TO see a World in a grain of sand,  
 And a Heaven in a wild flower,  
 Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand,  
 And Eternity in an hour.  
 A robin redbreast in a cage  
 Puts all Heaven in a rage.  
 A dove-house fill'd with doves and pigeons  
 Shudders Hell thro' all its regions.  
 A dog starv'd at his master's gate  
 Predicts the ruin of the State.  
 A horse misus'd upon the road  
 Calls to Heaven for human blood.  
 Each outcry of the hunted hare  
 A fibre from the brain does tear.  
 A skylark wounded in the wing,  
 A cherubim does cease to sing  
 The game-cock clapt and arm'd for fight  
 Does the rising sun affright.  
 Every wolf's and lion's howl  
 Raises from Hell a Human soul.  
 The wild deer, wandering here and there,  
 Keeps the Human soul from care.  
 The lamb misus'd breeds public strife,  
 And yet forgives the butcher's knife.  
 The bat that flits at close of eve  
 Has left the brain that won't believe.  
 The owl that calls upon the night  
 Speaks the unbeliever's fright.  
 He who shall hurt the little wren  
 Shall never be belov'd by men.  
 He who the ox to wrath has mov'd  
 Shall never be by woman lov'd.  
 The wanton boy that kills the fly

<sup>1</sup>From poems in Pickering MS, written *circa* 1801-1803, also published by Rossetti, 1863. "The title 'Auguries of Innocence' probably, as Mr. Yeats conjectures, refers only to the opening quatrain, although the MS. itself has no space or line separating it from the couplets which follow. These proverbs are here placed in the sequence in which they appear in the MS, where they were doubtless transcribed from scattered jottings elsewhere." [John Sampson, editor of Oxford edition, wherein his own rearrangement is appended to the reading here used.]

Shall feel the spider's enmity.  
He who torments the chafer's sprite  
Weaves a bower in endless night.  
The caterpillar on the leaf  
Repeats to thee thy mother's grief.  
Kill not the moth nor butterfly,  
For the Last Judgment draweth nigh.  
He who shall train the horse to war  
Shall never pass the polar bar.  
The beggar's dog and widow's cat,  
Feed them, and thou wilt grow fat.  
The gnat that sings his summer's song  
Poison gets from Slander's tongue.  
The poison of the snake and newt  
Is the sweat of Envy's foot.  
The poison of the honey-bee  
Is the artist's jealousy.  
The prince's robes and beggar's rags  
Are toadstools on the miser's bags.  
A truth that's told with bad intent  
Beats all the lies you can invent.  
It is right it should be so;  
Man was made for joy and woe;  
And when this we rightly know,  
Thro' the world we safely go.  
Joy and woe are woven fine,  
A clothing for the soul divine;  
Under every grief and pine  
Runs a joy with silken twine.  
The babe is more than swaddling-bands;  
Throughout all these human lands  
Tools were made, and born were hands,  
Every farmer understands.  
Every tear from every eye  
Becomes a babe in Eternity;  
This is caught by Females bright,  
And return'd to its own delight.  
The bleat, the bark, bellow, and roar  
Are waves that beat on Heaven's shore.  
The babe that weeps the rod beneath  
Writes revenge in realms of death.  
The beggar's rags, fluttering in air,

Does to rags the heavens tear.  
The soldier, arm'd with sword and gun,  
Palsied strikes the summer's sun.  
The poor man's farthing is worth more  
Than all the gold on Afric's shore.  
One mite wrung from the labourer's hands  
Shall buy and sell the miser's lands  
Or, if protected from on high,  
Does that whole nation sell and buy.  
He who mocks the infant's faith  
Shall be mock'd in Age and Death.  
He who shall teach the child to doubt  
The rotting grave shall ne'er get out.  
He who respects the infant's faith  
Triumphs over Hell and Death.  
The child's toys and the old man's reasons  
Are the fruits of the two seasons.  
The questioner, who sits so sly,  
Shall never know how to reply.  
He who replies to words of Doubt  
Doth put the light of knowledge out.  
The strongest poison ever known  
Came from Caesar's laurel crown.  
Nought can deform the human race  
Like to the armour's iron brace.  
When gold and gems adorn the plough  
To peaceful arts shall Envy bow.  
A riddle, or the cricket's cry,  
Is to Doubt a fit reply.  
The emmet's inch and eagle's mile  
Make lame Philosophy to smile.  
He who doubts from what he sees  
Will ne'er believe, do what you please.  
If the Sun and Moon should doubt,  
They'd immediately go out.  
To be in a passion you good may do,  
But no good if a passion is in you.  
The whore and gambler, by the state  
Licensed, build that nation's fate.  
The harlot's cry from street to street  
Shall weave Old England's winding-sheet.  
The winner's shout, the loser's curse,

Dance before dead England's hearse.  
Every night and every morn  
Some to misery are born.  
Every morn and every night  
Some are born to sweet delight.  
Some are born to sweet delight,  
Some are born to endless night.  
We are led to believe a lie  
When we see not thro' the eye,  
Which was born in a night, to perish in a night,  
When the Soul slept in beams of light.  
God appears, and God is Light,  
To those poor souls who dwell in Night;  
But does a Human Form display  
To those who dwell in realms of Day.

*Preface to Milton*

AND did those feet in ancient time  
Walk upon England's mountains green?  
And was the holy Lamb of God  
On England's pleasant pastures seen?

And did the countenance divine  
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?  
And was Jerusalem builded here  
Among these dark Satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!  
Bring me my arrows of desire!  
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!  
Bring me my chariot of fire!

I will not cease from mental fight,  
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,  
Till we have built Jerusalem  
In England's green and pleasant land.



*Eternity*

HE who binds to himself a joy  
Does the wingèd life destroy;  
But he who kisses the joy as it flies  
Lives in eternity's sun-rise.

*Night*

THE sun descending in the west,  
The evening star does shine;  
The birds are silent in their nest,  
And I must seek for mine.  
The moon, like a flower  
In heaven's high bower,  
With silent delight  
Sits and smiles on the night.

Farewell, green fields and happy grove,  
Where flocks have took delight:  
Where lambs have nibbled, silent move  
The feet of angels bright;  
Unseen they pour blessing  
And joy without ceasing  
On each bud and blossom,  
On each sleeping bosom.

They look in every thoughtless nest  
Where birds are cover'd warm;  
They visit caves of every beast,  
To keep them all from harm:  
If they see any weeping  
That should have been sleeping,  
They pour sleep on their head,  
And sit down by their bed.

When wolves and tigers howl for prey,  
They pitying stand and weep,  
Seeking to drive their thirst away  
And keep them from the sheep.

But, if they rush dreadful,  
The angels, most heedful,  
Receive each mild spirit,  
New worlds to inherit.

And there the lion's ruddy eyes  
Shall flow with tears of gold:  
And pitying the tender cries,  
And walking round the fold:  
Saying, "Wrath by His meekness,  
And, by His health, sickness,  
Are driven away  
From our immortal day.

"And now beside thee, bleating lamb,  
I can lie down and sleep,  
Or think on Him who bore thy name,  
Graze after thee, and weep.  
For, wash'd in life's river,  
My bright mane for ever  
Shall shine like the gold  
As I guard o'er the fold."

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ROBERT BURNS

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*Mary Morison*<sup>1</sup>

MARY, at thy window be,  
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour!  
Those smiles and glances let me see,  
That make the miser's treasure poor:  
How blythely wad I bide the stoure,<sup>2</sup>  
A weary slave frae sun to sun,  
Could I the rich reward secure,  
The lovely Mary Morison.

<sup>1</sup> Written in 1780 or 1781, and sent to Thomson in a letter of 20 March 1793;  
published in *Works*, 1800

<sup>2</sup> suffer hardship, or struggle

Yestreen, when to the trembling string  
 The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',  
 To thee my fancy took its wing,  
 I sat, but neither heard nor saw:  
 Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,<sup>2</sup>  
 And yon the toast of a' the town,  
 I sigh'd, and said amang them a',  
 "Ye are na Mary Morison."

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,  
 Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?  
 Or canst thou break that heart of his,  
 Whase only faut is loving thee?  
 If love for love thou wilt na gie,<sup>4</sup>  
 At least be pity to me shown!  
 A thought ungentle canna be  
 The thought o' Mary Morison.

<sup>2</sup> handsome, fine

<sup>4</sup> not give

### *To a Mouse*<sup>1</sup>

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST WITH THE PLOUGH, NOVEMBER, 1785

WEE, sleekit,<sup>2</sup> cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,  
 O what a panic's in thy breastie!  
 Thou need na start awa sae hasty,  
 Wi' bickering brattle!<sup>3</sup>  
 I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee  
 Wi' murd'ring pattle!<sup>4</sup>

I'm truly sorry man's dominion  
 Has broken Nature's social union,  
 An' justifies that ill opinion  
 Which makes thee startle  
 At me, thy poor earth-born companion,  
 An' fellow-mortal!

<sup>1</sup> Published in 1786

<sup>2</sup> sleek

<sup>3</sup> with hasty scamper  
 plow-staff

I doubt na, whiles, but thou may thieve;  
 What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!  
 A daimen-icker in a thrave<sup>5</sup>  
       'S a sma' request:  
 I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,  
       And never miss 't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!  
 Its silly wa's the win's are strewin'!  
 An' naething, now, to big<sup>6</sup> a new ane  
       O' foggage green!<sup>7</sup>  
 An' bleak December's winds ensuin',  
       Baith snell<sup>8</sup> an' keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,  
 An' weary winter comin' fast,  
 An' cozie here, beneath the blast,  
       Thou thought to dwell,  
 Till crash! the cruel coulter past  
       Out-thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble  
 Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!  
 Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,  
       But house or hald,<sup>9</sup>  
 To thole<sup>10</sup> the winter's sleety dribble,  
       An' cranreuch<sup>11</sup> cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,<sup>12</sup>  
 In proving foresight may be vain:  
 The best laid schemes o' mice an' men  
       Gang aft a-gley,<sup>13</sup>  
 An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain  
       For promis'd joy.

<sup>5</sup> An occasional ear in twenty-four sheaves.

<sup>6</sup> build

<sup>7</sup> coarse grass

<sup>8</sup> bitter

<sup>9</sup> without house or possession

<sup>10</sup> endure

<sup>11</sup> hoar-frost

<sup>12</sup> not alone

<sup>13</sup> astray

## ENGLISH POETRY

Still thou art blest compar'd wi' me!  
 The present only toucheth thee:  
 But oh! I backward cast my e'e  
                     On prospects drear!  
 An' forward tho' I canna see,  
                     I guess an' fear!

*Address to the Unco Guid, or the Rigidly Righteous<sup>1</sup>*

*My son, these maxims make a rule,  
 And lump them aye thegither.  
 The rigid righteous is a fool,  
 The rigid wise anither.  
 The cleanest corn that e'er was dight,<sup>2</sup>  
 May hae some pyles o' caff in,  
 So ne'er a fellow-creature slight  
 For random fits o' daffin  
 SOLOMON (Eccles vii 16).*

O YE wha are sae guid yoursel,  
 Sae pious and sae holy,  
 Ye've nought to do but mark and tell  
 Your neibour's fauts and folly!  
 Whase life is like a weel-gaun<sup>3</sup> mill,  
 Supplied wi' store o' water.  
 The heapéd happer's<sup>4</sup> ebbing still,  
 And still the clap plays clatter:  
 Hear me, ye venerable core,<sup>5</sup>  
 As counsel for poor mortals,  
 That frequent pass douce<sup>6</sup> Wisdom's door,  
 For glaikit<sup>7</sup> Folly's portals;  
 I, for their thoughtless careless sakes,  
 Would here propone<sup>8</sup> defences,—  
 Their donsies<sup>9</sup> tricks, their black mistakes,  
 Their failings and mischances.

<sup>1</sup> Written in 1786, published in *Poems, Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect*, 1787.

<sup>2</sup> winnowed

<sup>3</sup> well-going

<sup>4</sup> hopper's

<sup>5</sup> corps, company

<sup>6</sup> grave

<sup>7</sup> giddy

<sup>8</sup> propose

<sup>9</sup> restive

Ye see your state wi' their's compar'd,  
 And shudder at the niffer;<sup>10</sup>  
 But cast a moment's fair regard—  
 What makes the mighty differ?  
 Discount what scant occasion gave,  
 That purity ye pride in,  
 And (what's aft mair than a' the lave<sup>11</sup>)  
 Your better art o' hidin'.

Think, when your castigated pulse  
 Gies now and then a wallop,  
 What ragins must his veins convulse,  
 That still eternal gallop!  
 Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,  
 Right on ye scud your sea-way;  
 But in the teeth o' baith to sail,  
 It makes an unco<sup>12</sup> leeway.

See Social life and Glee sit down,  
 All joyous and unthinking,  
 Till, quite transmogrified,<sup>13</sup> they're grown  
 Debauchery and Drinking  
 O would they stay to calculate  
 Th' eternal consequences;  
 Or your more dreaded hell to state,  
 Damnation of expenses!

Ye high, exalted, virtuous Dames,  
 Tied up in godly laces,  
 Before ye gie poor Frailty names,  
 Suppose a change o' cases;  
 A dear lov'd lad, convenience snug,  
 A treacherous inclination—  
 But, let me whisper i' your lug,<sup>14</sup>  
 Ye're aiblins<sup>15</sup> nae temptation.

Then gently scan your brother man,  
 Still gentler sister woman;

<sup>10</sup> exchange<sup>11</sup> rest<sup>12</sup> uncommon<sup>13</sup> transformed<sup>14</sup> ear<sup>15</sup> perhaps

## ENGLISH POETRY

Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang,  
 To step aside is human.  
 One point must still be greatly dark,  
 The moving why they do it;  
 And just as lamely can ye mark  
 How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone  
 Decidedly can try us;  
 He knows each chord, its various tone,  
 Each spring, its various bias.  
 Then at the balance let's be mute,  
 We never can adjust it;  
 What's done we partly may compute,  
 But know not what's resisted.

*Ae Fond Kiss*

**A**E fond kiss, and then we sever;  
 Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!  
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,  
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee!

Who shall say that Fortune grieves him  
 While the star of hope she leaves him?  
 Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me,  
 Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy;  
 Naething could resist my Nancy,  
 But to see her was to love her,  
 Love but her, and love for ever.

Had we never loved sae kindly,  
 Had we never loved sae blindly,  
 Never met—or never parted,  
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!  
 Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!  
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure,  
 Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!  
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!  
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,  
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee!

*Highland Mary*<sup>1</sup>

YE banks and braes, and streams around  
The castle o' Montgomery,  
Green be your woods and fair your flowers,  
Your waters never drumlie!  
There Summer first unfold her robes,  
And there the longest tarry;  
For there I took the last fareweel,  
O' my sweet Highland Mary

How sweetly bloomed the gay, green birk,  
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,  
As underneath their fragrant shade  
I clasped her to my bosom!  
The golden hours on angel wings  
Flew o'er me and my dearie;  
For dear to me as light and life  
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow and locked embrace  
Our parting was fu' tender;  
And, pledging aft to meet again,  
We tore oursels asunder.  
But O, fell Death's untimely frost,  
That nipt my flower sae carly!  
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,  
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,  
I aft hae kissed sae fondly;  
And closed for ay, the sparkling glance  
That dwalt on me sae kindly;

<sup>1</sup> Written in 1792. Put in select collection of original Scotch Airs II, in 1799. The song concerns Mary Campbell.



## ENGLISH POETRY

And moldering now in silent dust  
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly!  
 But still within my bosom's core  
 Shall live my Highland Mary.

*My Love Is Like a Red Red Rose*

MY love is like a red red rose  
 That's newly sprung in June:  
 My love is like the melodie  
 That's sweetly play'd in tune.

So fair art thou, my bonnie lass,  
 So deep in love am I:  
 And I will love thee still, my dear,  
 Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun:  
 And I will love thee still, my dear,  
 While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only love,  
 And fare thee weel awhile!  
 And I will come again, my love,  
 Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

*For A' That and A' That*

IS there, for honest poverty,  
 That hangs his head, and a' that?  
 The coward-slave, we pass him by,  
 We dare be poor for a' that!  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 Our toils obscure, and a' that;  
 The rank is but the guinea stamp;  
 The man's the gowd<sup>1</sup> for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,  
 Wear hodden-gray,<sup>2</sup> and a' that;  
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,  
 A man's a man for a' that.  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 Their tinsel show, and a' that;  
 The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,  
 Is King o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie,<sup>3</sup> ca'd a lord,  
 Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;  
 Tho' hundreds worship at his word,  
 He's but a coof<sup>4</sup> for a' that:  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 His riband, star, and a' that,  
 The man of independent mind,  
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,  
 A marquis, duke, and a' that;  
 But an honest man's aboon<sup>5</sup> his might,  
 Guid faith he mauna fa'<sup>6</sup> that!  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 Their dignities, and a' that,  
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,  
 Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may  
 As come it will for a' that,  
 That sense and worth o'er a' the earth,  
 Shall bear the gree and a' that;  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 It's comin' yet for a' that,  
 That man to man, the world o'er,  
 Shall brithers be for a' that.

<sup>2</sup> coarse gray woolen

<sup>3</sup> conceited fellow

<sup>4</sup> fool, ninny

<sup>5</sup> above

<sup>6</sup> claim

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WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

---

*Lucy*

II

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways  
Beside the springs of Dove,  
A Maid whom there were none to praise  
And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone  
Half hidden from the eye!  
Fair as a star, when only one  
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know  
When Lucy ceased to be;  
But she is in her grave, and oh,  
The difference to me!

V

A slumber did my spirit seal;  
I had no human fears.  
She seem'd a thing that could not feel  
The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force;  
She neither hears nor sees;  
Roll'd round in earth's diurnal course,  
With rocks, and stones, and trees.

*Composed upon Westminster Bridge*

EARTH has not anything to show more fair:  
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
 A sight so touching in its majesty:  
 This City now doth like a garment wear  
 The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,  
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie  
 Open unto the fields, and to the sky;  
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.  
 Never did sun more beautifully steep  
 In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill;  
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!  
 The river glideth at his own sweet will:  
 Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;  
 And all that mighty heart is lying still!

*London, 1802*

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this hour:  
 England hath need of thee: she is a fen  
 Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,  
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,  
 Have forfeited their ancient English dower  
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;  
 Oh! raise us up, return to us again;  
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.  
 Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart;  
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:  
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,  
 So didst thou travel on life's common way,  
 In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart  
 The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

*The Solitary Reaper*

BEHOLD her, single in the field,  
 Yon solitary Highland Lass!  
 Reaping and singing by herself;  
 Stop here, or gently pass!

## ENGLISH POETRY

Alone she cuts and binds the grain,  
 And sings a melancholy strain;  
 O listen! for the Vale profound  
 Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chaunt  
 More welcome notes to weary bands  
 Of travelers in some shady haunt,  
 Among Arabian sands:  
 A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard  
 In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,  
 Breaking the silence of the seas  
 Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?—  
 Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow  
 For old, unhappy, far-off things,  
 And battles long ago:  
 Or is it some more humble lay,  
 Familiar matter of today?  
 Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,  
 That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang  
 As if her song could have no ending;  
 I saw her singing at her work,  
 And o'er the sickle bending;—  
 I listened, motionless and still;  
 And, as I mounted up the hill,  
 The music in my heart I bore,  
 Long after it was heard no more.

Written between 1803 and 1805, published in 1807. In her entry of 13 September 1803 in *Recollections of a Tour Made in Scotland*, Dorothy Wordsworth describes the reapers and goes on to say, "It is not uncommon in the more lonely parts of the Highlands to see a single person so employed. The following poem was suggested to William by a beautiful sentence in Thomas Wilkinson's 'Tour in Scotland'." Wordsworth himself pointed out the entry in Wilkinson "Passed a female who was reaping alone she sung in Erse, as she bended over her sickle; the sweetest human voice I ever heard her strains were tenderly melancholy, and felt delicious, long after they were heard no more."

*Daffodils*

I WANDER'D lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host of golden daffodils,  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the milky way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay:  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they  
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:  
A poet could not but be gay  
In such a jocund company!  
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.

## Ode

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY  
CHILDHOOD

The Child is father of the Man;  
And I could wish my days to be  
Bound each to each by natural piety.

## I

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,  
The earth, and every common sight,  
To me did seem  
Apparelled in celestial light,  
The glory and the freshness of a dream.  
It is not now as it hath been of yore;—  
Turn wheresoe'er I may,  
By night or day,  
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

## II

The Rainbow comes and goes,  
And lovely is the Rose,  
The Moon doth with delight  
Look round her when the heavens are bare,  
Waters on a starry night  
Are beautiful and fair;  
The sunshine is a glorious birth;  
But yet I know, where'er I go,  
That there hath past away a glory from the earth.

## III

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,  
And while the young lambs bound  
As to the tabor's sound,  
To me alone there came a thought of grief:  
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,  
And I again am strong:  
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;  
Nor more shall grief of mine the season wrong;

I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,  
 The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,  
     And all the earth is gay;  
     Land and sea  
     Give themselves up to jollity,  
     And with the heart of May  
     Doth every Beast keep holiday;—  
     Thou Child of Joy,  
 Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy Shepherd-boy!

## IV

Ye blesséd Creatures, I have heard the call  
 Ye to each other make; I see  
 The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;  
     My heart is at your festival,  
     My head hath its coronal,  
 The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.  
     Oh evil day! if I were sullen  
     While Earth herself is adorning,  
     This sweet May-morning,  
     And the Children are culling  
     On every side,  
     In a thousand valleys far and wide,  
     Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,  
 And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's arm.—  
     I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!  
     —But there's a Tree, of many, one,  
 A single Field which I have looked upon,  
 Both of them speak of something that is gone:  
     The Pansy at my feet  
     Doth the same tale repeat.  
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam?  
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

## V

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:  
 The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,  
     Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
     And cometh from afar.  
 Not in entire forgetfulness,  
 And not in utter nakedness,



But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
 From God, who is our home:  
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy!  
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
     Upon the growing Boy,  
 But He beholds the light, and whence it flows,  
     He sees it in his joy;  
 The Youth, who daily farthest from the east  
     Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,  
     And by the vision splendid  
     Is on his way attended;  
 At length the Man perceives it die away,  
 And fade into the light of common day.

## VI

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;  
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,  
 And, even with something of a Mother's mind,  
     And no unworthy aim,  
     The homely Nurse doth all she can  
 To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,  
     Forget the glories he hath known,  
 And that imperial palace whence he came.

## VII

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,  
 A six years' Darling of a pigmy size!  
 See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,  
 Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,  
 With light upon him from his father's eyes!  
 See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,  
 Some fragment from his dream of human life,  
 Shaped by himself with newly-learned art;  
     A wedding or a festival,  
     A mourning or a funeral;  
     And this hath now his heart,  
 And unto this he frames his song:  
     Then will he fit his tongue  
 To dialogues of business, love, or strife;  
     But it will not be long  
     Ere this be thrown aside,  
     And with new joy and pride

'The little Actor cons another part;  
 Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"<sup>1</sup>  
 With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,  
 That Life brings with her in her equipage;  
     As if his whole vocation  
 Were endless imitation.

## VIII

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie  
 Thy Soul's immensity;  
 Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep  
 Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,  
 That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,  
 Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—  
     Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!  
     On whom those truths do rest,  
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find,  
 In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;  
 Thou, over whom thy Immortality  
 Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,  
 A Presence which is not to be put by;  
 Thou little Child yet glorious in the might  
 Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,  
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke  
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke,  
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?  
 Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,  
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight,  
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

## IX

O joy! that in our embers  
 Is something that doth live,  
 That nature yet remembers  
     What was so fugitive!  
 The thought of our past years in me doth breed  
 Perpetual benediction: not indeed  
 For that which is most worthy to be blest;  
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed

<sup>1</sup> See *As You Like It*, II, vii, 139-166, the speech of Jacques, beginning "All the world's a stage."

Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,  
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:—

Not for these I raise

The song of thanks and praise;

But for those obstinate questionings

Of sense and outward things,

Fallings from us, vanishings;

Blank misgivings of a Creature

Moving about in worlds not realised,

High instincts before which our mortal Nature

Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised:

But for those first affections,

Those shadowy recollections,

Which, be they what they may,

Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,

Are yet a master-light of all our seeing;

Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make

Our noisy years seem moments in the being

Of the eternal Silence. truths that wake,

To perish never:

Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,

Nor Man nor Boy,

Nor all that is at enmity with joy,

Can utterly abolish or destroy!

Hence in a season of calm weather

Though inland far we be,

Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea

Which brought us hither,

Can in a moment travel thither,

And see the Children sport upon the shore,

And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing, a joyous song!

And let the young Lambs bound

As to the tabor's sound!

We in thought will join your throng,

Ye that pipe and ye that play,

Ye that through your hearts today

Feel the gladness of the May!

What though the radiance which was once so bright

Be now for ever taken from my sight,  
 Though nothing can bring back the hour  
 Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;  
     We will grieve not, rather find  
     Strength in what remains behind;  
     In the primal sympathy  
     Which having been must ever be;  
     In the soothing thoughts that spring  
     Out of human suffering;  
     In the faith that looks through death,  
 In years that bring the philosophic mind.

## XI

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,  
 Forebode not any severing of our loves!  
 Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;  
 I only have relinquished one delight  
 To live beneath your more habitual sway.  
 I love the Brooks which down their channels fret,  
 Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;  
 The innocent brightness of a new-born Day  
     Is lovely yet;  
 The Clouds that gather round the setting sun  
 Do take a sober colouring from an eye  
 That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;  
 Another race hath been, and other palms are won.  
 Thanks to the human heart by which we live,  
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,  
 To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

Written in the period between 1803 (1802?) and 1806, published in 1807. It is exceedingly important to realize that the poem is, in effect, an "answer" to Coleridge's *Ode on Dejection*. A comparison of the two pieces, with respect to ideas, form, and verbal echoes, is illuminating. Wordsworth's own note is as follows:

"This was composed during my residence at Town-end, Grasmere. Two years at least passed between the writing of the four first stanzas and the remaining part. To the attentive and competent reader the whole sufficiently explains itself, but there may be no harm in adverting here to particular feelings or *experiences* of my own mind on which the structure of the poem partly rests. Nothing was more difficult for me in childhood than to admit the notion of death as a state applicable to my own being. I have said elsewhere—

A simple child,  
 That lightly draws its breath,  
 And feels its life in every limb,  
 What should it know of death!—

*She Was a Phantom of Delight*

SHE was a Phantom of delight  
 When first she gleamed upon my sight;  
 A lovely Apparition, sent  
 To be a moment's ornament;  
 Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;  
 Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;  
 But all things else about her drawn  
 From May-time and the cheerful Dawn;  
 A dancing Shape, an Image gay,  
 To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.

I saw her upon nearer view,  
 A Spirit, yet a Woman too!  
 Her household motions light and free,  
 And steps of virgin-liberty;

But it was not so much from feelings of animal vivacity that *my* difficulty came as from a sense of the indomitableness of the Spirit within me. I used to brood over the stories of Enoch and Elijah, and almost to persuade myself that, whatever might become of others, I should be translated, in something of the same way, to heaven. With a feeling congenial to this, I was often unable to think of external things as having external existence, and I communed with all that I saw as something not apart from, but inherent in, my own immaterial nature. Many times while going to school have I grasped at a wall or tree to recall myself from this abyss of idealism to the reality. At that time I was afraid of such processes. In later periods of life I have deplored, as we have all reason to do, a subjugation of an opposite character, and have rejoiced over the remembrances, as is expressed in the lines—

Obstinate questionings  
 Of sense and outward things,  
 Fallings from us, vanishings, etc

To that dream-like vividness and splendour which invest objects of sight in childhood, every one, I believe, if he would look back, could bear testimony, and I need not dwell upon it here but having in the poem regarded it as presumptive evidence of a prior state of existence, I think it right to protest against a conclusion, which has given pain to some good and pious persons, that I meant to inculcate such a belief. It is far too shadowy a notion to be recommended to faith, as more than an element in our instincts of immortality. But let us bear in mind that, though the idea is not advanced in revelation, there is nothing there to contradict it, and the fall of Man presents an analogy in its favor. Accordingly, a pre-existent state has entered into the popular creeds of many nations, and, among all persons acquainted with classic literature, is known as an ingredient in Platonic philosophy. Archimedes said that he could move the world if he had a point whereon to rest his machine. Who has not felt the same aspirations as regards the world of his own mind? Having to wield some of its elements when I was impelled to write this poem on the 'Immortality of the Soul,' I took hold of the notion of pre-existence as having sufficient foundation in humanity for authorising me to make for my purpose the best use of it I could as a poet."

A countenance in which did meet  
 Sweet records, promises as sweet;  
 A Creature not too bright or good  
 For human nature's daily food;  
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene  
 The very pulse of the machine;  
 A Being breathing thoughtful breath,  
 A Traveller between life and death;  
 The reason firm, the temperate will,  
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;  
 A perfect Woman, nobly planned,  
 To warn, to comfort, and command;  
 And yet a Spirit still, and bright  
 With something of angelic light.

*The World Is Too Much with Us*

THE world is too much with us: late and soon,  
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:  
 Little we see in Nature that is ours;  
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!  
 This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;  
 The winds that will be howling at all hours,  
 And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;  
 For this, for everything, we are out of tune;  
 It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be  
 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;  
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;  
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;  
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

---

SIR WALTER SCOTT

---

*Coronach*

FROM "THE CROSS OF FIRE"

HE is gone on the mountain,  
He is lost to the forest,  
Like a summer-dried fountain,  
When our need was the sorest.  
The font, reappearing,  
From the rain-drops shall borrow,  
But to us comes no cheering,  
To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper  
Takes the ears that are hoary,  
But the voice of the weeper  
Wails manhood in glory.  
The autumn winds rushing  
Waft the leaves that are scarest,  
But our flower was in flushing,  
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the corral,  
Sage counsel in cumber,  
Red hand in the foray,  
How sound is thy slumber!  
Like the dew on the mountain,  
Like the foam on the river,  
Like the bubble on the fountain,  
Thou art gone, and for ever!

*MacGregor's Gathering*

THE moon's on the lake, and the mist's on the brae,  
And the Clan has a name that is nameless by day;  
Then gather, gather, gather, Grigalach!  
Gather, gather, gather, etc.

Our signal for fight, that from monarchs we drew,  
Must be heard but by night in our vengeful haloo!  
Then haloo, Grigalach! haloo, Grigalach!  
Haloo, haloo, haloo, Grigalach, etc.

Glen Orchy's proud mountains, Coalchuirn and her towers,  
Glenstrae and Glenlyon no longer are ours;  
We're landless, landless, landless, Grigalach!  
Landless, landless, landless, etc.

But doom'd and devoted by vassal and lord,  
MacGregor has still both his heart and his sword!  
Then courage, courage, courage, Grigalach!  
Courage, courage, courage, etc.

If they rob us of name, and pursue us with beagles,  
Give their roofs to the flame, and their flesh to the eagles!  
Then vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, Grigalach!  
Vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, etc.

While there's leaves in the forest, and foam on the river,  
MacGregor, despite them, shall flourish for ever!  
Come then, Grigalach, come then, Grigalach!  
Come then, come then, come then, etc.

Through the depths of Loch Katrine the steed shall career,  
O'er the peak of Ben-Lomond the galley shall steer,  
And the rocks of Craig-Royston like icicles melt,  
Ere our wrongs be forgot, or our vengeance unfelt!  
Then gather, gather, gather, Grigalach!  
Gather, gather, gather, etc.



*Sound, Sound the Clarion*

SOUND, sound the clarion, fill the fife!  
 To all the sensual world proclaim,  
 One crowded hour of glorious life  
 Is worth an age without a name.

---

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

---

*The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*

## PART I

*An ancient Mariner  
 meeteth three Gal-  
 lants bidden to a  
 wedding-feast, and  
 detaineth one.*

IT is an ancient Mariner,  
 And he stoppeth one of three.  
 "By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,  
 Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,  
 And I am next of kin;  
 The guests are met, the feast is set:  
 May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,  
 "There was a ship," quoth he  
 "Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard loon!"  
 Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

*The Wedding-Guest  
 is spell-bound by the  
 eye of the old sea-  
 faring man, and con-  
 strained to hear his  
 tale*

He holds him with his glittering eye—  
 The Wedding-Guest stood still,  
 And listens like a three years' child:  
 The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone:  
 He cannot choose but hear;  
 And thus spake on that ancient man,  
 The bright-eyed Mariner.

*The Mariner tells  
how the ship sailed  
southward with a  
good wind and fair  
weather, till it  
reached the line*

"The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,  
Merrily did we drop  
Below the kirk, below the hill,  
Below the lighthouse top.

The Sun came up upon the left,  
Out of the sea came he!  
And he shone bright, and on the right  
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,  
Till over the mast at noon—"  
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,  
For he heard the loud bassoon.

*The Wedding-Guest  
heareth the bridal  
music, but the  
Mariner continueth  
his tale*

The bride hath paced into the hall,  
Red as a rose is she;  
Nodding their heads before her goes  
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,  
Yet he cannot choose but hear;  
And thus spake on that ancient man,  
The bright-eyed Mariner.

*The ship driven by a  
storm toward the  
south pole*

"And now the STORM-BLAST came, and he  
Was tyrannous and strong:  
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,  
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,  
As who pursued with yell and blow  
Still treads the shadow of his foe,  
And forward bends his head,  
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,  
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,  
And it grew wondrous cold:  
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,  
As green as emerald.

*The land of ice, and  
of fearful sounds,  
where no living  
thing was to be seen.*

And through the drifts the snowy clifts  
Did send a dismal sheen:  
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—  
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,  
The ice was all around:  
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,  
Like noises in a swound!

*Till a great sea-bird,  
called the Albatross,  
came through the  
snow-fog, and was  
received with great  
joy and hospitality.*

At length did cross an Albatross,  
Thorough the fog it came;  
As if it had been a Christian soul,  
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,  
And round and round it flew.  
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;  
The helmsman steered us through!

*And lo! the Albatross  
proveth a bird of  
good omen, and fol-  
loweth the ship as it  
returned northward  
through fog and float-  
ing ice*

And a good south wind sprung up behind;  
The Albatross did follow,  
And every day, for food or play,  
Came to the mariners' hollo!

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,  
It perched for vespers nine;  
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,  
Glimmered the white Moon-shine."

*The ancient Mariner  
inhospitably killeth  
the pious bird of good  
omen.*

"God save thee, ancient Mariner!  
From the fiends, that plague thee thus!—  
Why look'st thou so?"—With my cross-bow  
I shot the ALBATROSS.

#### PART II

The Sun now rose upon the right:  
Out of the sea came he,  
Still hid in mist, and on the left  
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,  
But no sweet bird did follow,  
Nor any day for food or play  
Came to the mariners' hollo!

*His shipmates cry  
out against the an-  
cient Mariner, for  
killing the bird of  
good luck.*

And I had done a hellish thing,  
And it would work 'em woe:  
For all averred, I had killed the bird  
That made the breeze to blow.  
Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,  
That made the breeze to blow!

*But when the fog  
cleared off, they  
justify the same, and  
thus make themselves  
accomplices in the  
crime*

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,  
The glorious Sun uprist.  
Then all averred, I had killed the bird  
That brought the fog and mist.  
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,  
That bring the fog and mist.

*The fair breeze  
continues, the ship  
enters the Pacific  
Ocean, and sails  
northward, even till  
it reaches the Lane*

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,  
The furrow followed free;  
We were the first that ever burst  
Into that silent sea.

*The ship hath been  
suddenly becalmed*

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,  
'Twas sad as sad could be;  
And we did speak only to break  
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,  
The bloody Sun, at noon,  
Right up above the mast did stand,  
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,  
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;  
As idle as a painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean.

*And the Albatross be-  
gins to be avenged.*

Water, water, every where,  
And all the boards did shrink;  
Water, water, every where,  
Nor any drop to drink.

## ENGLISH POETRY

The very deep did rot: O Christ!  
That ever this should be!  
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs  
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout  
The death-fires danced at night;  
The water, like a witch's oils,  
Burnt green, and blue and white.

*A Spirit had followed them, one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither departed souls nor angels, concerning whom the learned Jew Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more*

*The shipmates, in their sore distress, would fain throw the whole guilt on the ancient Mariner in sign whereof they hang the dead sea-bird round his neck*

*The ancient Mariner beholdeth a sign in the element afar off*

And some in dreams assuréd were  
Of the Spirit that plagued us so;  
Nine fathoms deep he had followed us  
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought,  
Was withered at the root;  
We could not speak, no more than if  
We had been choked with soot.

Ah! well a-day! what evil looks  
Had I from old and young!  
Instead of the cross, the Albatross  
About my neck was hung.

## PART III

There passed a weary time. Each throat  
Was parched, and glazed each eye.  
A weary time! a weary time!  
How glazed each weary eye,  
When looking westward, I beheld  
A something in the sky.

At first it seemed a little speck,  
And then it seemed a mist;  
It moved and moved, and took 'at last  
A certain shape, I wist.<sup>1</sup>

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!  
And still it neared and neared:

<sup>1</sup> believed, knew

As if it dodged a water-sprite,  
It plunged and tacked and veered.

*At its nearer ap-  
proach, it seemeth  
him to be a ship, and  
at a dear ransom he  
freeth his speech  
from the bonds of  
thirst*

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,  
We could nor laugh nor wail;  
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!  
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,  
And cried, A sail! a sail!

*A flash of joy,*

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,  
Agape they heard me call.  
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,  
And all at once their breath drew in,  
As they were drinking all.

*And horror follows  
For can it be a ship  
that comes onward  
without wind or  
tide?*

See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!  
Hither to work us weal;  
Without a breeze, without a tide,  
She steadies with upright keel!

The western wave was all a-flame.  
The day was well nigh done!  
Almost upon the western wave  
Rested the broad bright Sun;  
When that strange shape drove suddenly  
Betwixt us and the Sun.

*It seemeth him but  
the skeleton of a  
ship*

And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,  
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)  
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered  
With broad and burning face.

*And its ribs are  
seen as bars on the  
face of the setting  
Sun*

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)  
How fast she nears and nears!  
Are those *her* sails that glance in the Sun,  
Like restless gossameres?

*The Spectre-Woman  
and her Death-mate,  
and no other on  
board the skeleton  
ship*

Are those *her* ribs through which the Sun  
Did peer, as through a grate?  
And is that Woman all her crew?  
Is that a DEATH? and are there two?  
Is DEATH that woman's mate?

*Like vessel, like crew!*

*Death and Life-in-Death have diced for the ship's crew, and she (the latter) winneth the ancient Mariner*

Her lips were red, her looks were free,  
Her locks were yellow as gold:  
Her skin was as white as leprosy,  
The Night-mare LIFE-IN-DEATH was she,  
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

The naked hulk alongside came,  
And the twain were casting dice;  
"The game is done! I've won! I've won!"  
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

*No twilight within the courts of the Sun*

The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:  
At one stride comes the dark;  
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,  
Off shot the spectre-bark.

*At the rising of the Moon,*

We listened and looked sideways up!  
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,  
My life-blood seemed to sip!  
The stars were dim, and thick the night,  
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;  
From the sails the dew did drip—  
Till clomb above the eastern bar  
The horned Moon, with one bright star  
Within the nether tip.

*One after another,*

One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,  
Too quick for groan or sigh,  
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,  
And cursed me with his eye.

*His shipmates drop down dead*

Four times fifty living men,  
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan)  
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,  
They dropped down one by one.

*But Life-in-Death begins her work on the ancient Mariner*

The souls did from their bodies fly,—  
They fled to bliss or woe!  
And every soul, it passed me by,  
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!

## PART IV

*The Wedding-Guest  
feareth that a Spirit  
is talking to him,*

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!  
I fear thy skinny hand!  
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,  
As is the ribbed sea-sand."<sup>2</sup>

*But the ancient  
Mariner assureth him  
of his bodily life, and  
proceedeth to relate  
his horrible penance*

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,  
And thy skinny hand, so brown."—  
Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest!  
This body dropt not down.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,  
Alone on a wide wide sea!  
And never a saint took pity on  
My soul in agony.

*He despiseth the  
creatures of the calm.*

The many men, so beautiful!  
And they all dead did lie;  
And a thousand thousand slimy things  
Lived on; and so did I.

*And envied that  
they should live, and  
so many lie dead*

I looked upon the rotting sea,  
And drew my eyes away;  
I looked upon the rotting deck,  
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;  
But or ever a prayer had gusht,  
A wicked whisper came, and made  
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,  
And the balls like pulses beat;  
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky  
Lay like a load on my weary eye,  
And the dead were at my feet.

<sup>2</sup> For the last two lines of this stanza, I am indebted to Mr. WORDSWORTH. He was on a delightful walk from Nether Stowey to Dulverton, with him and his sister in the Autumn of 1797, that this Poem was planned, and in part composed [Coleridge.]



*But the curse liveth  
for him in the eye of  
the dead men.*

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,  
Nor rot nor reek did they:  
The look with which they looked on me  
Had never passed away.

*In his loneliness and  
fixedness he yearneth  
towards the journey-  
ing Moon, and the  
stars that still sojourn,  
yet still move onward,  
and every where the  
blue sky belongs to  
them, and is their ap-  
pointed rest, and their  
native country and  
their own natural  
homes, which they  
enter unannounced,  
as lords that are cer-  
tainly expected and  
yet there is a silent  
joy at their arrival*

An orphan's curse would drag to hell  
A spirit from on high;  
But oh! more horrible than that  
Is the curse in a dead man's eye!  
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,  
And yet I could not die.

*By the light of the  
Moon he beholdeth  
God's creatures of the  
great calm*

The moving Moon went up the sky,  
And no where did abide:  
Softly she was going up,  
And a star or two beside—

Her beams bemoaned the sultry main,  
Like April hoar-frost spread;  
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,  
The charmed water burnt alway  
A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship,  
I watched the water-snakes:  
They moved in tracks of shining white,  
And when they reared, the elfish light  
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship  
I watched their rich attire:  
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,  
They coiled and swam; and every track  
Was a flash of golden fire.

*Their beauty and  
their happiness.*

O happy living things! no tongue  
Their beauty might declare:  
A spring of love gushed from my heart,  
And I blessed them unaware:  
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,  
And I blessed them unaware,

*He blest them in  
his heart.*

*The spell begins to  
break.*

The self-same moment I could pray;  
And from my neck so free  
The Albatross fell off, and sank  
Like lead into the sea.

## PART V

Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing,  
Beloved from pole to pole!  
To Mary Queen the praise be given!  
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,  
That slid into my soul.

*By grace of the holy  
Mother, the ancient  
Mariner is refreshed  
with rain.*

The silly buckets on the deck,  
That had so long remained,  
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;  
And when I awoke, it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,  
My garments all were dank;  
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,  
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs:  
I was so light—almost  
I thought that I had died in sleep,  
And was a blesséd ghost.

*He heareth sounds  
and seeth strange  
sights and commo-  
tions in the sky and  
the element*

And soon I heard a roaring wind.  
It did not come anear;  
But with its sound it shook the sails,  
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life!  
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,<sup>3</sup>  
To and fro they were hurried about!  
And to and fro, and in and out,  
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,  
And the sails did sigh like sedge;

<sup>3</sup> bright

And the rain poured down from one black cloud;  
The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still  
The Moon was at its side:  
Like waters shot from some high crag,  
The lightning fell with never a jag,  
A river steep and wide

*The bodies of the  
ship's crew are in-  
spired [inspired,  
S. L.] and the ship  
moves on,*

The loud wind never reached the ship,  
Yet now the ship moved on!  
Beneath the lightning and the Moon  
The dead men gave a groan.

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,  
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;  
It had been strange, even in a dream,  
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on;  
Yet never a breeze up-blew;  
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,  
Where they were wont to do;  
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—  
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son  
Stood by me, knee to knee:  
The body and I pulled at one rope,  
But he said nought to me.<sup>4</sup>

*But not by the souls  
of the men, nor by  
demons of earth or  
middle air, but by a  
blessed troop of  
angelic spirits, sent  
down by the in-  
vocation of the  
guardian saint.*

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!"  
Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest!  
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,  
Which to their corpses came again,  
But a troop of spirits blest:

For when it dawned—they dropped their arms,  
And clustered round the mast;

<sup>4</sup> After this line there originally followed these two lines  
"And I quak'd to think of my own voice  
How frightful it would be!"

Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,  
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,  
Then darted to the Sun;  
Slowly the sounds came back again,  
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky  
I heard the sky-lark sing;  
Sometimes all little birds that are,  
How they seemed to fill the sea and air  
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments,  
Now like a lonely flute;  
And now it is an angel's song,  
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on  
A pleasant noise till noon,  
A noise like of a hidden brook  
In the leafy month of June,  
That to the sleeping woods all night  
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,  
Yet never a breeze did breathe:  
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,  
Moved onward from beneath.

*The lonesome Spirit  
from the south-pole  
carries on the ship  
as far as the Line, in  
obedience to the  
angelic troop, but  
still requireth  
vengeance*

Under the keel nine fathom deep,  
From the land of mist and snow,  
The spirit slid: and it was he  
That made the ship to go.  
The sails at noon left off their tune,  
And the ship stood still also.

The Sun, right up above the mast,  
Had fixed her to the ocean:  
But in a minute she 'gan stir,  
With a short uneasy motion—

## ENGLISH POETRY

Backwards and forwards half her length  
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,  
She made a sudden bound:  
It flung the blood into my head,  
And I fell down in a swound.

*The Polar Spirit's fellow-demons, the invisible inhabitants of the element, take part in his wrong, and two of them relate, one to the other, that penance long and heavy for the ancient Mariner hath been accorded to the Polar Spirit, who returneth southward*

How long in that same fit I lay,  
I have not to declare;  
But ere my living life returned,  
I heard and in my soul discerned  
Two voices in the air.

"Is it he?" quoth one, "Is this the man?  
By him who died on cross,  
With his cruel bow he laid full low  
The armless Albatross.

The spirit who bideth by himself  
In the land of mist and snow,  
He loved the bird that loved the man  
Who shot him with his bow "

The other was a softer voice,  
As soft as honey-dew.  
Quoth he, "The man hath penance done,  
And penance more will do."

## PART VI

## FIRST VOICE

"But tell me, tell me! speak again,  
Thy soft response renewing—  
What makes that ship drive on so fast?  
What is the ocean doing?"

## SECOND VOICE

"Still as a slave before his lord,  
The ocean hath no blast;  
His great bright eye most silently  
Up to the Moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go;  
For she guides him smooth or grim.  
See, brother, seel how graciously  
She looketh down on him."

## FIRST VOICE

*The Mariner hath  
been cast into a  
trance, for the an-  
gelic power causeth  
the vessel to drive  
northward faster than  
human life could  
endure.*

"But why drives on that ship so fast,  
Without or wave or wind?"

## SECOND VOICE

"The air is cut away before,  
And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!  
Or we shall be belated.  
For slow and slow that ship will go,  
When the Mariner's trance is abated."

*The supernatural  
motion is retarded,  
the Mariner awakes,  
and his penance  
begins anew.*

I woke, and we were sailing on  
As in a gentle weather:  
'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high;  
The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,  
For a charnel-dungeon fitter:  
All fixed on me their stony eyes,  
That in the Moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,  
Had never passed away:  
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,  
Nor turn them up to pray.

*The curse is finally  
expiated.*

And now this spell was snapt: once more  
I viewed the ocean green,  
And looked far forth, let little saw  
Of what had else been seen—

Like one, that on a lonesome road  
Doth walk in fear and dread,  
And having once turned round walks on,

## ENGLISH POETRY

And turns no more his head;  
Because he knows, a frightful fiend  
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,  
Nor sound nor motion made:  
Its path was not upon the sea,  
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek  
Like a meadow-gale of spring—  
It mingled strangely with my fears,  
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,  
Yet she sailed softly too:  
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—  
On me alone it blew.

*And the ancient  
Mariner beholdeth his  
native country.*

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed  
The light-house top I see?  
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?  
Is this mine own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,  
And I with sobs did pray—  
O let me be awake, my God!  
Or let me sleep alway.

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,  
So smoothly it was strewn!  
And on the bay the moonlight lay,  
And the shadow of the Moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,  
That stands above the rock:  
The moonlight steeped in silentness  
The steady weathercock.

*The angelic spirits  
leave the dead bodies,*

And the bay was white with silent light,  
Till rising from the same,  
Full many shapes, that shadows were,  
In crimson colours came.

*And appear in their  
own forms of light*

A little distance from the prow  
Those crimson shadows were:  
I turned my eyes upon the deck—  
Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,  
And, by the holy rood!  
A man all light, a seraph-man,  
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand:  
It was a heavenly sight!  
They stood as signals to the land,  
Each one a lovely light;

This seraph-band, each waved his hand,  
No voice did they impart—  
No voice; but oh! the silence sank  
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,  
I heard the Pilot's cheer;  
My head was turned perforce away  
And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,  
I heard them coming fast  
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy  
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice:  
It is the Hermit good!  
He singeth loud his godly hymns  
That he makes in the wood.  
He'll shrive my soul, he'll wash away  
The Albatross's blood.

## PART VII

*The Hermit of the  
Wood.*

This Hermit good lives in that wood  
Which slopes down to the sea.  
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!  
He loves to talk with mariners  
That come from a far countree.



## ENGLISH POETRY

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—  
 He hath a cushion plump:  
 It is the moss that wholly hides  
 The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk,  
 "Why, this is strange, I trow!  
 Where are those lights so many and fair,  
 That signal made but now?"

*Approacheth the ship  
 with wonder.*

"Strange, by my faith!" the Hermit said—  
 "And they answered not our cheer!  
 The planks looked warped! and see those sails,  
 How thin they are and sere!  
 I never saw aught like to them,  
 Unless perchance it were

Brown skeletons of leaves that lag  
 My forest-brook along;  
 When the ivy-tod<sup>5</sup> is heavy with snow,  
 And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,  
 That eats the she-wolf's young."

"Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look—  
 (The Pilot made reply)  
 I am a-feared"—"Push on, push on!"  
 Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,  
 But I nor spake nor stirred;  
 The boat came close beneath the ship,  
 And straight a sound was heard.

*The ship suddenly  
 anketh*

Under the water it rumbled on,  
 Still louder and more dread:  
 It reached the ship, it split the bay;  
 The ship went down like lead.

*The ancient Mariner  
 is saved in the Pilot's  
 boat.*

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,  
 Which sky and ocean smote,  
 Like one that hath been seven days drowned

<sup>5</sup> ivy-bush

My body lay afloat;  
But swift as dreams, myself I found  
Within the Pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,  
The boat spun round and round;  
And all was still, save that the hill  
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked  
And fell down in a fit;  
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,  
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,  
Who now doth crazy go,  
Laughed loud and long, and all the while  
His eyes went to and fro.  
"Ha! ha!" quoth he, "full plain I see,  
The Devil knows how to row."

And now, all in my own countree,  
I stood on the firm land!  
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,  
And scarcely he could stand.

*The ancient Mariner  
earnestly entreateth  
the Hermit to shrieve  
him, and the penance  
of life falls on him.*

"O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!"  
The Hermit crossed his brow.  
"Say quick," quoth he, "I bid thee say—  
What manner of man art thou?"

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched  
With a woful agony,  
Which forced me to begin my tale;  
And then it left me free.

*And 'ever and anon  
through out his future  
life an agony con-  
straineth him to  
travel from land to  
land,*

Since then, at an uncertain hour,  
That agony returns:  
And till my ghastly tale is told,  
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land;  
I have strange power of speech;

## ENGLISH POETRY

That moment that his face I see,  
I know the man that must hear me:  
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door!  
The wedding-guests are there:  
But in the garden-bower the bride  
And bride-maids singing are:  
And hark the little vesper bell,  
Which biddeth me to prayer!

O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been  
Alone on a wide wide sea:  
So lonely 'twas, that God himself  
Scarce seeméd there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,  
'Tis sweeter far to me,  
To walk together to the kirk  
With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk,  
And all together pray,  
While each to his great Father bends,  
Old men, and babes, and loving friends  
And youths and maidens gay!

*And to teach, by his  
own example, love  
and reverence to all  
things that God made  
and loveth.*

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell  
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!  
He prayeth well, who loveth well  
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best  
All things both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all.

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,  
Whose beard with age is hoar,  
Is gone: and now the Wedding-Guest  
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,  
And is of sense forlorn:  
A sadder and a wiser man,  
He rose the morrow morn.

### *Kubla Khan*

IN Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
A stately pleasure-dome decree:  
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran  
Through caverns measureless to man  
Down to a sunless sea.  
So twice five miles of fertile ground  
With walls and towers were girdled round:  
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,  
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;  
And here were forests ancient as the hills,  
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted  
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!  
A savage place! as holy and enchanted  
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted  
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!  
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,  
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,  
A mighty fountain momently was forced:  
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst  
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,  
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:  
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever  
It flung up momently the sacred river.  
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion  
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,  
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,  
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean.  
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far  
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure  
Floated midway on the waves;

Where was heard the mingled measure  
 From the fountain and the caves.  
 It was a miracle of rare device,  
 A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer  
 In a vision once I saw:  
 It was an Abyssinian maid,  
 And on her dulcimer she played,  
 Singing of Mount Abora.  
 Could I revive within me  
 Her symphony and song,  
 To such a deep delight 'twould win me,  
 That with music loud and long,  
 I would build that dome in air,  
 That sunny dome! those caves of ice!  
 And all who heard should see them there,  
 And all should cry, Beware! Beware!  
 His flashing eyes, his floating hair!  
 Weave a circle round him thrice,  
 And close your eyes with holy dread,  
 For he on honey-dew hath fed,  
 And drunk the milk of Paradise.

---

JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE

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### *Mysterious Night*

**M**YSTERIOUS Night, when our first parent knew  
 Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,  
 Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,  
 This glorious canopy of light and blue?  
 Yet neath a curtain of translucent dew,  
 Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,  
 Hesperus with the host of heaven came,  
 And lo, creation widen'd in man's view.  
 Who could have thought such darkness lay conceal'd  
 Within thy beams, O Sun! Or who could find,

Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood reveal'd,  
 That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!  
 Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife?  
 If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

---

 WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR
 

---

*Rose Aylmer<sup>1</sup>*

AH, what avails the sceptred race,  
 Ah, what the form divine!  
 What every virtue, every grace!  
 Rose Aylmer, all were thine.  
 Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes  
 May weep, but never see,  
 A night of memories and of sighs  
 I consecrate to thee.

*On Seeing a Hair of Lucretia Borgia*

BORGIA, thou once wert almost too august  
 And high for adoration; now thou'rt dust;  
 All that remains of thee these plaits unfold,  
 Calm hair, meandering in pellucid gold.

*Past ruin'd Ilion Helen lives*

PAST ruin'd Ilion Helen lives,  
 Alcestis rises from the shades;  
 Verse calls them forth; 'tis verse that gives  
 Immortal youth to mortal maids.

<sup>1</sup>Thus and the following poem were published in *Simondea*, 1806. It was inspired by news of the death in India of Rose, the daughter of Henry, Baron Aylmer, who had been Landor's devoted friend during the poet's early years in Wales, 1795-1798.

## ENGLISH POETRY

Soon shall Oblivion's deepening veil  
 Hide all the peopled hills you see,  
 The gay, the proud, while lovers hail  
 These many summers you and me.

*Dirce*

STAND close around, ye Stygian set,  
 With Dirce in one boat convey'd  
 Or Charon, seeing, may forget  
 That he is old and she a shade.

*Death Stands above Me*

DEATH stands above me, whispering low  
 I know not what into my ear:  
 Of his strange language all I know  
 Is, there is not a word of fear.

*On His Seventy-fifth Birthday*

I STROVE with none; for none was worth my strife,  
 Nature I loved, and next to Nature, Art;  
 I warmed both hands before the fire of life,  
 It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

---

 THOMAS MOORE
 

---

*The Harp That Once through Tara's Halls*

THE harp that once through Tara's<sup>1</sup> halls  
 The soul of music shed,  
 Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,  
 As if that soul were fled.—

<sup>1</sup> Tara, near Dublin, was a residence of the early Irish kings.

So sleeps the pride of former days,  
 So glory's thrill is o'er,  
 And hearts, that once beat high for praise,  
 Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright  
 The harp of Tara swells;  
 The chord alone, that breaks at night,  
 Its tale of ruin tells.  
 Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,  
 The only throb she gives,  
 Is when some heart indignant breaks,  
 To show that still she lives.

*Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms*

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing young charms,  
 Which I gaze on so fondly today,  
 Were to change by tomorrow, and fleet in my arms,  
 Like fairy-gifts fading away,  
 Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,  
 Let thy loveliness fade as it will,  
 And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart  
 Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,  
 And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,  
 That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,  
 To which time will but make thee more dear;  
 No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,  
 But as truly loves on to the close,  
 As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,  
 The same look which she turned when he rose.

*Oft, in the Stilly Night*

OFT, in the stilly night,  
 Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,  
 Fond Memory brings the light  
 Of other days around me;



## ENGLISH POETRY

The smiles, the tears,  
 Of boyhood's years,  
 The words of love then spoken;  
 The eyes that shone,  
 Now dimm'd and gone,  
 The cheerful hearts now broken!  
 Thus, in the stilly night,  
 Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,  
 Sad Memory brings the light  
 Of other days around me.

When I remember all  
 The friends, so link'd together,  
 I've seen around me fall,  
 Like leaves in wintry weather;  
 I feel like one  
 Who treads alone  
 Some banquet-hall deserted,  
 Whose lights are fled,  
 Whose garlands dead,  
 And all but he departed!  
 Thus, in the stilly night,  
 Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,  
 Sad Memory brings the light  
 Of other days around me.

---

GEORGE GORDON NOEL, LORD BYRON

---

*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*

CANTO III

XXI

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,  
 And Belgium's capital had gather'd then  
 Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright  
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;

A thousand hearts beat happily; and when  
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,  
And all went merry as a marriage bell;  
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

## XXII

Did ye not hear it?—No; 't was but the wind,  
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;  
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;  
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet  
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—  
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,  
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;  
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!  
Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

## XXIII

Within a window'd niche of that high hall  
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain;<sup>1</sup> he did hear  
That sound the first amidst the festival,  
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;  
And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,  
His heart more truly knew that peal too well  
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,  
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell;  
He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

## XXIV

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,  
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,  
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago  
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;  
And there were sudden partings, such as press  
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs  
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess  
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,  
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

<sup>1</sup> Frederick William, Duke of Brunswick, who fell in the first part of the battle. His father had been killed in 1806.

## XXV

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,  
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,  
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,  
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;  
 And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;  
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum  
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;  
 While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,  
 Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! they come! they come!"

## XXVI

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose!  
 The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills  
 Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:—  
 How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,  
 Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills  
 Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers  
 With the fierce native daring which instils  
 The stirring memory of a thousand years,  
 And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

## XXVII

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,  
 Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,  
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,  
 Over the unreturning brave,—alas!  
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass  
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow  
 In its next verdure, when this fiery mass  
 Of living valour, rolling on the foe  
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

## XXVIII

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,  
 Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,  
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,  
 The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day  
 Battle's magnificently-stern array!

The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent  
The earth is covered thick with other clay,  
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,  
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

CANTO IV

XXVII

The moon is up, and yet it is not night;  
Sunset divides the sky with her; a sea  
Of glory streams along the Alpine height  
Of blue Friuli's mountains; Heaven is free  
From clouds, but of all colours seems to be,—  
Melted to one vast Iris of the West,—  
Where the Day joins the past Eternity,  
While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest  
Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest!

XXVIII

A single star is at her side, and reigns  
With her o'er half the lovely heaven; but still  
Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains  
Roll'd o'er the peak of the far Rætian hill,  
As Day and Night contending were, until  
Nature reclaim'd her order:—gently flows  
The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instil  
The odorous purple of a new-born rose,  
Which streams upon her stream, and glass'd within it glows,

XXIX

Fill'd with the face of heaven, which, from afar,  
Comes down upon the waters; all its hues,  
From the rich sunset to the rising star,  
Their magical variety diffuse:  
And now they change; a paler shadow strews  
Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day  
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues  
With a new colour as it gasps away,  
The last still loveliest,—till—'t is gone—and all is gray.

*She Walks in Beauty*

## I

SHE walks in beauty, like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies  
And all that's best of dark and bright  
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:  
Thus mellow'd to that tender light  
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

## II

One shade the more, one ray the less,  
Had half impair'd the nameless grace  
Which waves in every raven tress,  
Or softly lightens o'er her face;  
Where thoughts serenely sweet express  
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

## III

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,  
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,  
But tell of days in goodness spent,  
A mind at peace with all below,  
A heart whose love is innocent!

*When We Two Parted*

WHEN we two parted  
In silence and tears,  
Half broken-hearted,  
To sever for years,  
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,  
Colder thy kiss;  
Truly that hour foretold  
Sorrow to this!

The dew of the morning  
Sunk chill on my brow;  
It felt like the warning  
Of what I feel now.  
Thy vows are all broken,  
And light is thy fame:  
I hear thy name spoken  
And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,  
A knell to mine ear;  
A shudder comes o'er me—  
Why wert thou so dear?  
They know not I knew thee  
Who knew thee too well:  
Long, long shall I rue thee  
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met:  
In silence I grieve  
That thy heart could forget,  
Thy spirit deceive.  
If I should meet thee  
After long years,  
How should I greet thee?—  
With silence and tears.

## FROM DON JUAN

## I

THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!  
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,  
Where grew the arts of war and peace,  
Where Delos<sup>1</sup> rose, and Phœbus sprung!  
Eternal summer gilds them yet,  
But all, except their sun, is set.

<sup>1</sup> The island of Delos had supposedly risen from the sea to become the birthplace of Apollo.

## 2

This Scian and the Teian muse,<sup>2</sup>  
 The hero's harp, the lover's lute,  
 Have found the fame your shores refuse;  
 Their place of birth alone is mute  
 To sounds which echo further west  
 Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

## 3

The mountains look on Marathon—  
 And Marathon looks on the sea;  
 And musing there an hour alone,  
 I dream'd that Greece might still be free;  
 For standing on the Persians' grave,  
 I could not deem myself a slave.

## 4

A king<sup>3</sup> sate on the rocky brow  
 Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;  
 And ships, by thousands, lay below,  
 And men in nations;—all were his!  
 He counted them at break of day—  
 And when the sun set where were they?

## 5

And where are they? and where art thou,  
 My country? On thy voiceless shore  
 The heroic lay is tuneless now—  
 The heroic bosom beats no more!  
 And must thy lyre, so long divine,  
 Degenerate into hands like mine?

## 6

'T is something, in the dearth of fame,  
 Though link'd among a fetter'd race,  
 To feel at least a patriot's shame,  
 Even as I sing, suffuse my face;

<sup>2</sup> The island of Scio claimed to be the birthplace of Homer, Teos, in Asia Minor that of Anacreon

<sup>3</sup> Xerxes, King of Persia, whose fleet was defeated at Salamis by the Greeks

For what is left the poet here?  
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

7

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?  
Must *we* but blush?—Our fathers bled.  
Earth! render back from out thy breast  
A remnant of our Spartan dead!  
Of the three hundred grant but three,  
To make a new Thermopylæ!

8

What, silent still? and silent all?  
Ah! no;—the voices of the dead  
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,  
And answer, "Let one living head,  
But one arise,—we come, we come!"  
'T is but the living who are dumb.

9

In vain—in vain. strike other chords;  
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!  
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,  
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!  
Hark! rising to the ignoble call—  
How answers each bold Bacchanal!

10

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet;  
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?  
Of two such lessons, why forget  
The nobler and the manlier one?  
'You have the letters Cadmus gave<sup>4</sup>  
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

11

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!  
We will not think of themes like these!

<sup>4</sup> Cadmus was said to have introduced the alphabet from Phoenicia into Greece.



It made Anacreon's song divine:  
 He served—but served Polycrates—  
 A tyrant; but our masters then  
 Were still, at least, our countrymen.

## 12

The tyrant of the Chersonese  
 Was freedom's best and bravest friend;  
*That* tyrant was Miltiades!  
 Oh! that the present hour would lend  
 Another despot of the kind!  
 Such chains as his were sure to bind.

## 13

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!  
 On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,<sup>5</sup>  
 Exists the remnant of a line  
 Such as the Doric mothers bore;  
 And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,  
 The Heracleidan blood might own.

## 14

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—  
 They have a king who buys and sells;  
 In native swords, and native ranks,  
 The only hope of courage dwells:  
 But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,  
 Would break your shield, however broad.

## 15

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!  
 Our virgins dance beneath the shade—  
 I see their glorious black eyes shine;  
 But gazing on each glowing maid,  
 My own the burning tear-drop laves,  
 To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

## 16

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,  
 Where nothing, save the waves and I,

<sup>5</sup> Both places in Albania.

May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;  
There, swan-like, let me sing and die:  
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—  
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

*So, We'll Go No More a Roving*

I

SO, we'll go no more a roving  
So late into the night,  
Though the heart be still as loving,  
And the moon be still as bright.

II

For the sword outwears its sheath,  
And the soul wears out the breast,  
And the heart must pause to breathe,  
And love itself have rest.

III

Though the night was made for loving,  
And the day returns too soon,  
Yet we'll go no more a roving  
By the light of the moon.

*On This Day I Complete My Thirty-sixth Year*

MISSOLOGHI,<sup>1</sup> JAN. 22, 1824

'T IS time this heart should be unmoved,  
Since others it hath ceased to move:  
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,  
Still let me love!

My days are in the yellow leaf;  
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;  
The worm, the canker, and the grief  
Are mine alone!

<sup>1</sup> Byron had gone there to assist the war for Greek independence. He contracted a fever and died on 19 April of the same year.

The fire that on my bosom preys  
 Is lone as some volcanic isle;  
 No torch is kindled at its blaze—  
     A funeral pile.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,  
 The exalted portion of the pain  
 And power of love, I cannot share,  
     But wear the chain.

But 't is not *thus*—and 't is not *here*—  
 Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor *now*,  
 Where glory decks the hero's bier,  
     Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,  
 Glory and Greece, around me see!  
 The Spartan, borne upon his shield,  
     Was not more free.

Awake! (not Greece—she *is* awakel)  
 Awake, my spirit! Think through *whom*  
 Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,  
     And then strike home!

Tread those reviving passions down,  
 Unworthy manhood!—unto thee  
 Indifferent should the smile or frown  
     Of beauty be.

If thou regrettest thy youth, *why live?*  
 The land of honourable death  
 Is here:—up to the field, and give  
     Away thy breath!

Seek out—less often sought than found—  
 A soldier's grave, for thee the best;  
 Then look around, and choose thy ground,  
     And take thy rest.

---

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

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*Hymn to Intellectual Beauty*<sup>1</sup>

## I

THE awful shadow of some unseen Power  
Floats though unseen among us,—visiting  
This various world with as inconstant wing  
As summer winds that creep from flower to flower,—  
Like moonbeams that behind some piny mountain shower,  
It visits with inconstant glance  
Each human heart and countenance;  
Like hues and harmonies of evening,—  
Like clouds in starlight widely spread,—  
Like memory of music fled,—  
Like aught that for its grace may be  
Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery.

## II

Spirit of BEAUTY, that dost consecrate  
With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon  
Of human thought or form,—where art thou gone?  
Why dost thou pass away and leave our state,  
This dim vast vale of tears, vacant and desolate?  
Ask why the sunlight not for ever  
Weaves rainbows o'er yon mountain-river,  
Why aught should fail and fade that once is shown,  
Why fear and dream and death and birth

<sup>1</sup>Written in 1816; published in Leigh Hunt's *Examiner*, 19 January 1817. According to Mrs. Shelley, it was conceived during Shelley's voyage on Lake Geneva with Lord Byron. Material beauty as observed on earth shows but "broken lights" of that ideal or "intellectual" beauty, which is perfect, immaterial, and eternal, and in itself the peak of human contemplation. This Platonic concept is so frequent and important in English poetry that the first "vocation of the scholar" is to read of it at first hand in Plato's own work, chiefly in *The Symposium*, 211-212 (appropriately, in Shelley's translation, if possible). This "intellectual beauty" is, of course, prefigured in Shelley's own *Alastor*.

Cast on the daylight of this earth  
 Such gloom,—why man has such a scope  
 For love and hate, despondency and hope?

## III

No voice from some sublimer world hath ever  
 To sage or poet these responses given—  
 Therefore the names of Demon, Ghost, and Heaven,  
 Remain the records of their vain endeavour,  
 Frail spells—whose uttered charm might not avail to sever,  
     From all we hear and all we see,  
     Doubt, chance, and mutability.  
 Thy light alone—like mist o'er mountains driven,  
     Or music by the night-wind sent  
     Through strings of some still instrument,  
     Or moonlight on a midnight stream,  
 Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream.

## IV

Love, Hope, and Self-esteem, like clouds depart  
 And come, for some uncertain moments lent.  
 Man were immortal, and omnipotent,  
 Didst thou, unknown and awful as thou art,  
 Keep with thy glorious train firm state within his heart.  
     Thou messenger of sympathies,  
     That wax and wane in lovers' eyes—  
 Thou—that to human thought art nourishment,  
     Like darkness to a dying flame!  
     Depart not as thy shadow came,  
     Depart not—lest the grave should be,  
 Like life and fear, a dark reality.

## V

While yet a boy I sought for ghosts, and sped  
 Through many a listening chamber, cave and ruin,  
 And starlight wood, with fearful steps pursuing  
 Hopes of high talk with the departed dead.  
 I called on poisonous names with which our youth is fed;  
     I was not heard—I saw them not—  
     When musing deeply on the lot

Of life, at that sweet time when winds are wooing  
 All vital things that wake to bring  
 News of birds and blossoming,—  
 Sudden, thy shadow fell on me;  
 I shrieked, and clasped my hands in ecstasy!

## VI

I vowed that I would dedicate my powers  
 To thee and thine—have I not kept the vow? <sup>2</sup>  
 With beating heart and streaming eyes, even now  
 I call the phantoms of a thousand hours  
 Each from his voiceless grave: they have in visioned bowers  
 Of studious zeal or love's delight  
 Outwatched with me the envious night—  
 They know that never joy illumed my brow  
 Unlinked with hope that thou wouldst free  
 This world from its dark slavery,  
 That thou—O awful LOVELINESS,  
 Wouldst give whate'er these words cannot express.

## VII

The day becomes more solemn and serene  
 When noon is past—there is a harmony  
 In autumn, and a lustre in its sky,  
 Which through the summer is not heard or seen,  
 As if it could not be, as if it had not been!  
 Thus let thy power, which like the truth  
 Of nature on my passive youth  
 Descended, to my onward life supply  
 Its calm—to one who worships thee,  
 And every form containing thee,  
 Whom, SPIRIT fair, thy spells did bind  
 To fear himself, and love all human kind.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Wordsworth's "dedication" of spirit in *The Prelude*.

*Ode to the West Wind*<sup>1</sup>

## I

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,  
 Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead  
 Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,  
 Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou,  
 Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingéd seeds, where they lie cold and low,  
 Each like a corpse within its grave, until  
 Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill  
 (Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)  
 With living hues and odours plain and hill:

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;  
 Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh, hear!

## II

Thou on whose stream, mid the steep sky's commotion,  
 Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,  
 Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread  
 On the blue surface of thine aery surge,  
 Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

<sup>1</sup> Written in 1819, published with *Prometheus Unbound*, 1820. "This poem was conceived and chiefly written in a wood that skirts the Arno, near Florence, and on a day when that tempestuous wind, whose temperature is at once mild and animating, was collecting the vapours which pour down the autumnal rains. They began, as I foresaw, at sunset with a violent tempest of hail and rain, attended by that magnificent thunder and lightning peculiar to the Cisalpine regions. The phenomenon alluded to at the conclusion of the third stanza is well known to naturalists. The vegetation at the bottom of the sea, of rivers, and of lakes, sympathizes with that of the land in the change of seasons, and is consequently influenced by the winds which announce it" [Shelley]

Observe that Shelley gives the *terza rima* of Dante (properly, continuous verse with rhyme *a-b-a*, *b-c-b*, *c-d-c*, etc.) stanzaic form by concluding each division with a couplet. The whole poem is a technical masterpiece.

Of some fierce Maenad, even from the dim verge  
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,  
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night  
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,  
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere  
Black rain, and fire, and hail, will burst: O hear!

## III

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams  
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,  
Lull'd by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baia's bay,  
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers  
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss, and flowers  
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou  
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below  
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear  
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,  
And tremble and despoil themselves: O hear!

## IV

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;  
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;  
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free  
Than thou, O uncontrollable! if even  
I were as in my boyhood, and could be



The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,  
 As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed  
 Scarce seem'd a vision—I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.  
 Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!  
 I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed  
 One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

## v

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is;  
 What if my leaves are falling like its own!  
 The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,  
 Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,  
 My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe  
 Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!  
 And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth  
 Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!  
 Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,  
 If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

*The Indian Serenade*

## I

|| ARISE from dreams of thee  
 In the first sweet sleep of night,  
 When the winds are breathing low,  
 And the stars are shining bright;  
 I arise from dreams of thee,  
 And a spirit in my feet

Hath led me—who knows how?  
To thy chamber window, sweet!

## II

The wandering airs they faint  
On the dark, the silent stream;  
The champak odours fail  
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;  
The nightingale's complaint,  
It dies upon her heart,  
As I must die on thine,  
Oh, beloved as thou art!

## III

Oh, lift me from the grass!  
I die! I faint! I fail!  
Let thy love in kisses rain  
On my lips and eyelids pale,  
My cheek is cold and white, alas!  
My heart beats loud and fast,  
Oh! press it to thine own again,  
Where it will break at last.

*To a Skylark*

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit!  
Bird thou never wert—  
That from heaven or near it  
Pourest thy full heart  
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher  
From the earth thou springest,  
Like a cloud of fire;  
The blue deep thou wingest,  
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden light'ning  
Of the sunken sun,

O'er which clouds are bright'ning,  
Thou dost float and run,  
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even  
Melts around thy flight;  
Like a star of heaven,  
In the broad daylight  
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight—

Keen as are the arrows  
Of that silver sphere  
Whose intense lamp narrows  
In the white dawn clear,  
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air  
With thy voice is loud,  
As, when night is bare,  
From one lonely cloud  
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflow'd.

What thou art we know not,  
What is most like thee?  
From rainbow clouds there flow not  
Drops so bright to see,  
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody:—

Like a poet hidden  
In the light of thought,  
Singing hymns unbidden,  
Till the world is wrought  
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

Like a high-born maiden  
In a palace tower,  
Soothing her love-laden  
Soul in secret hour  
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden  
In a dell of dew,

Scattering un beholden  
Its aëreal hue  
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view!

Like a rose embowered  
In its own green leaves,  
By warm winds deflowered,  
Till the scent it gives  
Makes faint with too much sweet those heavy-wingéd thieves!

Sound of vernal showers  
On the twinkling grass,  
Rain-awakened flowers,  
All that ever was  
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass:

Teach us, Sprite or Bird,  
What sweet thoughts are thine.  
I have never heard  
Praise of love or wine  
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus Hymeneal,  
Or triumphal chant,  
Matched with thine would be all  
But an empty vaunt,  
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains  
Of thy happy strain?  
What fields, or waves, or mountains?  
What shapes of sky or plain?  
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance  
Languor cannot be:  
Shadow of annoyance  
Never came near thee:  
Thou lovest—but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,  
Thou of death must deem

Things more true and deep  
 Than we mortals dream,  
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,  
 And pine for what is not:  
 Our sincerest laughter  
 With some pain is fraught;  
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet, if we could scorn  
 Hate and pride and fear,  
 If we were things born  
 Not to shed a tear,  
 I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures  
 Of delightful sound,  
 Better than all treasures  
 That in books are found,  
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness  
 That thy brain must know;  
 Such harmonious madness  
 From my lips would flow,  
 The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

### *To Night*

#### I

**S**WIFTLY walk o'er the western wave,  
 Spirit of Night!  
 Out of the misty eastern cave,  
 Where, all the long and lone daylight,  
 Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,  
 Which make the terrible and dear,—  
 Swift be thy flight!

## II

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,  
    Star-inwrought!  
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day;  
Kiss her until she be wearied out,  
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,  
Touching all with thine opiate wand—  
    Come, long-sought!

## III

When I arose and saw the dawn,  
    I sighed for thee;  
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,  
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,  
And the weary Day turned to his rest,  
Lingering like an unloved guest,  
    I sighed for thee.

## IV

Thy brother Death came, and cried,  
    Wouldst thou me?  
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,  
Murmured like a noontide bee,  
Shall I nestle near thy side?  
Wouldst thou me?—And I replied,  
    No, not thee!

## V

Death will come when thou art dead,  
    Soon, too soon—  
Sleep will come when thou art fled;  
Of neither would I ask the boon  
I ask of thee, beloved Night—  
Swift be thine approaching flight,  
    Come soon, soon!

*When the Lamp Is Shatter'd*

WHEN the lamp is shatter'd,  
 The light in the dust lies dead;  
 When the cloud is scatter'd,  
 The rainbow's glory is shed:  
 When the lute is broken,  
 Sweet tones are remember'd not  
 When the lips have spoken,  
 Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendour  
 Survive not the lamp and the lute,  
 The heart's echoes render  
 No song when the spirit is mute—  
 No song but sad dirges,  
 Like the wind through a ruin'd cell,  
 Or the mournful surges  
 That ring the dead seaman's knell.

When hearts have once mingled,  
 Love first leaves the well-built nest;  
 The weak one is singled  
 To endure what it once possest.  
 O Love, who bewailest  
 The frailty of all things here,  
 Why choose you the frailest  
 For your cradle, your home, and your bier?

Its passions will rock thee,  
 As the storms rock the ravens on high:  
 Bright reason will mock thee,  
 Like the sun from a wintry sky.  
 From thy nest every rafter  
 Will rot, and thine eagle home  
 Leave thee naked to laughter,  
 When leaves fall and cold winds come.

*Song*

## TO THE MEN OF ENGLAND

## I

**M**EN of England, wherefore plough  
For the lords who lay ye low?  
Wherefore weave with toil and care  
The rich robes your tyrants wear?

## II

Wherefore feed, and clothe, and save,  
From the cradle to the grave,  
Those ungrateful drones who would  
Drain your sweat—nay, drink your blood?

## III

Wherefore, Bees of England, forge  
Many a weapon, chain, and scourge,  
That these stingless drones may spoil  
The forced produce of your toil?

## IV

Have ye leisure, comfort, calm,  
Shelter, food, love's gentle balm?  
Or what is it ye buy so dear  
With your pain and with your fear?

## V

The seed ye sow, another reaps;  
The wealth ye find, another keeps;  
The robes ye weave, another wears;  
The arms ye forge, another bears.

## VI

Sow seed,—but let no tyrant reap;  
Find wealth,—let no impostor heap;



## ENGLISH POETRY

Weave robes,—let not the idle wear;  
Forge arms,—in your defence to bear.

## VII

Shrink to your cellars, holes, and cells;  
In halls ye deck another dwells.  
Why shake the chains ye wrought? Ye see  
The steel ye tempered glance on ye.

## VIII

With plough and spade, and hoe and loom,  
Trace your grave, and build your tomb,  
And weave your winding-sheet, till fair  
England be your sepulchre.

*Choruses from Prometheus Unbound*

ON a poet's lips I slept  
Dreaming like a love-adept  
In the sound his breathing kept;  
Nor seeks nor finds he mortal blisses,  
But feeds on the aerial kisses  
Of shapes that haunt thought's wildernesses.  
He will watch from dawn to gloom  
The lake-reflected sun illumine  
The yellow bees in the ivy-bloom,  
Nor heed nor see, what things they be;  
But from these create he can  
Forms more real than living man,  
Nurslings of immortality!

—ACT I.

Life of Life! thy lips enkindle  
With their love the breath between them;  
And thy smiles before they dwindle  
Make the cold air fire; then screen them  
In those looks, where whoso gazes  
Faints, entangled in their mazes.

Child of Light! thy limbs are burning  
Through the vest which seems to hide them;

As the radiant lines of morning  
 Through the clouds ere they divide them;  
 And this atmosphere divinest  
 Shrouds thee wheresoe'er thou shinest.

Fair are others; none beholds thee,  
 But thy voice sounds low and tender  
 Like the fairest, for it folds thee  
 From the sight, that liquid splendour,  
 And all feel, yet see thee never,  
 As I feel now, lost for ever!

Lamp of Earth! where'er thou movest  
 Its dim shapes are clad with brightness,  
 And the souls of whom thou lovest  
 Walk upon the winds with lightness,  
 Till they fail, as I am failing,  
 Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing!

—ACT II, SCENE 1.

### *Fragments*

#### *The Waning Moon*

AND like a dying lady, lean and pale,  
 Who totters forth, wrapped in a gauzy veil,  
 Out of her chamber, led by the insane  
 And feeble wanderings of her fading brain,  
 The moon arose up in the murky East,  
 A white and shapeless mass.

#### *To the Moon*

##### I

ART thou pale for weariness  
 Of climbing heaven, and gazing on the earth,  
 Wandering companionless  
 Among the stars that have a different birth,—  
 And ever-changing, like a joyless eye  
 That finds no object worth its constancy?

---

 JOHN KEATS
 

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*On First Looking into Chapman's Homer*

MUCH have I travell'd in the realms of gold,  
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;  
 Round many western islands have I been  
 Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.  
 Oft of one wide expanse had I been told  
 That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne;  
 Yet did I never breathe its pure serene  
 Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:  
 Then felt I like some watcher of the skies  
 When a new planet swims into his ken;  
 Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes  
 He star'd at the Pacific—and all his men  
 Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—  
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

*La Belle Dame Sans Merci*

O WHAT can ail thee, knight-at-arms,  
 Alone and palely loitering?  
 The sedge has wither'd from the lake,  
 And no birds sing.

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,  
 So haggard and so woe-begone?  
 The squirrel's granary is full,  
 And the harvest's done.

I see a lily on thy brow  
 With anguish moist and fever dew;  
 And on thy cheeks a fading rose  
 Fast withereth too.

I met a lady in the meads,  
 Full beautiful—a faëry's child,

Her hair was long, her foot was light,  
And her eyes were wild.

I made a garland for her head,  
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;  
She look'd at me as she did love,  
And made sweet moan.

I set her on my pacing steed,  
And nothing else saw all day long,  
For sidelong would she bend, and sing  
A faery's song.

She found me roots of relish sweet,  
And honey wild, and manna dew,  
And sure in language strange she said,  
I love thee true!

She took me to her elfin grot,  
And there she wept and sigh'd full sore,  
And there I shut her wild, wild eyes  
With kisses four.

And there she lulled me asleep,  
And there I dream'd, ah! woe betide!  
The latest dream I ever dream'd  
On the cold hill side.

I saw pale kings and princes too,  
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;  
They cried—La Belle Dame sans Merci  
Hath thee in thrall!

I saw their starved lips in the gloam,  
With horrid warning gapéd wide,  
And I awoke and found me here,  
On the cold hill's side.

And this is why I sojourn here,  
Alone and palely loitering,  
Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,  
And no birds sing.

*Ode on Melancholy*

NO, no, go not to Lethe, neither twist  
 Wolf's-bane, tight-rooted, for its poisonous wine;  
 Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kiss'd  
 By nightshade, ruby grape of Proserpine;  
 Make not your rosary of yew-berries,  
 Nor let the beetle, nor the death-moth be  
 Your mournful Psyche, nor the downy owl  
 A partner in your sorrow's mysteries;  
 For shade to shade will come too drowsily,  
 And drown the wakeful anguish of the soul.

But when the melancholy fit shall fall  
 Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud,  
 That fosters the droop-headed flowers all,  
 And hides the green hill in an April shroud;  
 Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose,  
 Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave,  
 Or on the wealth of globed peonies;  
 Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows,  
 Emprison her soft hand, and let her rave,  
 And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes.

She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die;  
 And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips  
 Bidding adieu; and aching Pleasure nigh,  
 Turning to Poison while the bee-mouth sips.  
 Ay, in the very temple of delight  
 Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine,  
 Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue  
 Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine;  
 His soul shall taste the sadness of her might,  
 And be among her cloudy trophies hung.

*Ode to a Nightingale*

## I

MY heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains  
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,  
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains  
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:  
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,  
But being too happy in thine happiness,—  
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,  
In some melodious plot  
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,  
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

## II

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been  
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,  
Tasting of Flora and the country green,  
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!  
O for a beaker full of the warm South,  
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,  
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,  
And purple-stained mouth;  
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,  
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

## III

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget  
What thou among the leaves hast never known,  
The weariness, the fever, and the fret  
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;  
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,  
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;  
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow  
And leaden-eyed despairs,  
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,  
Or new Love pine at them beyond tomorrow.

## IV

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,  
 Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,  
 But on the viewless wings of Poesy,  
 Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:  
 Already with thee! tender is the night,  
 And haply the Queen-moon is on her throne,  
 Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;  
 But here there is no light,  
 Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown  
 Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

## V

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,  
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,  
 But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet  
 Wherewith the seasonable month endows  
 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;  
 White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;  
 Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves;  
 And mid-May's eldest child,  
 The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,  
 The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

## VI

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time  
 I have been half in love with easeful Death,  
 Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,  
 To take into the air my quiet breath;  
 Now more than ever seems it rich to die,  
 To cease upon the midnight with no pain,  
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad  
 In such an ecstasy!  
 Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—  
 To thy high requiem become a sod.

## VII

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!  
 No hungry generations tread thee down;  
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard  
 In ancient days by emperor and clown:

Perhaps the self-same song that found a path  
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,  
     She stood in tears amid the alien corn;  
     The same that oft-times hath  
 Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam  
     Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

## VIII

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell  
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self!  
 Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well  
     As she is fam'd to do, deceiving elf.  
 Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades  
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,  
     Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep  
     In the next valley-glades:  
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream?  
     Fled is that music:—Do I wake or sleep?

*Ode on a Grecian Urn*

## I

THOU still unravish'd bride of quietness,  
 Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,  
 Sylvan historian, who canst thus express  
     A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:  
 What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about thy shape  
     Of deities or mortals, or of both,  
     In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?  
 What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?  
     What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?  
     What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

## II

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
     Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;  
 Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,  
     Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:



Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave  
 Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;  
 Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss  
 Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;  
 She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,  
 For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

## III

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed  
 Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;  
 And, happy melodist, unwearied,  
 For ever piping songs for ever new;  
 More happy love! more happy, happy love!  
 For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,  
 For ever panting, and for ever young,  
 All breathing human passion far above,  
 That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,  
 A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

## IV

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?  
 To what green altar, O mysterious priest,  
 Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,  
 And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?  
 What little town by river or sea shore,  
 Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,  
 Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn?  
 And, little town, thy streets for evermore  
 Will silent be; and not a soul to tell  
 Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

## V

O Attic shapel Fair attitudel with brede  
 Of marble men and maidens overwrought,  
 With forest branches and the trodden weed;  
 Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought  
 As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!  
 When old age shall this generation waste,  
 Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe  
 Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,  
 "Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all  
 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

*To Autumn*

## I

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness,  
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;  
Conspiring with him how to load and bless  
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eves run;  
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,  
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;  
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells  
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,  
And still more, later flowers for the bees,  
Until they think warm days will never cease,  
For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?  
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find  
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,  
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;  
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,  
Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy hook  
Spare the next swath and all its twined flowers:  
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep  
Steady thy laden head across a brook;  
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,  
Thou watchest the last cozings hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?  
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too—  
While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,  
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;  
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn  
Among the river sallows, borne aloft  
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;  
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;  
Hedge-cricket sing; and now with treble soft  
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft;  
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

*Last Sonnet*

BRIGHT Star, would I were steadfast as thou art—  
 Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,  
 And watching, with eternal lids apart,  
 Like Nature's patient sleepless Eremite,  
 The moving waters at their priest-like task  
 Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,  
 Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask  
 Of snow upon the mountains and the moors—  
 No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,  
 Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening breast,  
 To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,  
 Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,  
 Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,  
 And so live ever—or else swoon to death.

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 JOHN CLARE
 

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ONE gloomy eve I roam'd about  
 Neath Oxey's hazel bowers,  
 While timid hares were darting out,  
 To crop the dewy flowers;  
 And soothing was the scene to me,  
 Right pleasèd was my soul,  
 My breast was calm as summer's sea  
 When waves forget to roll.

But short was Even's placid smile,  
 My startled soul to charm,  
 When Nelly lightly skipt the stile,  
 With milk-pail on her arm:  
 One careless look on me she flung,  
 As bright as parting day;  
 And like a hawk from covert sprung,  
 It pounced my peace away.

THE nodding oxeye bends before the wind,  
The woodbine quakes lest boys their flowers should find,  
And prickly dogrose spite of its array  
Can't dare the blossom-seeking hand away,  
While thistles wear their heavy knobs of bloom  
Proud as a warhorse wears its haughty plume,  
And by the roadside danger's self defy;  
On commons where pined sheep and oxen lie  
In ruddy pomp and ever thronging mood  
It stands and spreads like danger in a wood,  
And in the village street where meanest weeds  
Can't stand untouch'd to fill their husks with seeds,  
The haughty thistle o'er all danger towers,  
In every place the very wasp of flowers.

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GEORGE DARLEY

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*The Fallen Star*

A STAR is gone! a star is gone!  
There is a blank in Heaven;  
One of the cherub choir has done  
His airy course this even.

He sat upon the orb of fire  
That hung for ages there,  
And lent his music to the choir  
That haunts the nightly air.

But when his thousands years are pass'd,  
With a cherubic sigh  
He vanish'd with his car at last,  
For even cherubs die!

Hear how his angel-brothers mourn—  
The minstrels of the spheres—  
Each chiming sadly in his turn  
And dropping splendid tears.

## ENGLISH POETRY

The planetary sisters all  
 Join in the fatal song,  
 And weep this hapless brother's fall,  
 Who sang with them so long.

But deepest of the choral band  
 The Lunar Spirit sings,  
 And with a bass-according hand  
 Sweeps all her sullen strings.

From the deep chambers of the dome  
 Where sleepless Uriel lies,  
 His rude harmonic thunders come  
 Mingled with mighty sighs.

The thousand car-borne cherubim,  
 The wandering eleven,  
 All join to chant the dirge of him  
 Who fell just now from Heaven.

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THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES

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*Song*

HOW many times do I love thee, dear?  
 Tell me how many thoughts there be  
     In the atmosphere  
     Of a new-fall'n year,  
 Whose white and sable hours appear  
     The latest flake of Eternity:—  
 So many times do I love thee, dear.

How many times do I love again?  
 Tell me how many beads there are  
     In a silver chain  
     Of evening rain,  
 Unravelled from the tumbling main,  
     And threading the eye of a yellow star:—  
 So many times do I love again.

*A Crocodile*

FRAGMENT OF "THE LOST MAN"

HARD by the lilyed Nile I saw  
A duskish river-dragon stretched along,  
The brown habergeon of his limbs enamelled  
With sanguine almandines and rainy pearl:  
And on his back there lay a young one sleeping,  
No bigger than a mouse; with eyes like beads,  
And a small fragment of its speckled egg  
Remaining on its harmless, pulpy snout;  
A thing to laugh at, as it gaped to catch  
The baulking, merry flies. In the iron jaws  
Of the great devil-beast, like a pale soul  
Fluttering in rocky hell, lightsomely flew  
A snowy troculus, with roseate beak  
Tearing the hairy leeches from his throat.

*Dream-Pedlary*

I

IF there were dreams to sell,  
What would you buy?  
Some cost a passing bell;  
Some a light sigh,  
That snakes from Life's fresh crown  
Only a roseleaf down.  
If there were dreams to sell,  
Merry and sad to tell,  
And the crier rang his bell,  
What would you buy?

II

A cottage lone and still,  
With bowers nigh,  
Shadowy, my woes to still,  
Until I die.

ENGLISH POETRY

Such pearl from Life's fresh crown  
Fain would I shake me down.  
Were dreams to have at will,  
This would best heal my ill,  
This would I buy.

III

But there were dreams to sell,  
Ill didst thou buy;  
Life is a dream, they tell,  
Waking, to die.  
Dreaming a dream to prize,  
Is wishing ghosts to rise;  
And, if I had the spell  
To call the buried, well,  
Which one would I?

IV

If there were ghosts to raise,  
What shall I call,  
Out of hell's murky haze,  
Heaven's blue hall?  
Raise my loved longlost boy  
To lead me to his joy.  
There are no ghosts to raise;  
Out of death lead no ways;  
Vain is the call.

V

Know'st thou no ghosts to sue?  
No love thou hast.  
Else lie, as I will do  
And breathe thy last.  
So out of Life's fresh crown  
Fall like a rose-leaf down.  
Thus are the ghosts to woo;  
Thus are all dreams made true,  
Ever to last!

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JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN

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*Dark Rosaleen*

O MY Dark Rosaleen,  
Do not sigh, do not weep!  
The priests are on the ocean green,  
They march along the deep,  
There's wine from the royal Pope,  
Upon the ocean green;  
And Spanish ale shall give you hope,  
My Dark Rosaleen!  
My own Rosaleen!  
Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope,  
Shall give you health, and help, and hope,  
My Dark Rosaleen!

Over hills, and through dales,  
Have I roamed for your sake;  
All yesterday I sailed with sails  
On river and on lake.  
The Erne, at its highest flood,  
I dashed across unseen,  
For there was lightning in my blood,  
My Dark Rosaleen!  
My own Rosaleen!  
Oh! there was lightning in my blood,  
Red lightning lightened through my blood,  
My Dark Rosaleen!

All day long in unrest,  
To and fro do I move,  
The very soul within my breast  
Is wasted for you, love!  
The heart in my bosom faints  
To think of you, my Queen,  
My life of life, my saint of saints,  
My Dark Rosaleen!  
My own Rosaleen!



## ENGLISH POETRY

To hear your sweet and sad complaints,  
My life, my love, my saint of saints,  
My Dark Rosaleen!

Woe and pain, pain and woe,  
Are my lot, night and noon,  
To see your bright face clouded so,  
Like to the mournful moon.  
But yet will I rear your throne  
Again in golden sheen;  
'Tis you shall reign, shall reign alone,  
My Dark Rosaleen!  
My own Rosaleen!  
'Tis you shall have the golden throne,  
'Tis you shall reign, shall reign alone,  
My Dark Rosaleen!

Over dews, over sands,  
Will I fly, for your weal:  
Your holy delicate white hands  
Shall girdle me with steel.  
At home, in your emerald bowers,  
From morning's dawn till e'en,  
You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,  
My Dark Rosaleen!  
My fond Rosaleen!  
You'll think of me through daylight hours,  
My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,  
My Dark Rosaleen!

I could scale the blue air,  
I could plough the high hills,  
O, I could kneel all night in prayer,  
To heal your many ills!  
And one beamy smile from you  
Would float like light between  
My toils and me, my own, my true,  
My Dark Rosaleen!  
My fond Rosaleen!  
Would give me life and soul anew,  
A second life, a soul anew,  
My Dark Rosaleen!

O, the Erne shall run red,  
 With 'redundance of blood,  
 The earth shall rock beneath our tread,  
 And flames wrap hill and wood,  
 And gun-peal and slogan-cry  
 Wake many a glen serene,  
 Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,  
 My Dark Rosaleen!  
 My own Rosaleen!  
 The Judgment Hour must first be nigh,  
 Ere you can fade, ere you can die,  
 My Dark Rosaleen!

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 ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING
 

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*Sonnets from the Portuguese*<sup>1</sup>

## I

I THOUGHT once how Theocritus had sung  
 Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-for years,  
 Who each one in a gracious hand appears  
 To bear a gift for mortals, old or young:  
 And, as I mused it in his antique tongue,  
 I saw, in gradual vision through my tears,  
 The sweet, sad years, the melancholy years,  
 Those of my own life, who by turns had flung  
 A shadow across me. Straightway I was 'ware,  
 So weeping, how a mystic Shape did move  
 Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair;  
 And a voice said in mastery, while I strove,—  
 "Guess now who holds thee?"—"Death," I said. But, there,  
 The silver answer rang—"Not Death, but Love."

<sup>1</sup> These sonnets celebrate the love of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett, who finally gave them one morning in 1847 to her husband, telling him to tear them up if he did not like them. Though they were meant to be private, Browning held that their high quality—"the finest sonnets written in any language since Shakespeare"—demanded publication. They appeared in 1850. The title, recalling Camoens, the Portuguese poet, was selected by Browning, because of his liking for his wife's earlier love poem, *Catarina to Camoens*.

## III

Unlike are we, unlike, O princely Heart!  
 Unlike our uses and our destinies.  
 Our ministering two angels look surprise  
 On one another, as they strike athwart  
 Their wings in passing. Thou, bethink thee, art  
 A guest for queens to social pageantries,  
 With gages<sup>2</sup> from a hundred brighter eyes  
 Than tears even can make mine, to play thy part  
 Of chief musician. What hast *thou* to do  
 With looking from the lattice-lights at me,  
 A poor, tired, wandering singer, singing through  
 The dark, and leaning up a cypress-tree?  
 The chrism is on thine head,—on mine, the dew,—  
 And Death must dig the level where these agree.

## XIV

If thou must love me, let it be for naught  
 Except for love's sake only. Do not say,  
 "I love her for her smile—her look—her way  
 Of speaking gently,—for a trick of thought  
 That falls in well with mine, and certes brought  
 A sense of pleasant ease on such a day"—  
 For these things in themselves, Belovèd, may  
 Be changed, or change for thee—and love, so wrought,  
 May be unwrought so. Neither love me for  
 Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry:  
 A creature might forget to weep, who bore  
 Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby!  
 But love me for love's sake, that evermore  
 Thou mayst love on, through love's eternity.

## XXII

When our two souls stand up erect and strong,  
 Face to face, silent, drawing nigh and nigher,  
 Until the lengthening wings break into fire  
 At either curvèd point,—what bitter wrong  
 Can the earth do to us, that we should not long  
 Be here contented? Think. In mounting higher,

<sup>2</sup> pledges

The angels would press on us and aspire  
 To drop some golden orb of perfect song  
 Into our deep, dear silence. Let us stay  
 Rather on earth, Belovéd,—where the unfit  
 Contrarious moods of men recoil away  
 And isolate pure spirits, and permit  
 A place to stand and love in for a day,  
 With darkness and the death-hour rounding it.

## XLIII

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.  
 I love thee to the depth and breadth and height  
 My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight  
 For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.  
 I love thee to the level of everyday's  
 Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.  
 I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;  
 I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.  
 I love thee with the passion put to use  
 In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.  
 I love thee with a love I seemed to lose  
 With my lost saints,—I love thee with the breath,  
 Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose,  
 I shall but love thee better after death.

*Grief*

II TELL you, hopeless grief is passionless;  
 That only men incredulous of despair,  
 Half-taught in anguish, through the midnight air  
 Beat upward to God's throne in loud access  
 Of shrieking and reproach. Full desertness  
 In souls as countries lieth silent-bare  
 Under the blanching, vertical eye-glare  
 Of the absolute Heavens. Deep-hearted man, express  
 Grief for thy Dead in silence like to death—  
 Most like a monumental statue set  
 In everlasting watch and moveless woe  
 Till itself crumble to the dust beneath.  
 Touch it; the marble eyelids are not wet:  
 If it could weep, it could arise and go.

---

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

---

*The Lady of Shalott*

## PART I

ON either side the river lie  
Long fields of barley and of rye,  
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;  
And thro' the field the road runs by  
    To many-towered Camelot;  
And up and down the people go,  
Gazing where the lilies blow  
Round an island there below,  
    The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,  
Little breezes dusk and shiver  
Thro' the wave that runs for ever  
By the island in the river  
    Flowing down to Camelot.  
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,  
Overlook a space of flowers,  
And the silent isle imbowers  
    The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,  
Slide the heavy barges trail'd  
By slow horses; and unhail'd  
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd  
    Skimming down to Camelot:  
But who hath seen her wave her hand?  
Or at the casement seen her stand?  
Or is she known in all the land,  
    The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early  
In among the bearded barley,

Hear a song that echoes cheerly  
From the river winding clearly,  
    Down to tower'd Camelot:  
And by the moon the reaper weary,  
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,  
Listening, whispers "'Tis the fairy  
    Lady of Shalott."

## PART II

There she weaves by night and day  
A magic web with colours gay.  
She has heard a whisper say,  
A curse is on her if she stay  
    To look down to Camelot.  
She knows not what the curse may be,  
And so she weaveth steadily,  
And little other care hath she,  
    The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear  
That hangs before her all the year,  
Shadows of the world appear.  
There she sees the highway near  
    Winding down to Camelot:  
There the river eddy whirls,  
And there the surly village-churls,  
And the red cloaks of market girls,  
    Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,  
An abbot on an ambling pad,  
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,  
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,  
    Goes by to tower'd Camelot;  
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue  
The knights come riding two and two:  
She hath no loyal knight and true,  
    The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights  
To weave the mirror's magic sights,  
For often thro' the silent nights

A funeral, with plumes and lights  
 And music, went to Camelot:  
 Or when the moon was overhead,  
 Came two young lovers lately wed;  
 "I am half sick of shadows," said  
 The Lady of Shalott.

## PART III

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,  
 He rode between the barley-sheaves,  
 The sun came dazling thro' the leaves,  
 And flamed upon the brazen greaves  
 Of bold Sir Lancelot.  
 A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd  
 To a lady in his shield,  
 That sparkled on the yellow field,  
 Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,  
 Like to some branch of stars we see  
 Hung in the golden Galaxy.  
 The bridle bells rang merrily  
 As he rode down to Camelot:  
 And from his blazon'd baldric slung  
 A mighty silver bugle hung,  
 And as he rode his armour rung,  
 Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather  
 Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,  
 The helmet and the helmet-feather  
 Burn'd like one burning flame together,  
 As he rode down to Camelot.  
 As often thro' the purple night,  
 Below the starry clusters bright,  
 Some bearded meteor, trailing light,  
 Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd;  
 On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode;  
 From underneath his helmet flow'd  
 His coal-black curls as on he rode,  
 As he rode down to Camelot.

From the bank and from the river  
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,  
"Tirra lirra," by the river  
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,  
She made three paces thro' the room,  
She saw the water-lily bloom,  
She saw the helmet and the plume,  
She look'd down to Camelot.  
Out flew the web and floated wide;  
The mirror crack'd from side to side;  
"The curse is come upon me," cried  
The Lady of Shalott.

## PART IV

In the stormy east-wind straining,  
The pale yellow woods were waning,  
The broad stream in his banks complaining,  
Heavily the low sky raining  
Over tower'd Camelot;  
Down she came and found a boat  
Beneath a willow left afloat,  
And round about the prow she wrote  
*The Lady of Shalott.*

And down the river's dim expanse  
Like some bold seer in a trance,  
Seeing all his own mischance—  
With a glassy countenance  
Did she look to Camelot.  
And at the closing of the day  
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;  
The broad stream bore her far away,  
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white  
That loosely flew to left and right—  
The leaves upon her falling light—  
Thro' the noises of the night  
She floated down to Camelot:



## ENGLISH POETRY

And as the boat-head wound along  
 The willowy hills and fields among,  
 They heard her singing her last song,  
     The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,  
 Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,  
 Till her blood was frozen slowly,  
 And her eyes were darkened wholly,  
     Turn'd to tower'd Camelot.  
 For ere she reach'd upon the tide  
 The first house by the water-side,  
 Singing in her song she died,  
     The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,  
 By garden-wall and gallery,  
 A gleaming shape she floated by,  
 Dead-pale between the houses high,  
     Silent into Camelot.  
 Out upon the wharfs they came,  
 Knight and burgher, lord and dame,  
 And round the prow they read her name,  
     *The Lady of Shalott.*

Who is this? and what is here?  
 And in the lighted palace near  
 Died the sound of royal cheer;  
 And they cross'd themselves for fear,  
     All the knights at Camelot:  
 But Lancelot mused a little space;  
 He said, "She has a lovely face;  
 God in his mercy lend her grace,  
     The Lady of Shalott."

*Songs from The Princess*

AS thro' the land at eve we went,  
 And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,  
 We fell out, my wife and I,  
 O we fell out I know not why,  
     And kiss'd again with tears.

And blessings on the falling out  
That all the more endears,  
When we fall out with those we love  
And kiss again with tears!  
For when we came where lies the child  
We lost in other years,  
There above the little grave,  
O there above the little grave,  
We kiss'd again with tears.

The splendour falls on castle walls  
And snowy summits old in story:  
The long light shakes across the lakes,  
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.  
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,  
And thinner, clearer, farther going!  
O sweet and far from cliff and scar  
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!  
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:  
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,  
They faint on hill or field or river:  
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,  
And grow for ever and for ever.  
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,  
Tears from the depth of some divine despair  
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,  
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,  
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,  
That brings our friends up from the underworld,  
Sad as the last which reddens over one  
That sinks with all we love below the verge;  
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns  
 The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds  
 To dying ears, when unto dying eyes  
 The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;  
 So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remember'd kisses after death,  
 And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd  
 On lips that are for others; deep as love,  
 Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;  
 O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

Ask me no more: the moon may draw the sea;  
 The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape  
 With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape;  
 But O too fond, when have I answer'd thee?  
 Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: what answer should I give?  
 I love not hollow cheek or faded eye.  
 Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die!  
 Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live;  
 Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: thy fate and mine are seal'd:  
 I strove against the stream and all in vain:  
 Let the great river take me to the main:  
 No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield;  
 Ask me no more.

"Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white;<sup>1</sup>  
 Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk;  
 Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font:  
 The fire-fly wakens: waken thou with me.

Now droops the milkwhite peacock like a ghost,  
 And like a ghost she glimmers on to me.

<sup>1</sup> This and the following song were read aloud by the Princess, who watched during the night by the wounded Prince. Her love for him breaks down her vows of isolation

Now lies the Earth all Danaë to the stars,  
And all thy heart lies open unto me.

Now slides the silent meteor on, and leaves  
A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in me.

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,  
And slips into the bosom of the lake:  
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip  
Into my bosom and be lost in me."

"Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height:  
What pleasure lives in height (the shepherd sang)  
In height and cold, the splendour of the hills?  
But cease to move so near the Heavens, and cease  
To glide a sunbeam by the blasted Pine,  
To sit a star upon the sparkling spire;  
And come, for Love is of the valley, come,  
For Love is of the valley, come thou down  
And find him; by the happy threshold, he,  
Or hand in hand with Plenty in the maize,  
Or red with spirted purple of the vats,  
Or foxlike in the vine; nor cares to walk  
With Death and Morning on the silver horns,  
Nor wilt thou snare him in the white ravine,  
Nor find him dropt upon the firths of ice,  
That huddling slant in furrow-cloven falls  
To roll the torrent out of dusky doors:  
But follow; let the torrent dance thee down  
To find him in the valley; let the wild  
Lean-headed Eagles yelp alone, and leave  
The monstrous ledges there to slope, and spill  
Their thousand wreaths of dangling watersmoke,  
That like a broken purpose waste in air:  
So waste not thou; but come; for all the vales  
Await thee; azure pillars of the hearth  
Arise to thee; the children call, and I  
Thy shepherd pipe, and sweet is every sound,  
Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet;  
Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn,  
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,  
And murmuring of innumerable bees.

*In Memoriam A. H. H.*

## xv

TONIGHT the winds begin to rise  
 And roar from yonder dropping day:  
 The last red leaf is whirl'd away,  
 The rooks are blown about the skies;

The forest crack'd, the waters curl'd,  
 The cattle huddled on the lea;  
 And wildly dash'd on tower and tree  
 The sunbeam strikes along the world:

And but for fancies, which aver  
 That all thy motions gently pass  
 Athwart a plane of molten glass,  
 I scarce could brook the strain and stir

That makes the barren branches loud;  
 And but for fear it is not so,  
 The wild unrest that lives in woe  
 Would dote and pore on yonder cloud

That rises upward always higher,  
 And onward drags a labouring breast,  
 And topples round the dreary west,  
 A looming bastion fringed with fire.

## L

Be near me when my light is low,  
 When the blood creeps, and the nerves prick  
 And tingle; and the heart is sick,  
 And all the wheels of Being slow.

Be near me when the sensuous frame  
 Is rack'd with pangs that conquer trust;  
 And Time, a maniac scattering dust,  
 And Life, a Fury slinging flame.

Be near me when my faith is dry,  
And men the flies of latter spring,  
That lay their eggs, and sting and sing  
And weave their petty cells and die.

Be near me when I fade away,  
To point the term of human strife,  
And on the low dark verge of life  
The twilight of eternal day.

## LIV

Oh yet we trust that somehow good  
Will be the final goal of ill,  
To pangs of nature, sins of will,  
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;  
That not one life shall be destroy'd,  
Or cast as rubbish to the void,  
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;  
That not a moth with vain desire  
Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,  
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;  
I can but trust that good shall fall  
At last—far off—at last, to all,  
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream: but what am I?  
An infant crying in the night:  
An infant crying for the light:  
And with no language but a cry.

## LV

The wish, that of the living whole  
No life may fail beyond the grave,  
Derives it not from what we have  
The likest God within the soul?

Are God and Nature then at strife,  
That Nature lends such evil dreams?  
So careful of the type she seems,  
So careless of the single life;

That I, considering everywhere  
Her secret meaning in her deeds,  
And finding that of fifty seeds  
She often brings but one to bear,

I falter where I firmly trod,  
And falling with my weight of cares  
Upon the great world's altar-stairs  
That slope thro' darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,  
And gather dust and chaff, and call  
To what I feel is Lord of all,  
And faintly trust the larger hope.

## LVI

"So careful of the type?" but no.  
From scarped cliff and quarried stone  
She cries, "A thousand types are gone:  
I care for nothing, all shall go.

"Thou makest thine appeal to me:  
I bring to life, I bring to death:  
The spirit does not mean the breath:  
I know no more." And he, shall he,

Man, her last work, who seem'd so fair,  
Such splendid purpose in his eyes,  
Who roll'd the psalm to wintry skies,  
Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer;

Who trusted God was love indeed  
And love Creation's final law—  
Tho' Nature, red in tooth and claw  
With ravine, shriek'd against his creed—

Who loved, who suffer'd countless ills,  
Who battled for the True, the Just,  
Be blown about the desert dust,  
Or seal'd within the iron hills?

No more? A monster then, a dream,  
A discord. Dragons of the prime,  
That tare each other in their slime,  
Were mellow music match'd with him.

O life as futile, then, as frail!  
O for thy voice to soothe and bless!  
What hope of answer, or redress?  
Behind the veil, behind the veil.

## xcv

By night we linger'd on the lawn,  
For underfoot the herb was dry;  
And genial warmth; and o'er the sky  
The silvery haze of summer drawn;

And calm that let the tapers burn  
Unwavering: not a cricket chirr'd:  
The brook alone far-off was heard,  
And on the board the fluttering urn:

And bats went round in fragrant skies,  
And wheel'd or lit the filmy shapes  
That haunt the dusk, with ermine capes  
And woolly breasts and beaded eyes;

While now we sang old songs that peal'd  
From knoll to knoll, where, couch'd at ease,  
The white kine glimmer'd, and the trees  
Laid their dark arms about the field.

But when those others, one by one,  
Withdrew themselves from me and night,  
And in the house light after light  
Went out, and I was all alone,



A hunger seized my heart; I read  
Of that glad year which once had been,  
In those fall'n leaves which kept their green,  
The noble letters of the dead:

And strangely on the silence broke  
The silent-speaking words, and strange  
Was love's dumb cry defying change  
To test his worth; and strangely spoke

The faith, the vigour, bold to dwell  
On doubts that drive the coward back,  
And keen thro' wordy snares to track  
Suggestion to her inmost cell.

So word by word, and line by line,  
The dead man touch'd me from the past,  
And all at once it seem'd at last  
The living soul was flash'd on mine,

And mine in this was wound, and whirl'd  
About empyreal heights of thought,  
And came on that which is, and caught  
The deep pulsations of the world,

Æonian music measuring out  
The steps of Time—the shocks of Chance—  
The blows of Death. At length my trance  
Was cancell'd, stricken thro' with doubt.

Vague words! but ah, how hard to frame  
In matter-moulded forms of speech,  
Or ev'n for intellect to reach  
Thro' memory that which I became:

Till now the doubtful dusk reveal'd  
The knolls once more where, couch'd at ease,  
The white kine glimmer'd, and the trees  
Laid their dark arms about the field:

And suck'd from out the distant gloom  
A breeze began to tremble o'er

The large leaves of the sycamore,  
And fluctuate all the still perfume,

And gathering freshlier overhead,  
Rock'd the full-foliaged elms, and swung  
The heavy-folded rose, and flung  
The lilies to and fro, and said

"The dawn, the dawn," and died away;  
And East and West, without a breath,  
Mixt their dim lights, like life and death,  
To broaden into boundless day.

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ROBERT BROWNING

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*Home-Thoughts from Abroad*

O H, to be in England  
Now that April's there,  
And whoever wakes in England  
Sees, some morning, unaware,  
That the lowest boughs and the brush-wood sheaf  
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,  
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough  
In England—now!

And after April, when May follows,  
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows—  
Hark! where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge  
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover  
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent-spray's edge—  
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,  
Lest you should think he never could recapture  
The first fine careless rapture!  
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,  
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew  
The buttercups, the little children's dower,  
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

*A Toccata of Galuppi's<sup>1</sup>*

## I

OH Galuppi, Baldassaro, this is very sad to find!  
 I can hardly misconceive you; it would prove me deaf and  
 blind;  
 But although I take your meaning, 'tis with such a heavy mind!

## II

Here you come with your old music, and here's all the good it brings.  
 What, they lived once thus at Venice where the merchants were the  
 kings,  
 Where St. Mark's is, where the Doges used to wed the sea with  
 rings?

## III

Ay, because the sea's the street there; and 'tis arched by . . . what  
 you call  
 . . . Shylock's bridge<sup>2</sup> with houses on it, where they kept the carni-  
 val:  
 I was never out of England—it's as if I saw it all.

## IV

Did young people take their pleasure when the sea was warm in  
 May?  
 Balls and masks begun at midnight, burning ever to mid-day,  
 When they made up fresh adventures for the morrow, do you say?

## V

Was a lady such a lady, cheeks so round and lips so red,—  
 On her neck the small face buoyant, like a bell-flower on its bed,  
 O'er the breast's superb abundance where a man might base his  
 head?

<sup>1</sup> Baldassare Galuppi (1706–1785) was an Italian composer, chiefly of opera. During the latter part of his life he was organist at St. Mark's, Venice. The toccata, as the name implies (Italian *toccare*, to touch), is a "touch-piece," built up of a rapid succession of notes, scale passages, *etc.*, played *staccato*. It is light, free, and rather more showy than profound. In the poem it typifies the life of Venice.

<sup>2</sup> The Rialto.

## VI

Well, and it was graceful of them—they'd break talk off and afford  
—She, to bite her mask's black velvet—he, to finger on his sword,  
While you sat and played Toccatas, stately at the clavichord?

## VII

What? Those lesser thirds<sup>3</sup> so plaintive, sixths diminished, sigh on  
sigh,  
Told them something? Those suspensions, those solutions—"Must  
we die?"  
Those commiserating sevenths—"Life might last! we can but try!"

## VIII

"Were you happy?"—"Yes."—"And are you still as happy?"—"Yes.  
And you?"  
—"Then, more kisses!"—"Did *I* stop them, when a million seemed  
so few?"  
Hark, the dominant's persistence, till it must be answered to!

## IX

So, an octave struck the answer. Oh, they praised you, I dare say!  
"Brave Galuppi! that was music! good alike at grave and gay!"  
I can always leave off talking when I hear a master play!"

## X

Then they left you for their pleasure: till in due time, one by one,  
Some with lives that came to nothing, some with deeds as well un-  
done,  
Death stepped tacitly and took them where they never see the sun.

,

## XI

But when I sit down to reason, think to take my stand nor swerve,  
While I triumph o'er a secret wrung from nature's close reserve,  
In you come with your cold music till I creep thro' every nerve.

<sup>3</sup> This and the following technical terms in music are described, at least in their effect, by the phrases that follow them

XII

Yes, you, like a ghostly cricket, creaking where a house was burned:  
"Dust and ashes, dead and done with, Venice spent what Venice  
earned.

The soul, doubtless, is immortal—where a soul can be discerned.

XIII

"Yours for instance: you know physics, something of geology,  
Mathematics are your pastime; souls shall rise in their degree;  
Butterflies may dread extinction,—you'll not die, it cannot be!

XIV

"As for Venice and her people, merely born to bloom and drop,  
Here on earth they bore their fruitage, mirth and folly were the crop:  
What of soul was left, I wonder, when the kissing had to stop?

XV

"Dust and ashes!" So you creak it, and I want the heart to scold.  
Dear dead women, with such hair, too—what's become of all the  
gold  
Used to hang and brush their bosoms? I feel chilly and grown old.

*A Grammarian's Funeral*

*Shortly after the revival of learning in Europe*

LET us begin and carry up this corpse,  
Singing together.  
Leave we the common crofts, the vulgar thorpes  
Each in its tether  
Sleeping safe on the bosom of the plain,  
Cared-for till cock-crow:  
Look out if yonder be not day again  
Rimming the rock-row!  
That's the appropriate country; there, man's thought,  
Rarer, intenser,  
Self-gathered for an outbreak, as it ought,  
Chafes in the censer.

Leave we the unlettered plain its herd and crop;  
Seek we sepulture  
On a tall mountain, citied to the top,  
Crowded with culture!  
All the peaks soar, but one the rest excels;  
Clouds overcome it;  
Nol yonder sparkle is the citadel's  
Circling its summit.  
Thither our path lies; wind we up the heights:  
Wait ye the warning?  
Our low life was the level's and the nights;  
He's for the morning.  
Step to a tune, square chests, erect each head,  
'Ware the beholders!  
This is our master, famous calm and dead,  
Borne on our shoulders.

Sleep, crop and herd! sleep, darkling thorpe and croft,  
Safe from the weather!  
He, whom we convoy to his grave aloft,  
Singing together,  
He was a man born with thy face and throat,  
Lyric Apollo!  
Long he lived nameless: how should spring take note  
Winter would follow?  
Till lo, the little touch, and youth was gone!  
Cramped and diminished,  
Moaned he, "New measures, other feet anon!  
My dance is finished"?  
No, that's the world's way: (keep the mountain-side,  
Make for the city!)  
He knew the signal, and stepped on with pride  
Over men's pity;  
Left play for work, and grappled with the world  
Bent on escaping:  
"What's in the scroll," quoth he, "thou keepest furled?  
Show me their shaping,  
Theirs who most studied man, the bard and sage,—  
Give!"—So, he gowned him,  
Straight got by heart that book to its last page:  
Learned, we found him.

Yea, but we found him bald too, eyes like lead,  
 Accents uncertain:  
 "Time to taste life," another would have said,  
 "Up with the curtain!"  
 This man said rather, "Actual life comes next?  
 Patience a moment!  
 Grant I have mastered learning's crabbed text,  
 Still there's the comment.  
 Let me know all! Prate not of most or least,  
 Painful or easy!  
 Even to the crumbs I'd fain eat up the feast,  
 Ay, nor feel queasy."  
 Oh, such a life as he resolved to live,  
 When he had learned it,  
 When he had gathered all books had to give!  
 Sooner, he spurned it.  
 Image the whole, then execute the parts—  
 Fancy the fabric  
 Quite, ere you build, ere steel strike fire from quartz,  
 Ere mortar dab brick!  
 (Here's the town-gate reach'd: there's the market-place  
 Gaping before us.)  
 Yea, this in him was the peculiar grace  
 (Hearten our chorus!)  
 That before living he'd learn how to live—  
 No end to learning.  
 Earn the means first—God surely will contrive  
 Use for our earning.  
 Others mistrust and say, "But time escapes:  
 'Live now or never!'"  
 He said, "What's time? Leave Now for dogs and apes!  
 Man has Forever."

Back to his book then: deeper drooped his head:  
*Calculus* racked him.  
 Leaden before, his eyes grew dross of lead.  
*Tussis* attacked him.  
 "Now, master, take a little rest!"—not he!  
 (Caution redoubled,  
 Step two abreast, the way winds narrowly!)  
 Not a whit troubled

Back to his studies, fresher than at first,  
 Fierce as a dragon  
 He (soul-hydroptic with a sacred thirst)  
 Sucked at the flagon.  
 Oh, if we draw a circle premature,  
 Heedless of far gain,  
 Greedy for quick returns of profit, sure  
 Bad is our bargain!  
 Was it not great? did not he throw on God,  
 (He loves the burthen)—  
 God's task to make the heavenly period  
 Perfect the earthen?  
 Did not he magnify the mind, show clear  
 Just what it all meant?  
 He would not discount life, as fools do here,  
 Paid by instalment!  
 He ventured neck or nothing—heaven's success  
 Found, or earth's failure:  
 "Wilt thou trust death or not?" He answered "Yes;  
 Hence with life's pale lure!"  
 That low man seeks a little thing to do,  
 Sees it and does it:  
 This high man, with a great thing to pursue,  
 Dies ere he knows it.  
 That low man goes on adding one to one,  
 His hundred's soon hit:  
 This high man, aiming at a million,  
 Misses an unit.  
 That, has the world here—should he need the next,  
 Let the world mind him!  
 This, throws himself on God, and unperplexed  
 Seeking shall find him  
 So, with the throttling hands of death at strife,  
 Ground he at grammar;  
 Still, through the rattle, parts of speech were rife:  
 While he could stammer  
 He settled *Hott's* business—let it be!—  
 Properly based *Oun*—  
 Gave us the doctrine of the enclitic *De*,  
 Dead from the waist down.  
 Well, here's the platform, here's the proper place:  
 Hail to your purlieus,



All ye highfliers of the feathered race,  
 Swallows and curlews!  
 Here's the top-peak; the multitude below  
 Live, for they can, there:  
 This man decided not to Live but Know—  
 Bury this man there?  
 Here—here's his place, where meteors shoot, clouds form,  
 Lightnings are loosened,  
 Stars come and go! Let joy break with the storm.  
 Peace let the dew send!  
 Lofty designs must close in like effects:  
 Loftily lying,  
 Leave him—still loftier than the world suspects,  
 Living and dying.

*"Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came"*

I

**M**Y first thought was, he lied in every word,  
 That hoary cripple, with malicious eye  
 Askance to watch the working of his lie  
 On mine, and mouth scarce able to afford  
 Suppression of the glee, that pursed and scored  
 Its edge, at one more victim gained thereby.

II

What else should he be set for, with his staff?  
 What, save to waylay with his lies, ensnare  
 All travellers who might find him posted there,  
 And ask the road? I guessed what skull-like laugh  
 Would break, what crutch 'gin write my epitaph  
 For pastime in the dusty thoroughfare,

III

If at his counsel I should turn aside  
 Into that ominous tract which, all agree,  
 Hides the Dark Tower. Yet acquiescingly  
 I did turn as he pointed: neither pride  
 Nor hope rekindling at the end desried,  
 So much as gladness that some end might be.

## IV

For, what with my whole world-wide wandering,  
What with my search drawn out thro' years, my hope  
Dwindled into a ghost not fit to cope  
With that obstreperous joy success would bring,—  
I hardly tried now to rebuke the spring  
My heart made, finding failure in its scope.

## V

As when a sick man very near to death  
Seems dead indeed, and feels begin and end  
The tears and takes the farewell of each friend,  
And hears one bid the other go, draw breath  
Freeher outside, ("since all is o'er," he saith,  
"And the blow fallen no grieving can amend;")

## VI

While some discuss if near the other graves  
Be room enough for this, and when a day  
Suits best for carrying the corpse away,  
With care about the banners, scarves and staves:  
And still the man hears all, and only craves  
He may not shame such tender love and stay.

## VII

Thus, I had so long suffered in this quest,  
Heard failure prophesied so oft, been writ  
So many times among "The Band"—to wit,  
The knights who to the Dark Tower's search addressed  
Their steps—that just to fail as they, seemed best,  
And all the doubt was now—should I be fit?

## VIII

So, quiet as despair, I turned from him,  
That hateful cripple, out of his highway  
Into the path he pointed. All the day  
Had been a dreary one at best, and dim  
Was settling to its close, yet shot one grim  
Red leer to see the plain catch its estray.

## IX

For mark! no sooner was I fairly found  
 Pledged to the plain, after a pace or two,  
 Than, pausing to throw backward a last view  
 O'er the safe road, 'twas gone; grey plain all round:  
 Nothing but plain to the horizon's bound.  
 I might go on; nought else remained to do.

## X

So, on I went. I think I never saw  
 Such starved ignoble nature; nothing throve:  
 For flowers—as well expect a cedar grove!  
 But cockle, spurge, according to their law  
 Might propagate their kind, with none to awe,  
 You'd think; a burr had been a treasure-trove.

## XI

No! penury, inertness and grimace,  
 In some strange sort, were the land's portion. "See  
 Or shut your eyes," said Nature peevishly,  
 "It nothing skills: I cannot help my case:  
 'Tis the Last Judgment's fire must cure this place,  
 Calcine its clods and set my prisoners free."

## XII

If there pushed any ragged thistle-stalk  
 . Above its mates, the head was chopped; the bents  
 Were jealous else. What made those holes and rents  
 In the dock's harsh swarth leaves, bruised as to baulk  
 All hope of greenness? 'tis a brute must walk  
 Pashing their life out, with a brute's intents.

## XIII

As for the grass, it grew as scant as hair  
 In leprosy; thin dry blades pricked the mud  
 Which underneath looked kneaded up with blood.  
 One stiff blind horse, his every bone a-stare,  
 Stood stupified, however he came there:  
 Thrust out past service from the devil's stud!

## xiv

Alive? he might be dead for aught I know,  
With that red gaunt and colloped neck a-strain,  
And shut eyes underneath the rusty mane;  
Seldom went such grotesqueness with such woe;  
I never saw a brute I hated so;  
He must be wicked to deserve such pain.

## xv

I shut my eyes and turned them on my heart.  
As a man calls for wine before he fights,  
I asked one draught of earlier, happier sights,  
Ere fitly I could hope to play my part.  
Think first, fight afterwards—the soldier's art:  
One taste of the old time sets all to rights.

## xvi

Not it! I fancied Cuthbert's reddening face  
Beneath its garniture of curly gold,  
Dear fellow, till I almost felt him fold  
An arm in mine to fix me to the place,  
That way he used. Alas, one night's disgrace!  
Out went my heart's new fire and left it cold.

## xvii

Giles then, the soul of honour—there he stands  
Frank as ten years ago when knighted first.  
What honest men should dare (he said) he durst.  
Good—but the scene shifts—faugh! what hangman's hands  
Pin to his breast a parchment? His own bands  
Read it. Poor traitor, spit upon and curst!

## xviii

Better this present than a past like that;  
Back therefore to my darkening path again!  
No sound, no sight as far as eye could strain.  
Will the night send a howlet or a bat?  
I asked: when something on the dismal flat  
Came to arrest my thoughts and change their train.

## XIX

A sudden little river crossed my path  
 As unexpected as a serpent comes.  
 No sluggish tide congenial to the glooms;  
 This, as it frothed by, might have been a bath  
 For the fiend's glowing hoof—to see the wrath  
 Of its black eddy bespate with flakes and spumes.

## XX

So petty yet so spitefull! all along,  
 Low scrubby alders kneeled down over it;  
 Drenched willows flung them headlong in a fit  
 Of mute despair, a suicidal throng:  
 The river which had done them all the wrong,  
 Whate'er that was, rolled by, deterred no whit.

## XXI

Which, while I forded,—good saints, how I feared  
 To set my foot upon a dead man's cheek,  
 Each step, or feel the spear I thrust to seek  
 For hollows, tangled in his hair or beard!  
 —It may have been a water-rat I speared,  
 But, ugh! it sounded like a baby's shriek.

## XXII

Glad was I when I reached the other bank.  
 Now for a better country. Vain presage!  
 Who were the strugglers, what war did they wage,  
 Whose savage trample thus could pad the dank  
 Soil to a plash? Toads in a poisoned tank,  
 Or wild cats in a red-hot iron cage—

## XXIII

The fight must so have seemed in that fell cirque.  
 What penned them there, with all the plain to choose?  
 No foot-print leading to that horrid mews,  
 None out of it. Mad brewage set to work  
 Their brains, no doubt, like galley-slaves the Turk  
 Pits for his pastime, Christians against Jews.

## XXIV

And more than that—a furlong on—why, there!  
What bad use was that engine for, that wheel,  
Or brake, not wheel—that harrow fit to reel  
Men's bodies out like silk? with all the air  
Of Tophet's tool, on earth left unaware,  
Or brought to sharpen its rusty teeth of steel.

## XXV

Then came a bit of stubbed ground, once a wood,  
Next a marsh, it would seem, and now mere earth  
Desperate and done with; (so a fool finds mirth,  
Makes a thing and then mars it, till his mood  
Changes and off he goes!) within a rood—  
Bog, clay and rubble, sand and stark black dearth.

## XXVI

Now blotches rankling, coloured gay and grim,  
Now patches where some leanness of the soil's  
Broke into moss or substances like boils;  
Then came some palsied oak, a cleft in him  
Like a distorted mouth that splits its rim  
Gaping at death, and dies while it recoils.

## XXVII

And just as far as ever from the end!  
Nought in the distance but the evening, nought  
To point my footstep further! At the thought,  
A great black bird, Apollyon's bosom-friend,  
Sailed past, nor beat his wide wing dragon-penned  
That brushed my cap—perchance the guide I sought.

## XXVIII

For, looking up, aware I somehow grew,  
'Spite of the dusk, the plain had given place  
All round to mountains—with such name to grace  
Mere ugly heights and heaps now stolen in view.  
How thus they had surprised me,—solve it, you!  
How to get from them was no clearer case.

## XXIX

Yet half I seemed to recognise some trick  
 Of mischief happened to me, God knows when—  
 In a bad dream perhaps. Here ended, then,  
 Progress this way. When, in the very nick  
 Of giving up, one time more, came a click  
 As when a trap shuts—you're inside the den!

## XXX

Burningly it came on me all at once,  
 This was the place! those two hills on the right,  
 Crouched like two bulls locked horn in horn in fight;  
 While to the left, a tall scalped mountain . . . Dunce,  
 Dotard, a-dozing at the very nonce,  
 After a life spent training for the sight!

## XXXI

What in the midst lay but the Tower itself?  
 The round squat turret, blind as the fool's heart,  
 Built of brown stone, without a counterpart  
 In the whole world. The tempest's mocking elf  
 Points to the shipman thus the unseen shelf  
 He strikes on, only when the timbers start.

## XXXII

Not see? because of night perhaps?—Why, day  
 Came back again for that! before it left,  
 The dying sunset kindled through a cleft:  
 The hills, like giants at a hunting, lay,  
 Chin upon hand, to see the game at bay,—  
 "Now stab and end the creature—to the heft!"

## XXXIII

Not hear? when noise was everywhere! it tolled  
 Increasing like a bell. Names in my ears,  
 Of all the lost adventurers my peers,—  
 How such a one was strong, and such was bold,  
 And such was fortunate, yet each of old  
 Lost, lost! one moment knelled the woe of years.

## XXXIV

There they stood, ranged along the hillsides, met  
 To view the last of me, a living frame  
 For one more picture! in a sheet of flame  
 I saw them and I knew them all. And yet  
 Dauntless the slug-horn to my lips I set,  
 And blew. "*Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came.*"

*Song from Paracelsus*

HEAP cassia, sandal-buds and stripes  
 Of labdanum, and aloe-balls,  
 Smear'd with dull nard an Indian wipes  
 From out her hair: such balsam falls  
 Down sea-side mountain pedestals,  
 From tree-tops where tired winds are fain,  
 Spent with the vast and howling main,  
 To treasure half their island-gain.

And strew faint sweetness from some old  
 Egyptian's fine worm-eaten shroud  
 Which breaks to dust when once unroll'd;  
 Or shredded perfume, like a cloud  
 From closet long to quiet vow'd,  
 With moth'd and dropping arras hung,  
 Mouldering her lute and books among,  
 As when a queen, long dead, was young.

*Song*

NAY, but you, who do not love her,  
 Is she not pure gold, my mistress?  
 Holds earth aught—speak truth—above her?  
 Aught like this tress, see, and this tress,  
 And this last fairest tress of all,  
 So fair, see, ere I let it fall!

Because, you spend your lives in praising;  
 To praise, you search the wide world over;



So, why not witness, calmly gazing,  
 If earth holds aught—speak truth—above her?  
 Above this tress, and this I touch  
 But cannot praise, I love so much!

*Never the Time and the Place*

NEVER the time and the place  
 And the loved one all together!  
 This path—how soft to pace!  
 This May—what magic weather!  
 Where is the loved one's face?  
 In a dream that loved one's face meets mine,  
 But the house is narrow, the place is bleak  
 Where, outside, rain and wind combine  
 With a furtive ear, if I strive to speak,  
 With a hostile eye at my flushing cheek,  
 With a malice that marks each word, each sign!  
 O enemy sly and serpentine,  
 Uncoil thee from the waking man!  
 Do I hold the Past  
 Thus firm and fast  
 Yet doubt if the Future hold I can?  
 This path so soft to pace shall lead  
 Through the magic of May to herself indeed!  
 Or narrow if needs the house must be,  
 Outside are the storms and strangers: we—  
 Oh, close, safe, warm sleep I and she,  
 —I and she!

*Prospice*

FEAR death?—to feel the fog in my throat,  
 The mist in my face,  
 When the snows begin, and the blasts denote  
 I am nearing the place,  
 The power of the night, the press of the storm,  
 The post of the foe;  
 Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,  
 Yet the strong man must go:

For the journey is done and the summit attained,  
And the barriers fall,  
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,  
The reward of it all.  
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,  
The best and the last!  
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,  
And bade me creep past.  
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers  
The heroes of old,  
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears  
Of pain, darkness and cold.  
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,  
The black minute's at end,  
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,  
Shall dwindle, shall blend,  
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,  
Then a light, then thy breast,  
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,  
And with God be the rest!

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EDWARD FITZGERALD

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FROM THE RUBÁIYÁT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,  
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou  
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—  
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

Some for the Glories of this World; and some  
Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come;  
Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go,  
Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum!

Look to the blowing Rose about us—"Lo,  
Laughing," she says, "into the world I blow,

At once the silken tassel of my Purse  
Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden throw."

And those who husbanded the Golden grain,  
And those who flung it to the winds like Rain,  
Alike to no such aureate Earth are turned  
As, buried once, Men want dug up again.

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon  
Turns Ashes—or it prospers; and anon,  
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face,  
Lighting a little hour or two—was gone.

Think, in this battered caravanserai  
Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day,  
How Sultán after Sultán with his Pomp  
Abode his destined Hour, and went his way.

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep  
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep:  
And Bahrá'm, that great Hunter—the Wild Ass  
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his Sleep.

I sometimes think that never blows so red  
The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;  
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears  
Dropped in her Lap from some once lovely Head.

And this reviving Herb whose tender Green  
Fledges the River-Lip on which we lean—  
Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows  
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen!

Ah, my Beloved, fill the Cup that clears  
Today of past Regret and future Fears:  
Tomorrow!—Why, Tomorrow I may be  
Myself with Yesterday's sev'n thousand Years.

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best  
That from his Vintage rolling Time hath pressed,  
Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,  
And one by one crept silently to rest.

And we that now make merry in the Room  
They left, and Summer dresses in new bloom,  
Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth  
Descend—ourselves to make a Couch—for whom?

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,  
Before we too into the Dust descend;  
Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie,  
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans End!

Yet Ah, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!  
That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!  
The Nightingale that in the branches sang,  
Ah whence, and whither flown again, who knows!

Would but the Desert of the Fountain yield  
One glimpse—if dimly, yet indeed, revealed,  
To which the fainting Traveller might spring,  
As springs the trampled herbage of the field!

Would but some winged Angel ere too late  
Arrest the yet unfolded Roll of Fate,  
And make the stern Recorder otherwise  
Enregister, or quite obliterate!

Ah Love! could you and I with Him conspire  
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,  
Would not we shatter it to bits—and then  
Remould it nearer to the Heart's desire!

Yon rising Moon that looks for us again—  
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;  
How oft hereafter rising look for us  
Through this same Garden—and for *one* in vain!

And when like her, oh Sáki, you shall pass  
Among the Guests Star-scattered on the Grass,  
And in your joyous errand reach the spot  
Where I made One—turn down an empty Glass!

---

 WILLIAM BELL SCOTT
 

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*The Witch's Ballad*

O I hae come from far away,  
 From a warm land far away,  
 A southern land across the sea,  
 With sailor-lads about the mast,  
 Merry and canny, and kind to me.

And I hae been to yon town  
 To try my luck in yon town;  
 Nort, and Mysie, Elspie too.  
 Right braw we were to pass the gate,  
 Wi' gowden clasps on girdles blue

Mysie smiled wi' ruminy mouth,  
 Innocent mouth, miminy mouth;  
 Elspie wore a scarlet gown,  
 Nort's grey eyes were unco' gleg.  
 My Castile comb was like a crown.

We walk'd abreast all up the street,  
 Into the market up the street;  
 Our hair with marigolds was wound,  
 Our bodices with love-knots laced,  
 Our merchandise with tansy bound.

Nort had chickens, I had cocks,  
 Gamesome cocks, loud-crowing cocks;  
 Mysie ducks, and Elspie drakes,—  
 For a wee groat or a pound;  
 We lost nae time wi' givies and takes.

—Lost nae time, for well we knew,  
 In our sleeves full well we knew,  
 When the gloaming came that night,

Duck nor drake, nor hen nor cock  
Would be found by candle-light.

And when our chaffering all was done,  
All was paid for, sold and done,  
We drew a glove on ilka hand,  
We sweetly curtsied, each to each,  
And deftly danced a saraband.

The market-lassies look'd and laugh'd,  
Left their gear, and look'd and laugh'd;  
They made as they would join the game,  
But soon their mithers, wild and wud,  
With whack and screech they stopp'd the same.

Sae loud the tongues o' randies grew,  
The flyin' and the skirlin' grew,  
At all the windows in the place,  
Wi' spoons or knives, wi' needle or awl,  
Was thrust out every hand and face.

And down each stair they throng'd anon,  
Gentle, semple, throng'd anon  
Souter and tailor, frowsy Nan,  
The ancient widow young again,  
Simpering behind her fan.

Without a choice, against their will,  
Doited, dazed, against their will,  
The market lassie and her mither,  
The farmer and his husbandman,  
Hand in hand dance a' thegither.

Slow at first, but faster soon,  
Still increasing, wild and fast,  
Hoods and mantles, hats and hose,

wud = mad

randies = viragoes

flyin' = scold - g

skirlin' = shrieking.

souter = cobbler.

doited = mazed.

Blindly doff'd and cast away,  
Left them naked, heads and toes.

They would have torn us limb from limb,  
Dainty limb from dainty limb;  
But never one of them could win  
Across the line that I had drawn  
With bleeding thumb a-widdershin.

But there was Jeff the provost's son,  
Jeff the provost's only son;  
There was Father Auld himsel',  
The Lombard frae the hostelry,  
And the lawyer Peter Fell.

All goodly men we singled out,  
Waled them well, and singled out,  
And drew them by the left hand in;  
Mysie the priest, and Elspie won  
The Lombard, Nort the lawyer carle,  
I mysel' the provost's son.

Then, with cantrip kisses seven,  
Three times round with kisses seven,  
Warp'd and woven there spun we  
Arms and legs and flaming hair,  
Like a whirlwind on the sea.

Like a wind that sucks the sea,  
Over and in and on the sea,  
Good sooth it was a mad delight;  
And every man of all the four  
Shut his eyes and laugh'd outright.

Laugh'd as long as they had breath,  
Laugh'd while they had sense or breath;  
And close about us coil'd a mist  
Of gnats and midges, wasps and flies,  
Like the whirlwind shaft it rist.

a-widdershin = the wrong way of the sun or E to W through N.  
waled = chose  
cantrip = magic

Drawn up I was right off my feet,  
Into the mist and off my feet;  
And, dancing on each chimney-top,  
I saw a thousand darling imps  
Keeping time with skip and hop.

And on the provost's brave ridge-tile,  
On the provost's grand ridge-tile,  
The Blackamoor first to master me  
I saw, I saw that winsome smile.  
The mouth that did my heart beguile,  
And spoke the great Word over me,  
In the land beyond the sea.

I call'd his name, I call'd aloud,  
Alas! I call'd on him aloud;  
And then he fill'd his hand with stour,  
And threw it towards me in the air;  
My mouse flew out, I lost my pow'r!

My lusty strength, my power were gone;  
Power was gone, and all was gone.  
He will not let me love him more!  
Of bell and whip and horse's tail  
He cares not if I find a store.

But I am proud if he is fierce!  
I am as proud as he is fierce;  
I'll turn about and backward go,  
If I meet again that Blackamoor,  
And he'll help us then, for he shall know  
I seek another paramour.

'And we'll gang once more to yon town,  
Wi' better luck to yon town;  
We'll walk in silk and cramoisie,  
And I shall wed the provost's son  
My lady of the town I'll be!

stour = dust.

cramoisie = crimson.



For I was born a crown'd king's child,  
 Born and nursed a king's child,  
 King o' a land ayont the sea,  
 Where the Blackamoor kiss'd me first,  
 And taught me art and glamourie.

Each one in her wame shall hide  
 Her hairy mouse, her wary mouse,  
 Fed on madwort and agramie,—  
 Wear amber beads between her breasts,  
 And blind-worm's skin about her knee.

The Lombard shall be Elspie's man,  
 Elspie's gowden husband-man;  
 Nort shall take the lawyer's hand;  
 The priest shall swear another vow:  
 We'll dance again the saraband!

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## EMILY BRONTË

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### *The Prisoner*

#### A FRAGMENT

IN the dungeon-crypts idly did I stray,  
 'Reckless of the lives wasting there away;  
 "Draw the ponderous bars! open, Warder stern!"  
 He dared not say me nay—the hinges harshly turn.

"Our guests are darkly lodged," I whisper'd, gazing through  
 The vault, whose grated eye showed heaven more grey than blue;  
 (This was when glad Spring laughed in awaking pride);  
 "Ay, darkly lodged enough!" returned my sullen guide.

Then, God forgive my youth; forgive my careless tongue;  
 I scoffed, as the chill chains on the damp flagstones rung:

ayont = beyond

glamourie = wizardry.

"Confined in triple walls, art thou so much to fear,  
That we must bind thee down and clench thy fetters here?"

The captive raised her face; it was as soft and mild  
As sculptured marble saint, or slumbering unwean'd child;  
It was so soft and mild, it was so sweet and fair,  
Pain could not trace a line, nor grief a shadow there!

The captive raised her hand and pressed it to her brow:  
"I have been struck," she said, "and I am suffering now;  
Yet these are little worth, your bolts and irons strong;  
And, were they forged in steel, they could not hold me long."

Hoarse laughed the jailor grim: "Shall I be won to hear;  
Dost think, fond, dreaming wretch, that I shall grant thy prayer?  
Or, better still, wilt melt my master's heart with groans?  
Ah! sooner might the sun thaw down these granite stones.

"My master's voice is low, his aspect bland and kind,  
But hard as hardest flint the soul that lurks behind;  
And I am rough and rude, yet not more rough to see  
Than is the hidden ghost that has its home in me."

About her lips there played a smile of almost scorn:  
"My friend," she gently said, "you have not heard me mourn;  
When you my kindred's lives, *my* lost life, can restore,  
Then may I weep and sue,—but never, friend, before!

"Still, let my tyrants know, I am not doomed to wear  
Year after year in gloom, and desolate despair;  
A messenger of Hope comes every night to me,  
And offers for short life, eternal liberty.

"He comes with western winds, with evening's wandering airs,  
With that clear dusk of heaven that brings the thickest stars.  
Winds take a pensive tone, and stars a tender fire,  
And visions rise, and change, that kill me with desire.

"Desire for nothing known in my maturer years,  
When joy grew mad with awe, at counting future tears  
When, if my spirit's sky was full of flashes warm,  
I knew not whence they came, from sun or thunder-storm.

"But, first, a hush of peace—a soundless calm descends;  
The struggle of distress, and fierce impatience ends;  
Mute music soothes my breast—unuttered harmony,  
That I could never dream, till Earth was lost to me.

"Then dawns the Invisible; the Unseen its truth reveals;  
My outward sense is gone, my inward essence feels:  
Its wings are almost free—its home, its harbour found,  
Measuring the gulf, it stoops—and dares the final bound.

"Oh! dreadful is the check—intense the agony—  
When the ear begins to hear, and the eye begins to see;  
When the pulse begins to throb, the brain to think again;  
The soul to feel the flesh, and the flesh to feel the chain.

"Yet I would lose no sting, would wish no torture less;  
The more that anguish racks, the earlier it will bless;  
And robed in fires of hell, or bright with heavenly shine,  
If it but herald death, the vision is divine!"

She ceased to speak, and we, unanswering, turned to go—  
We had no further power to work the captive woe  
Her cheek, her gleaming eye, declared that man had given  
A sentence, unapproved, and overruled by Heaven.

Then like a tender child whose hand did just unfold  
Safe in its eager grasp a bird it wept to hold,  
When pierced with one wild glance from the troubled hazel eye,  
It gushes into tears and lets its treasure fly,

Thus ruth and selfish love, together striving, tore  
The heart all newly taught to pity and adore;  
If I should break the chain, I felt my bird would go;  
Yet I must break the chain, or seal the prisoner's woe.

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ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

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*Say not the struggle nought availeth*

SAY not the struggle nought availeth,  
The labour and the wounds are vain,  
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,  
And as things have been things remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;  
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,  
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,  
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,  
Seem here no painful inch to gain,  
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,  
Comes silent, flooding in, the main,

And not by eastern windows only,  
When daylight comes, comes in the light,  
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,  
But westward, look, the land is bright!

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MATTHEW ARNOLD

---

*Shakespeare*

OTHERS abide our question. Thou art free.  
We ask and ask—Thou smilest and art still,  
Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill,  
Who to the stars uncrowns his majesty,

Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,  
 Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place,  
 Spares but the cloudy border of his base  
 To the foul'd searching of mortality;

And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,  
 Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honour'd, self-secure,  
 Didst tread on earth unguess'd at.—Better so!

All pains the immortal spirit must endure,  
 All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow,  
 Find their sole speech in that victorious brow.

### *The Scholar-Gipsy*

GO, for they call you, shepherd, from the hill;  
 Go, shepherd, and untie the wattled cotes!  
 No longer leave thy wistful flock unfed,  
 Nor let thy bawling fellows rack their throats,  
 Nor the cropp'd herbage shoot another head.  
 But when the fields are still,  
 And the tired men and dogs all gone to rest,  
 And only the white sheep are sometimes seen  
 Cross and recross the strips of moon-blanch'd green,  
 Come, shepherd, and again begin the quest!  
 Here, where the reaper was at work of late—  
 In this high field's dark corner, where he leaves  
 His coat, his basket, and his earthen cruse,  
 And in the sun all morning binds the sheaves,  
 Then here, at noon, comes back his stores to use—  
 Here will I sit and wait,  
 While to my ear from uplands far away  
 The bleating of the folded flocks is borne,  
 With distant cries of reapers in the corn—  
 All the live murmur of a summer's day.

Screen'd is this nook o'er the high, half-reap'd field,  
 And here till sun-down, shepherd! will I be.  
 Through the thick corn the scarlet poppies peep,  
 And round green roots and yellowing stalks I see  
 Pale pink convolvulus in tendrils creep;  
 And air-swept lindens yield

Their scent, and rustle down their perfum'd showers  
Of bloom on the bent grass where I am laid,  
And bower me from the August sun with shade;  
And the eye travels down to Oxford's towers.

And near me on the grass lies Glanvil's book—  
Come, let me read the oft-read tale again:  
The story of that Oxford scholar poor,  
Of pregnant parts and quick inventive brain,  
Who, tired of knocking at Preferment's door,  
One summer morn forsook  
His friends, and went to learn the Gipsy lore,  
And roam'd the world with that wild brotherhood,  
And came, as most men deem'd, to little good,  
But came to Oxford and his friends no more.

But once, years after, in the country lanes,  
Two scholars, whom at college erst he knew,  
Met him, and of his way of life inquired.  
Whereat he answer'd that the Gipsy crew,  
His mates, had arts to rule as they desired  
The workings of men's brains;  
And they can bind them to what thoughts they will:  
"And I," he said, "the secret of their art,  
When fully learn'd, will to the world impart:  
But it needs Heaven-sent moments for this skill!"

This said, he left them, and return'd no more,  
But rumours hung about the country-side,  
That the lost Scholar long was seen to stray,  
Seen by rare glimpses, pensive and tongue-tied,  
In hat of antique shape, and cloak of grey,  
The same the Gipsies wore.  
Shepherds had met him on the Hurst in spring;  
At some lone alehouse in the Berkshire moors,  
On the warm ingle-bench, the smock-frock'd boors  
Had found him seated at their entering,

But, 'mid their drink and clatter, he would fly:  
And I myself seem half to know thy looks,  
And put the shepherds, Wanderer, on thy trace;

And boys who in lone wheatfields scare the rooks  
 I ask if thou hast pass'd their quiet place;  
 Or in my boat I lie  
 Moor'd to the cool bank in the summer heats,  
 'Mid wide grass meadows which the sunshine fills,  
 And watch the warm green-muffled Cumnor hills,  
 And wonder if thou haunt'st their shy retreats.

For most, I know, thou lov'st retired ground!  
 Thee at the ferry Oxford riders blithe,  
 Returning home on summer-nights, have met  
 Crossing the stripling Thames at Bab-lock-huthe,  
 Trailing in the cool stream thy fingers wet,  
 As the punt's rope chops round;  
 And leaning backward in a pensive dream,  
 And fostering in thy lap a heap of flowers  
 Pluck'd in shy fields and distant Wychwood bowers,  
 And thine eyes resting on the moonlit stream.

And then they land, and thou art seen no more!—  
 Maidens, who from the distant hamlets come  
 To dance around the Fyfield elm in May,  
 Oft through the darkening fields have seen thee roam,  
 Or cross a stile into the public way;  
 Oft thou hast given them store  
 Of flowers—the frail-leaf'd, white anemony,  
 Dark bluebells drench'd with dews of summer eyes,  
 And purple orchises with spotted leaves—  
 But none hath words she can report of thee!

And, above Godstow Bridge, when hay-time's here  
 In June, and many a scythe in sunshine flames,  
 Men who through those wide fields of breezy grass,  
 Where black-wing'd swallows haunt the glittering Thames  
 To bathe in the abandon'd lasher pass,  
 Have often pass'd thee near  
 Sitting upon the river bank o'ergrown;  
 Mark'd thine outlandish garb, thy figure spare,  
 Thy dark vague eyes, and soft abstracted air—  
 But, when they came from bathing, thou wast gone!

At some lone homestead in the Cumnor hills,  
Where at her open door the housewife darns,  
Thou hast been seen, or hanging on a gate  
To watch the threshers in the mossy barns.  
Children, who early range these slopes and late  
For cresses from the rills,  
Have known thee cying, all an April-day,  
The springing pastures and the feeding kine;  
And mark'd thee, when the stars come out and shine,  
Through the long dewy grass move slow away.

In autumn, on the skirts of Bagley Wood—  
Where most the gipsies by the turf-edged way  
Pitch their smoked tents, and every bush you see  
With scarlet patches tagg'd and shreds of grey,  
Above the forest-ground called Thessaly—  
The blackbird, picking food,  
Sees thee, nor stops his meal, nor fears at all;  
So often has he known thee past him stray,  
Rapt, twirling in thy hand a wither'd spray,  
And waiting for the spark from heaven to fall.

And once, in winter, on the causeway chill  
Where home through flooded fields foot-travellers go,  
Have I not pass'd thee on the wooden bridge,  
Wrapt in thy cloak and battling with the snow,  
Thy face tow'rd Hinksey and its wintry ridge?  
And thou hast climb'd the hill,  
And gain'd the white brow of the Cumnor range;  
Turn'd once to watch, while thick the snow-flakes fall,  
The line of festal light in Christ-Church hall—  
Then sought thy straw in some sequester'd grange.

But what—I dream! Two hundred years are flown  
Since first thy story ran through Oxford halls,  
And the grave Glanvil did the tale inscribe  
That thou wert wander'd from the studious walls  
To learn strange arts, and join a gipsy-tribe;  
And thou from earth art gone  
Long since, and in some quiet churchyard laid—  
Some country-nook, where o'er thy unknown grave



Tall grasses and white flowering nettles wave,  
Under a dark, red-fruited yew-tree's shade.

—No, no, thou hast not felt the lapse of hours!  
For what wears out the life of mortal men?

'Tis that from change to change their being rolls;

'Tis that repeated shocks, again, again,

Exhaust the energy of strongest souls

And numb the elastic powers.

Till having used our nerves with bliss and teen,

And tired upon a thousand schemes our wit,

To the just-pausing Genius we remit

Our worn-out life, and are—what we have been.

Thou hast not lived, why should'st thou perish, so?

Thou hadst *one* aim, *one* business, *one* desire;

Else wert thou long since number'd with the dead!

Else hadst thou spent, like other men, thy fire!

The generations of thy peers are fled,

And we ourselves shall go;

But thou possessest an immortal lot,

And we imagine thee exempt from age

And living as thou liv'st on Glanvil's page,

Because thou hadst—what we, alas! have not.

For early didst thou leave the world, with powers

Fresh, undiverted to the world without,

Firm to their mark, not spent on other things;

Free from the sick fatigue, the languid doubt,

Which much to have tried, in much been baffled, brings.

O life unlike to ours!

Who fluctuate idly without term or scope,

Of whom each strives, nor knows for what he strives,

And each half lives a hundred different lives;

Who wait like thee, but not, like thee, in hope.

Thou waitest for the spark from heaven! and we,

Light half-believers of our casual creeds,

Who never deeply felt, nor clearly will'd,

Whose insight never has born fruit in deeds,

Whose vague resolves never have been fulfill'd;

For whom each year we see

Breeds new beginnings, disappointments new;  
 Who hesitate and falter life away,  
 And lose tomorrow the ground won today—  
 Ah! do not we, wanderer! await it too?

Yes, we await it!—but it still delays,  
 And then we suffer! and amongst us one,  
 Who most has suffer'd, takes dejectedly  
 His seat upon the intellectual throne;  
 And all his store of sad experience he  
 Lays bare of wretched days;  
 Tells us his misery's birth and growth and signs,  
 And how the dying spark of hope was fed,  
 And how the breast was soothed, and how the head,  
 And all his hourly varied anodynes.

This for our wisest! and we others pine,  
 And wish the long unhappy dream would end,  
 And waive all claim to bliss, and try to bear;  
 With close-lipp'd patience for our only friend,  
 Sad patience, too near neighbour to despair—  
 But none has hope like thine!  
 Thou through the fields and through the woods dost stray,  
 Roaming the country-side, a truant boy,  
 Nursing thy project in unclouded joy,  
 And every doubt long blown by time away.

O born in days when wits were fresh and clear,  
 And life ran gaily as the sparkling Thames;  
 Before this strange disease of modern life,  
 With its sick hurry, its divided aims,  
 Its heads o'ertax'd, its palsied hearts, was rife—  
 Fly hence, our contact fear!  
 Still fly, plunge deeper in the bowering wood!  
 Averse, as Dido did with gesture stern  
 From her false friend's approach in Hades turn,  
 Wave us away, and keep thy solitude!

Still nursing the unconquerable hope,  
 Still clutching the inviolable shade,  
 With a free, onward impulse brushing through,  
 By night, the silver'd branches of the glade—

Far on the forest-skirts, where none pursue,  
 On some mild pastoral slope  
 Emerge, and resting on the moonlit pales  
 Freshen thy flowers as in former years  
 With dew, or listen with enchanted ears,  
 From the dark dingles, to the nightingales!

But fly our paths, our feverish contact fly!  
 For strong the infection of our mental strife,  
 Which, though it gives no bliss, yet spoils for rest;  
 And we should win thee from thy own fair life,  
 Like us distracted, and like us unblest.  
 Soon, soon thy cheer would die,  
 Thy hopes grow tumorous, and unfix'd thy powers,  
 And thy clear aims be cross and shifting made;  
 And then thy glad perennial youth would fade,  
 Fade, and grow old at last, and die like ours.

Then fly our greetings, fly our speech and smiles!  
 —As some grave Tyrian trader, from the sea,  
 Descried at sunrise an emerging prow  
 Lifting the cool-hair'd creepers stealthily,  
 The fringes of a southward-facing brow  
 Among the Ægean isles;  
 And saw the merry Grecian coaster come,  
 Freighted with amber grapes, and Chian wine,  
 Green, bursting figs, and tunnies steep'd in brine—  
 And knew the intruders on his ancient home,

The young light-hearted masters of the waves—  
 And snatch'd his rudder, and shook out more sail,  
 And day and night held on indignantly  
 O'er the blue Midland waters with the gale,  
 Betwixt the Syrtes and soft Sicily,  
 To where the Atlantic raves  
 Outside the western straits, and unbent sails  
 There where down cloudy cliffs, through sheets of foam,  
 Shy traffickers, the dark Iberians come;  
 And on the beach undid his corded bales.

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COVENTRY PATMORE

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*The Toys*

MY little Son, who look'd from thoughtful eyes  
And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,  
Having my law the seventh time disobey'd,  
I struck him, and dismiss'd  
With hard words and unkiss'd,  
—His Mother, who was patient, being dead.  
Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,  
I visited his bed,  
But found him slumbering deep,  
With darken'd eyelids, and their lashes yet  
From his late sobbing wet.  
And I, with moan,  
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;  
For, on a table drawn beside his head,  
He had put, within his reach,  
A box of counters and a red-vein'd stone,  
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,  
And six or seven shells,  
A bottle with bluebells,  
And two French copper coins, ranged there with careful art,  
To comfort his sad heart.  
So when that night I pray'd  
To God, I wept, and said:  
"Ah, when at last we lie with trancèd breath,  
And Thou rememberest of what toys  
We made our joys,  
How weakly understood  
Thy great commanded good,  
Then, fatherly not less  
Than I whom Thou has moulded from the clay,  
Thou'lt leave Thy wrath, and say,  
'I will be sorry for their childishness.'"

*A Farewell*

**W**ITH all my will, but much against my heart,  
 We two now part.  
 My Very Dear,  
 Our solace is, the sad road lies so clear.  
 It needs no art,  
 With faint, averted feet  
 And many a tear,  
 In our opposed paths to persevere.  
 Go thou to East, I West.  
 We will not say  
 There's any hope, it is so far away.  
 But, O, my Best,  
 When the one darling of our widowhead,  
 The nursling Grief,  
 Is dead,  
 And no dews blur our eyes  
 To see the peach-bloom come in evening skies,  
 Perchance we may,  
 Where now this night is day,  
 And even through faith of still averted feet,  
 Making full circle of our banishment,  
 Amazed meet;  
 The bitter journey to the bourne so sweet  
 Seasoning the termless feast of our content  
 With tears of recognition never dry.

*Magna est Veritas*

**H**ERE, in this little Bay,  
 Full of tumultuous life and great repose,  
 Where, twice a day,  
 The purposeless, glad ocean comes and goes,  
 Under high cliffs, and far from the huge town,  
 I sit me down.  
 For want of me the world's course will not fail:  
 When all its work is done, the lie shall rot;  
 The truth is great, and shall prevail,  
 When none cares whether it prevail or not.

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DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

---

*The Blessed Damozel*

THE blessed damozel leaned out  
From the gold bar of Heaven;  
Her eyes were deeper than the depth  
Of waters stilled at even;  
She had three lilies in her hand,  
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,  
No wrought flowers did adorn,  
But a white rose of Mary's gift,  
For service meetly worn;  
Her hair that lay along her back  
Was yellow like ripe corn.

Herseemed she scarce had been a day  
One of God's choristers;  
The wonder was not yet quite gone  
From that still look of hers;  
Albeit, to them she left, her day  
Had counted as ten years.

(To one, it is ten years of years.  
. . . Yet now, and in this place,  
Surely she leaned o'er me—her hair  
Fell all about my face. . . .  
Nothing: the autumn-fall of leaves.  
The whole year sets apace.)

It was the rampart of God's house  
That she was standing on;  
By God built over the sheer depth  
The which is Space begun;  
So high, that looking downward thence  
She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in Heaven, across the flood  
Of ether, as a bridge.  
Beneath, the tides of day and night  
With flame and darkness ridge  
The void, as low as where this earth  
Spins like a fretful midge.

Around her, lovers, newly met  
'Mid deathless love's acclaims,  
Spoke evermore among themselves  
Their heart-remembered names;  
And the souls mounting up to God  
Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bowed herself and stooped  
Out of the circling charm;  
Until her bosom must have made  
The bar she leaned on warm,  
And the lilies lay as if asleep  
Along her bended arm.

From the fixed place of Heaven she saw  
Time like a pulse shake fierce  
Through all the worlds. Her gaze still strove  
Within the gulf to pierce  
Its path; and now she spoke as when  
The stars sang in their spheres.

The sun was gone now; the curled moon  
Was like a little feather  
Fluttering far down the gulf; and now  
She spoke through the still weather.  
Her voice was like the voice the stars  
Had when they sang together.

(Ah sweet! Even now, in that bird's song,  
Strove not her accents there,  
Fain to be hearkened? When those bells  
Possessed the mid-day air,  
Strove not her steps to reach my side  
Down all the echoing stair?)

"I wish that he were come to me,  
For he will come," she said.  
"Have I not prayed in Heaven?—on earth,  
Lord, Lord, has he not pray'd?  
Are not two prayers a perfect strength?  
And shall I feel afraid?"

"When round his head the aureole clings,  
And he is clothed in white,  
I'll take his hand and go with him  
To the deep wells of light;  
As unto a stream we will step down,  
And bathe there in God's sight.

"We two will stand beside that shrine,  
Occult, withheld, untrod,  
Whose lamps are sturred continually  
With prayer sent up to God;  
And see our old prayers, granted, melt  
Each like a little cloud.

"We two will lie i' the shadow of  
That living mystic tree  
Within whose secret growth the Dove  
Is sometimes felt to be,  
While every leaf that His plumes touch  
Saith His Name audibly.

"And I myself will teach to him,  
I myself, lying so,  
The songs I sing here; which his voice  
Shall pause in, hushed and slow,  
And find some knowledge at each pause,  
Or some new thing to know."

(Alas! We two, we two, thou say'st!  
Yea, one wast thou with me  
That once of old. But shall God lift  
To endless unity  
The soul whose likeness with thy soul  
Was but its love for thee?)



"We two," she said, "will seek the groves  
Where the lady Mary is,  
With her five handmaidens, whose names  
Are five sweet symphonies,  
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,  
Margaret and Rosalys.

"Circlewise sit they, with bound locks  
And foreheads garlanded;  
Into the fine cloth white like flame  
Weaving the golden thread,  
To fashion the birth-robcs for them  
Who are just born, being dead.

"He shall fear, haply, and be dumb:  
Then will I lay my cheek  
To his, and tell about our love,  
Not once abashed or weak:  
And the dear Mother will approve  
My pride, and let me speak.

"Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,  
To Him round whom all souls  
Kneel, the clear-ranged unnumbered heads  
Bowed with their aureoles.  
And angels meeting us shall sing  
To their citherns and citoles.

"There will I ask of Christ the Lord  
Thus much for him and me:—  
Only to live as once on earth  
With Love,—only to be,  
As then awhile, for ever now  
Together, I and he."

She gazed and listened and then said,  
Less sad of speech than muid,—  
"All this is when he comes." She ceased.  
The light thrilled towards her, fill'd  
With angels in strong level flight.  
Her eyes prayed, and she smil'd.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path  
Was vague in distant spheres:  
And then she cast her arms along  
The golden barriers,  
And laid her face between her hands,  
And wept. (I heard her tears.)

### *The Woodspurge*

THE wind flapped loose, the wind was still,  
Shaken out dead from tree and hill:  
I had walked on at the wind's will,—  
I sat now, for the wind was still.

Between my knees my forehead was, —  
My lips, drawn in, said not Alas!  
My hair was over in the grass,  
My naked ears heard the day pass.

My eyes, wide open, had the run  
Of some ten weeds to fix upon;  
Among those few, out of the sun,  
The woodspurge flowered, three cups in one.

From perfect grief there need not be  
Wisdom or even memory:  
One thing then learnt remains to me,—  
The woodspurge has a cup of three.

---

 GEORGE MEREDITH
 

---

*Modern Love*

## XLIII

MARK where the pressing wind shoots javelin-like,  
 Its skeleton shadow on the broad-backed wave!  
 Here is a fitting spot to dig Love's grave;  
 Here where the ponderous breakers plunge and strike,  
 And dart their hissing tongues high up the sand:  
 In hearing of the ocean, and in sight  
 Of those ribbed wind-streaks running into white.  
 If I the death of Love had deeply planned,  
 I never could have made it half so sure,  
 As by the unblest kisses which upbraid  
 The full-waked sense; or failing that, degrade!  
 'Tis morning: but no morning can restore  
 What we have forfeited. I see no sin:  
 The wrong is mixed. In tragic life, God wot,  
 No villain need be! Passions spin the plot:  
 We are betrayed by what is false within.

## XLVII

We saw the swallows gathering in the sky,  
 And in the osier-isle we heard them noise.  
 We had not to look back on summer joys,  
 Or forward to a summer of bright dye:  
 But in the largeness of the evening earth  
 Our spirits grew as we went side by side.  
 The hour became her husband and my bride.  
 Love, that had robbed us so, thus blessed our dearth!  
 The pilgrims of the year waxed very loud  
 In multitudinous chatterings, as the flood  
 Full brown came from the West, and like pale blood  
 Expanded to the upper crimson cloud.

Love, that had robbed us of immortal things,  
 This little moment mercifully gave,  
 Where I have seen across the twilight wave  
 The swan sail with her young beneath her wings.

## L

Thus piteously Love closed what he begat:  
 The union of this ever-diverse pair!  
 These two were rapid falcons in a snare,  
 Condemned to do the flitting of the bat.  
 Lovers beneath the singing sky of May,  
 They wandered once; clear as the dew on flowers:  
 But they fed not on the advancing hours:  
 Their hearts held cravings for the buried day.  
 Then each applied to each that fatal knife,  
 Deep questioning, which probes to endless dole.  
 Ah, what a dusty answer gets the soul  
 When hot for certainties in this our life!—  
 In tragic hints here see what evermore  
 Moves dark as yonder midnight ocean's force,  
 Thundering like ramping hosts of warrior horse,  
 To throw that faint thin line upon the shore!

*Lucifer in Starlight*

ON a starr'd night Prince Lucifer uprose.  
 Tired of his dark dominion swung the fiend  
 Above the rolling ball! in cloud part screen'd,  
 Where sinners hugg'd their spectre of repose.  
 Poor prey to his hot fit of pride were those.  
 And now upon his western wing he lean'd,  
 Now his huge bulk o'er Afric's sands careen'd,  
 Now the black planet shadow'd Arctic snows.  
 Soaring through wider zones that prick'd his scars  
 With memory of the old revolt from Awe,  
 He reach'd a middle height, and at the stars,  
 Which are the brain of heaven, he look'd, and sank.  
 Around the ancient track march'd, rank on rank,  
 The army of unalterable law.

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CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

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*Goblin Market*

MORNING and evening  
Maids heard the goblins cry:  
"Come buy our orchard fruits,  
Come buy, come buy:  
Apples and quinces,  
Lemons and oranges,  
Plump unpecked cherries,  
Melons and raspberries,  
Bloom-down-cheeked peaches,  
Swart-headed mulberries,  
Wild free-born cranberries,  
Crab apples, dewberries,  
Pine-apples, blackberries,  
Apricots, strawberries;—  
All ripe together  
In summer weather,—  
Morns that pass by,  
Fair eves that fly;  
Come buy, come buy:  
Our grapes fresh from the vine,  
Pomegranates full and fine,  
Dates and sharp bullaces,  
Rare pears and greengages,  
Damsons and bilberries,  
Taste them and try:  
Currants and gooseberries,  
Bright-fire-like barberries,  
Figs to fill your mouth,  
Citrons from the South,  
Sweet to tongue and sound to eye;  
Come buy, come buy."

Evening by evening  
Among the brookside rushes,  
Laura bowed her head to hear,  
Lizzie veiled her blushes:  
Crouching close together  
In the cooling weather,  
With clasping arms and cautioning lips,  
With tingling cheeks and finger tips.  
"Lie close," Laura said,  
Pricking up her golden head:  
"We must not look at goblin men,  
We must not buy their fruits:  
Who knows upon what soil they fed  
Their hungry thirsty roots?"  
"Come buy," call the goblins  
Hobbling down the glen.  
"Oh," cried Lizzie, "Laura, Laura,  
You should not peep at goblin men."  
Lizzie covered up her eyes,  
Covered close lest they should look;  
Laura reared her glossy head,  
And whispered like the restless brook:  
"Look, Lizzie, look, Lizzie,  
Down the glen tramp little men.  
One hauls a basket,  
One bears a plate,  
One lugs a golden dish  
Of many pounds weight.  
How fair the vine must grow  
Whose grapes are so luscious;  
How warm the wind must blow  
Through those fruit bushes."  
"No," said Lizzie. "No, no, no;  
Their offers should not charm us,  
Their evil gifts would harm us."  
She thrust a dimpled finger  
In each ear, shut eyes and ran:  
Curious Laura chose to linger  
Wondering at each merchant man.  
One had a cat's face,  
One whisked a tail,

One tramped at a rat's pace,  
One crawled like a snail,  
One like a wombat prowled obtuse and furry,  
One like a ratel tumbled hurry skurry.  
She heard a voice like voice of doves  
Cooing all together:  
They sounded kind and full of loves  
In the pleasant weather.

Laura stretched her gleaming neck  
Like a rush-imbedded swan,  
Like a lily from the beck,  
Like a moonlit poplar branch,  
Like a vessel at the launch  
When its last restraint is gone.

Backwards up the mossy glen  
Turned and trooped the goblin men,  
With their shrill repeated cry,  
"Come buy, come buy."  
When they reached where Laura was  
They stood stock still upon the moss,  
Leering at each other,  
Brother with queer brother;  
Signalling each other,  
Brother with sly brother.  
One set his basket down,  
One reared his plate;  
One began to weave a crown  
Of tendrils, leaves, and rough nuts brown  
(Men sell not such in any town);  
One heaved the golden weight  
Of dish and fruit to offer her:  
"Come buy, come buy," was still their cry.  
Laura stared but did not stir,  
Longed but had no money:  
The whisk-tailed merchant bade her taste  
In tones as smooth as honey,  
The cat-faced purr'd,  
The rat-paced spoke a word  
Of welcome, and the snail-paced even was heard;  
One parrot-voiced and jolly

Cried "Pretty Goblin" still for "Pretty Polly";—  
One whistled like a bird.

But sweet-tooth Laura spoke in haste:  
"Good folk, I have no coin;  
To take were to purloin:  
I have no copper in my purse,  
I have no silver either,  
And all my gold is on the furze  
That shakes in windy weather  
Above the rusty heather."  
"You have much gold upon your head,"  
They answered all together.  
"Buy from us with a golden curl."  
She clipped a precious golden lock,  
She dropped a tear more rare than pearl,  
Then sucked their fruit globes fair or red.  
Sweeter than honey from the rock,  
Stronger than man-rejoicing wine,  
Clearer than water flowed that juice;  
She never tasted such before,  
How should it cloy with length of use?  
She sucked and sucked and sucked the more  
Fruits which that unknown orchard bore;  
She sucked until her lips were sore;  
Then flung the emptied rinds away  
But gathered up one kernel stone,  
And knew not was it night or day  
As she turned home alone.

Lizzie met her at the gate  
Full of wise upbraidings:  
"Dear, you should not stay so late,  
Twilight is not good for maidens;  
Should not loiter in the glen  
In the haunts of goblin men.  
Do you not remember Jeanie,  
How she met them in the moonlight,  
Took their gifts both choice and many,  
Ate their fruits and wore their flowers  
Plucked from bowers  
Where summer ripens at all hours?"



But ever in the moonlight  
She pined and pined away;  
Sought them by night and day,  
Found them no more but dwindled and grew grey;  
Then fell with the first snow,  
While to this day no grass will grow  
Where she lies low:  
I planted daisies there a year ago  
That never blow.  
You should not loiter so."  
"Nay, hush," said Laura:  
"Nay, hush, my sister:  
I ate and ate my fill,  
Yet my mouth waters still;  
Tomorrow night I will  
Buy more:" and kissed her:  
"Have done with sorrow;  
I'll bring you plums tomorrow  
Fresh on their mother twigs,  
Cherries worth getting;  
You cannot think what figs  
My teeth have met in,  
What melons icy-cold  
Piled on a dish of gold  
Too huge for me to hold,  
What peaches with a velvet nap,  
Pellucid grapes without one seed:  
Odorous indeed must be the mead  
Whereon they grow, and pure the wave they drink  
With lilies at the brink,  
And sugar-sweet their sap."

Golden head by golden head,  
Like two pigeons in one nest  
Folded in each other's wings,  
They lay down in their curtained bed:  
Like two blossoms on one stem,  
Like two flakes of new-fall'n snow,  
Like two wands of ivory  
Tipped with gold for awful kings.  
Moon and stars gazed in at them,  
Wind sang to them lullaby,

Lumbering owls forbore to fly,  
Not a bat flapped to and fro  
Round their nest:  
Cheek to cheek and breast to breast  
Locked together in one nest.

Early in the morning  
When the first cock crowed his warning,  
Neat like bees, as sweet and busy,  
Laura rose with Lizzie.  
Fetched in honey, milked the cows,  
Aired and set to rights the house,  
Kneaded cakes of whitest wheat,  
Cakes for dainty mouths to eat,  
Next churned butter, whipped up cream,  
Fed their poultry, sat and sewed;  
Talked as modest maidens should:  
Lizzie with an open heart,  
Laura in an absent dream,  
One content, one sick in part;  
One warbling for the mere bright day's delight,  
One longing for the night.

At length slow evening came:  
They went with pitchers to the reedy brook;  
Lizzie most placid in her look,  
Laura most like a leaping flame.  
They drew the gurgling water from its deep;  
Lizzie plucked purple and rich golden flags,  
Then turning homewards said: "The sunset flushes  
Those furthest loftiest crags;  
Come, Laura, not another maiden lags,  
No wilful squirrel wags,  
The beasts and birds are fast asleep."  
But Laura loitered still among the rushes  
And said the bank was steep.

And said the hour was early still,  
The dew not fall'n, the wind not chill:  
Listening ever, but not catching  
The customary cry,  
"Come buy, come buy,"

With its iterated jungle  
Of sugar-baited words:  
Not for all her watching  
Once discerning even one goblin  
Racing, whisking, tumbling, hobbling;  
Let alone the herds  
That used to tramp along the glen,  
In groups or single,  
Of brisk fruit-merchant men.

Till Lizzie urged, "O Laura, come;  
I hear the fruit-call but I dare not look:  
You should not loiter longer at this brook:  
Come with me home.  
The stars rise, the moon bends her arc,  
Each glowworm winks her spark,  
Let us get home before the night grows dark:  
For clouds may gather  
Though this is summer weather,  
Put out the lights and drench us through;  
Then if we lost our way what should we do?"

Laura turned cold as stone  
To find her sister heard that cry alone,  
That goblin cry,  
"Come buy our fruits, come buy."  
Must she then buy no more such dainty fruit?  
Must she no more such succous pasture find,  
Gone deaf and blind?  
Her tree of life drooped from the root:  
She said not one word in her heart's sore ache;  
But peering thro' the dimness, nought discerning,  
Trudged home, her pitcher dripping all the way;  
So crept to bed, and lay  
Silent till Lizzie slept;  
Then sat up in a passionate yearning,  
And gnashed her teeth for baulked desire, and wept  
As if her heart would break.

Day after day, night after night,  
Laura kept watch in vain  
In sullen silence of exceeding pain.

She never caught again the goblin cry:  
"Come buy, come buy;"—  
She never spied the goblin men  
Hawking their fruits along the glen:  
But when the noon waxed bright  
Her hair grew thin and grey;  
She dwindled, as the fair full moon doth turn  
To swift decay and burn  
Her fire away.

One day remembering her kernel-stone  
She set it by a wall that faced the south;  
Dewed it with tears, hoped for a root,  
Watched for a waxing shoot,  
But there came none;  
It never saw the sun,  
It never felt the trickling moisture run:  
While with sunk eyes and faded mouth  
She dreamed of melons, as a traveller sees  
False waves in desert drouth  
With shade of leaf-crowned trees,  
And burns the thirstier in the sandful breeze.

She no more swept the house,  
Tended the fowls or cows,  
Fetched honey, kneaded cakes of wheat,  
Brought water from the brook—  
But sat down listless in the chimney-nook  
And would not eat.

Tender Lizzie could not bear  
To watch her sister's cankerous care  
Yet not to share.  
She night and morning  
Caught the goblins' cry:  
"Come buy our orchard fruits,  
Come buy, come buy—"—  
Beside the brook, along the glen,  
She heard the tramp of goblin men,  
The voice and stir  
Poor Laura could not hear;  
Longed to buy fruit to comfort her,

But feared to pay too dear.  
She thought of Jeanie in her grave,  
Who should have been a bride;  
But who for joys brides hope to have  
Fell sick and died  
In her gay prime,  
In earliest Winter time,  
With the first glazing rime,  
With the first snow-fall of crisp Winter time.

Till Laura dwindling  
Seemed knocking at Death's door:  
Then Lizzie weighed no more  
Better and worse;  
But put a silver penny in her purse,  
Kissed Laura, crossed the heath with clumps of furze  
At twilight, halted by the brook.  
And for the first time in her life  
Began to listen and look.

Laughed every goblin  
When they spied her peeping:  
Came towards her hobbling,  
Flying, running, leaping,  
Puffing and blowing,  
Chuckling, clapping, crowing,  
Clucking and gobbling,  
Mopping and mowing,  
Full of airs and graces,  
Pulling wry faces,  
Demure grimaces,  
Cat-like and rat-like,  
Ratel- and wombat-like,  
Snail-paced in a hurry,  
Parrot-voiced and whistler,  
Helter skelter, hurry skurry,  
Chattering like magpies,  
Fluttering like pigeons,  
Gliding like fishes,—  
Hugged her and kissed her:  
Squeezed and caressed her:  
Stretched up their dishes,

Panniers, and plates:

"Look at our apples

Russet and dun,

Boo at our cherries,

Bite at our peaches,

Citrons and dates,

Grapes for the asking,

Pears red with basking

Out in the sun,

Plums on their twigs;

Pluck them and suck them,

Pomegranates, figs."—

"Good folk," said LIZZIE,

Mindful of Jeanie:

"Give me much and many:"—

Held out her apron,

Tossed them her penny.

"Nay, take a seat with us,

Honour and eat with us,"

They answered grinning:

"Our feast is but beginning.

Night yet is early,

Warm and dew-pearly,

Wakeful and starry

Such fruits as these

No man can carry;

Half their bloom would fly,

Half their dew would dry,

Half their flavour would pass by.

Sit down and feast with us,

Be welcome guest with us,

Cheer you and rest with us."—

"Thank you," said LIZZIE. "But one waits

At home alone for me—

So without further parleying,

If you will not sell me any

Of your fruits though much and many,

Give me back my silver penny

I tossed you for a fee."—

They began to scratch their pates,

No longer wagging, purring,

But visibly demurring,  
Grunting and snarling.  
One called her proud,  
Cross-grained, uncivil;  
Their tones waxed loud,  
Their looks were evil.  
Lashing their tails  
They trod and hustled her,  
Elbowed and jostled her,  
Clawed with their nails,  
Barking, mewling, hissing, mocking,  
Tore her gown and soiled her stocking,  
Twitched her hair out by the roots,  
Stamped upon her tender feet,  
Held her hands and squeezed their fruits  
Against her mouth to make her eat.

White and golden Lizzie stood,  
Like a lily in a flood,—  
Like a rock of blue-veined stone  
Lashed by tides obstreperously,—  
Like a beacon left alone  
In a hoary roaring sea,  
Sending up a golden fire,—  
Like a fruit-crowned orange-tree  
White with blossoms honey-sweet  
Sore beset by wasp and bee,—  
Like a royal virgin town  
Topped with gilded dome and spire  
Close beleaguered by a fleet  
Mad to tug her standard down.

One may lead a horse to water,  
Twenty cannot make him drink.  
Though the goblins cuffed and caught her,  
Coaxed and fought her,  
Bullied and besought her,  
Scratched her, pinched her black as ink,  
Kicked and knocked her,  
Mauled and mocked her,  
Lizzie uttered not a word;  
Would not open lip from lip

Lest they should cram a mouthful in:  
But laughed in heart to feel the drip  
Of juice that syrugged all her face,  
And lodged in dimples of her chin,  
And streaked her neck which quaked like curd.  
At last the evil people  
Worn out by her resistance  
Flung back her penny, kicked their fruit  
Along whichever road they took,  
Not leaving root or stone or shoot;  
Some writhed into the ground,  
Some dived into the brook  
With ring and ripple,  
Some scudded on the gale without a sound,  
Some vanished in the distance.

In a smart, ache, tingle,  
Lizzie went her way;  
Knew not was it night or day;  
Sprang up the bank, tore thro' the furze,  
Threaded copse and dingle,  
And heard her penny jingle  
Bouncing in her purse,—  
Its bounce was music to her ear.  
She ran and ran  
As if she feared some goblin man  
Dogged her with gibe or curse  
Or something worse:  
But not one goblin skurried after,  
Nor was she pricked by fear;  
The kind heart made her windy-paced  
That urged her home quite out of breath with haste  
And inward laughter.

She cried "Laura," up the garden,  
"Did you miss me?  
Come and kiss me.  
Never mind my bruises,  
Hug me, kiss me, suck my juices  
Squeezed from goblin fruits for you,  
Goblin pulp and goblin dew.  
Eat me, drink me, love me;



Laura, make much of me:  
For your sake I have braved the glen  
And had to do with goblin merchant men."

Laura started from her chair,  
Flung her arms up in the air,  
Clutched her hair.  
"Lizzie, Lizzie, have you tasted  
For my sake the fruit forbidden?  
Must your light like mine be hidden,  
Your young life like mine be wasted,  
Undone in mine undoing  
And ruined in my ruin,  
Thirsty, cankered, goblin-ridden?"—  
She clung about her sister,  
Kissed and kissed and kissed her:  
Tears once again  
Refreshed her shrunken eyes,  
Dropping like rain  
After long sultry drouth;  
Shaking with aguish fear, and pain,  
She kissed and kissed her with a hungry mouth.

Her lips began to scorch,  
That juice was wormwood to her tongue,  
She loathed the feast.  
Writhing as one possessed she leaped and sung,  
Rent all her robe, and wrung  
Her hands in lamentable haste,  
And beat her breast.  
Her locks streamed like the torch  
Borne by a racer at full speed,  
Or like the mane of horses in their flight,  
Or like an eagle when she stems the light  
Straight toward the sun,  
Or like a caged thing freed,  
Or like a flying flag when armies run.

Swift fire spread through her veins, knocked at her heart,  
Met the fire smouldering there  
And overbore its lesser flame;  
She gorged on bitterness without a name:

Ah! fool, to choose such part  
Of soul-consuming care!  
Sense failed in the mortal strife:  
Like the watch-tower of a town  
Which an earthquake shatters down,  
Like a lightning-stricken mast,  
Like a wind-uprooted tree  
Spun about,  
Like a foam-topped waterspout  
Cast down headlong in the sea,  
She fell at last;  
Pleasure past and anguish past,  
Is it death or is it life?

Life out of death.  
That night long Lizzie watched by her,  
Counted her pulse's flagging stir,  
Felt for her breath,  
Held water to her lips, and cooled her face  
With tears and fanning leaves.  
But when the first birds chirped about their eaves,  
And early reapers plodded to the place  
Of golden sheaves,  
And dew-wet grass  
Bowed in the morning winds so brisk to pass,  
And new buds with new day  
Opened of cup-like lilies on the stream,  
Laura awoke as from a dream,  
Laughed in the innocent old way,  
Hugged Lizzie but not twice or thrice;  
Her gleaming locks showed not one thread of grey,  
Her breath was sweet as May  
And light danced in her eyes.

Days, weeks, months, years  
Afterwards, when both were wives  
With children of their own;  
Their mother-hearts beset with fears,  
Their lives bound up in tender lives;  
Laura would call the little ones  
And tell them of her early prime,  
Those pleasant days long gone

Of not-returning time:  
Would talk about the haunted glen,  
The wicked, quaint fruit-merchant men,  
Their fruits like honey to the throat  
But poison in the blood;  
(Men sell not such in any town:)  
Would tell them how her sister stood  
In deadly peril to do her good,  
And win the fiery antidote:  
Then joining hands to little hands  
Would bid them cling together,  
"For there is no friend like a sister  
In calm or stormy weather;  
To cheer one on the tedious way,  
To fetch one if one goes astray,  
To lift one if one totters down,  
To strengthen whilst one stands."

### *Remember*

REMEMBER me when I am gone away,  
Gone far away into the silent land;  
When you can no more hold me by the hand,  
Nor I half turn to go, yet turning stay.  
Remember me when no more, day by day,  
You tell me of our future that you planned;  
Only remember me; you understand  
It will be late to counsel then or pray.  
Yet if you should forget me for a while  
And afterwards remember, do not grieve;  
For if the darkness and corruption leave  
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,  
Better by far you should forget and smile  
Than that you should remember and be sad.

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WILLIAM MORRIS

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*The Gilliflower of Gold*

A GOLDEN gilliflower today  
I wore upon my helm alway,  
And won the prize of this tourney.  
*Hah! hah! la belle jaune giroflée.*

However well Sir Giles might sit,  
His sun was weak to wither it;  
Lord Miles's blood was dew on it:  
*Hah! hah! la belle jaune giroflée.*

Although my spear in splinters flew,  
From John's steel-coat, my eye was true;  
I wheel'd about, and cried for you,  
*Hah! hah! la belle jaune giroflée.*

Yea, do not doubt my heart was good,  
Though my sword flew like rotten wood,  
To shout, although I scarcely stood,  
*Hah! hah! la belle jaune giroflée.*

My hand was steady too, to take  
My axe from round my neck, and break  
John's steel-coat up for my love's sake.  
*Hah! hah! la belle jaune giroflée.*

When I stood in my tent again,  
Arming afresh, I felt a pain  
Take hold of me, I was so fain—  
*Hah! hah! la belle jaune giroflée.*

To hear "*Honneur aux fils des preux!*"  
Right in my ears again, and shew  
The gilliflower blossomed new.  
*Hah! hah! la belle jaune giroflée.*

## ENGLISH POETRY

The Sieur Guillaume against me came,  
 His tabard bore three points of flame  
 From a red heart: with little blame—  
*Hah! hah! la belle jaune giroflée.*

Our tough spears crackled up like straw;  
 He was the first to turn and draw  
 His sword, that had nor speck nor flaw,—  
*Hah! hah! la belle jaune giroflée.*

But I felt weaker than a maid,  
 And my brain, dizzied and afraid,  
 Within my helm a fierce tune play'd,—  
*Hah! hah! la belle jaune giroflée.*

Until I thought of your dear head,  
 Bow'd to the gilliflower bed,  
 The yellow flowers stain'd with red;—  
*Hah! hah! la belle jaune giroflée.*

Crash! how the swords met, "*giroflée!*"  
 The fierce tune in my helm would play,  
 "*La belle! la belle! jaune giroflée!*"  
*Hah! hah! la belle jaune giroflée.*

Once more the great swords met again,  
 "*La belle! la belle!*" but who fell then?  
 Le Sieur Guillaume, who struck down ten;—  
*Hah! hah! la belle jaune giroflée.*

And as with mazed and unarm'd face  
 Toward my own crown and the Queen's place,  
 They led me at a gentle pace—  
*Hah! hah! la belle jaune giroflée.*

I almost saw your quiet head  
 Bow'd o'er the gilliflower bed,  
 The yellow flowers stain'd with red.  
*Hah! hah! la belle jaune giroflée.*

*The Voice of Toil*

I HEARD men saying, Leave hope and praying,  
All days shall be as all have been;  
Today and tomorrow bring fear and sorrow,  
The never-ending toil between.

When Earth was younger mid toil and hunger,  
In hope we strove, and our hands were strong;  
Then great men led us, with words they fed us,  
And bade us right the earthly wrong.

Go read in story their deeds and glory,  
Their names amidst the nameless dead;  
Turn then from lying to us slow-dying  
In that good world to which they led;

Where faster and faster our iron master,  
The thing we made, forever drives,  
Bids us grind treasure and fashion pleasure  
For other hopes and other lives.

Where home is a hovel and dull we grovel,  
Forgetting that the world is fair;  
Where no babe we cherish, lest its very soul perish;  
Where mirth is crime, and love a snare.

Who now shall lead us, what God shall heed us  
As we lie in the hell our hands have won?  
For us are no rulers but fools and befoolers,  
The great are fallen, the wise men gone.

I heard men saying, Leave tears and praying,  
The sharp knife heedeth not the sheep;  
Are we not stronger than the rich and the wronger,  
When day breaks over dreams and sleep?

Come, shoulder to shoulder, ere the world grows older!  
Help lies in naught but thee and me;  
Hope is before us, the long years that bore us  
Bore leaders more than men may be.

Let dead hearts tarry and trade and marry,  
 And trembling nurse their dreams of mirth,  
 While we the living our lives are giving  
 To bring the bright new world to birth.

Come, shoulder to shoulder ere Earth grows older!  
 The Cause spreads over land and sea;  
 Now the world shaketh, and fear awaketh,  
 And joy at last for thee and me.

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### JAMES THOMSON

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#### FROM THE CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT

##### I

THE City is of Night; perchance of Death,  
 But certainly of Night; for never there  
 Can come the lucid morning's fragrant breath  
 After the dewy dawning's cold grey air;  
 The moon and stars may shine with scorn or pity;  
 The sun has never visited that city,  
 For it dissolveth in the daylight fair.

Dissolveth like a dream of night away;  
 Though present in distempered gloom of thought  
 And deadly weariness of heart all day.  
 But when a dream night after night is brought  
 Throughout a week, and such weeks few or many  
 Recur each year for several years, can any  
 Discern that dream from real life in aught?

For life is but a dream whose shapes return,  
 Some frequently, some seldom, some by night  
 And some by day, some night and day. we learn,  
 The while all change and many vanish quite,  
 In their recurrence with recurrent changes

A certain seeming order; where this ranges  
We count things real; such is memory's might.

A river girds the city west and south,  
The main north channel of a broad lagoon,  
Regurging with the salt tides from the mouth;  
Waste marshes shine and glister to the moon  
For leagues, then moorland black, then stony ridges;  
Great piers and causeways, many noble bridges,  
Connect the town and islet suburbs strewn.

Upon an easy slope it lies at large,  
And scarcely overlaps the long curved crest  
Which swells out two leagues from the river marge.  
A trackless wilderness rolls north and west,  
Savannahs, savage woods, enormous mountains,  
Bleak uplands, black ravines with torrent fountains;  
And eastward rolls the shipless sea's unrest.

The city is not ruinous, although  
Great ruins of an unremembered past,  
With others of a few short years ago,  
More sad, are found within its precincts vast  
The street-lamps always burn; but scarce a casement  
In house or palace front from room to basement  
Doth glow or gleam athwart the mirk air cast

The street-lamps burn amidst the baleful glooms,  
Amidst the soundless solitudes immense  
Of ranged mansions dark and still as tombs.  
The silence which benumbs or strains the sense  
Fulfills with awe the soul's despair unweeping:  
Myriads of habitants are ever sleeping,  
Or dead, or fled from nameless pestilence!

Yet as in some necropolis you find  
Perchance one mourner to a thousand dead,  
So there; worn faces that look deaf and blind  
Like tragic masks of stone. With weary tread,  
Each wrapped in his own doom, they wander, wander,  
Or sit foredone and desolately ponder  
Through sleepless hours with heavy drooping head.



Mature men chiefly, few in age or youth,  
 A woman rarely, now and then a child:  
 A child! If here the heart turns sick with ruth  
 To see a little one from birth defiled,  
 Or lame or blind, as preordained to languish  
 Through youthless life, think how it bleeds with anguish  
 To meet one erring in that homeless wild.

They often murmur to themselves, they speak  
 To one another seldom, for their woe  
 Broods maddening inwardly and scorns to wreak  
 Itself abroad; and if at whiles it grow  
 To frenzy which must rave, none heeds the clamour,  
 Unless there waits some victim of like glamour,  
 To rave in turn, who lends attentive show.

The City is of Night, but not of Sleep;  
 There sweet sleep is not for the weary brain;  
 The pitiless hours like years and ages creep,  
 A night seems termless hell. This dreadful strain  
 Of thought and consciousness which never ceases,  
 Or which some moments' stupor but increases,  
 This, worse than woe, makes wretches there insane.

They leave all hope behind who enter there:  
 One certitude while sane they cannot leave,  
 One anodyne for torture and despair;  
 The certitude of Death, which no reprieve  
 Can put off long; and which, divinely tender,  
 But waits the outstretched hand to promptly render  
 That draught whose slumber nothing can bereave.

## IV

He stood alone within the spacious square,  
 Declaiming from the central grassy mound,  
 With head uncovered and with streaming hair,  
 As if large multitudes were gathered round:  
 A stalwart shape, the gestures full of might,  
 The glances burning with unnatural light:—

As I came through the desert thus it was,  
 As I came through the desert: All was black,

In heaven no single star, on earth no track;  
A brooding hush without a stir or note,  
The air so thick it clotted in my throat;  
And thus for hours; then some enormous things  
Swooped past with savage cries and clanking wings:  
    But I strode on austere;  
    No hope could have no fear.

As I came through the desert thus it was,  
As I came through the desert: Eyes of fire  
Glared at me throbbing with a starved desire;  
The hoarse and heavy and carnivorous breath  
Was hot upon me from deep jaws of death;  
Sharp claws, swift talons, fleshless fingers cold  
Plucked at me from the bushes, tried to hold:  
    But I strode on austere;  
    No hope could have no fear.

As I came through the desert thus it was,  
As I came through the desert: Lo you, there,  
That hillock burning with a brazen glare;  
Those myriad dusky flames with points a-glow  
Which writhed and hissed and darted to and fro;  
A Sabbath of the Serpents, heaped pell-mell  
For Devil's roll-call and some *fête* of hell.  
    Yet I strode on austere;  
    No hope could have no fear.

As I came through the desert thus it was,  
As I came through the desert: Meteors ran  
And crossed their javelins on the black sky-span;  
The zenith opened to a gulf of flame,  
The dreadful thunderbolts jarred earth's fixed frame;  
The ground all heaved in waves of fire that surged  
And weltered round me sole there unsubmerged:  
    Yet I strode on austere;  
    No hope could have no fear.

As I came through the desert thus it was,  
As I came through the desert: Air once more,  
And I was close upon a wild sea-shore;  
Enormous cliffs arose on either hand,

The deep tide thundered up a league-broad strand;  
White foambelts seethed there, wan spray swept and flew;  
The sky broke, moon and stars and clouds and blue:  
And I strode on austere;  
No hope could have no fear.

As I came through the desert thus it was,  
As I came through the desert: On the left  
The sun arose and crowned a broad crag-cleft;  
There stopped and burned out black, except a rim,  
A bleeding, eyeless socket, red and dim;  
Whereon the moon fell suddenly south-west,  
And stood above the right-hand cliffs at rest:  
Still I strode on austere;  
No hope could have no fear.

As I came through the desert thus it was,  
As I came through the desert: From the right  
A shape came slowly with a ruddy light;  
A woman with a red lamp in her hand,  
Bareheaded and barefooted on that strand;  
O desolation moving with such grace!  
O anguish with such beauty in thy face!  
I fell as on my bier,  
Hope travailed with such fear.

As I came through the desert thus it was,  
As I came through the desert: I was twain,  
Two selves distinct that cannot join again;  
One stood apart and knew but could not stir,  
And watched the other stark in swoon and her;  
And she came on, and never turned aside,  
Between such sun and moon and roaring tide:  
And as she came more near  
My soul grew mad with fear.

As I came through the desert thus it was,  
As I came through the desert: Hell is mild  
And piteous matched with that accursèd wild;  
A large black sign was on her breast that bowed,  
A broad black band ran down her snow-white shroud;  
That lamp she held was her own burning heart,

Whose blood-drops trickled step by step apart:  
The mystery was clear;  
Mad rage had swallowed fear.

As I came through the desert thus it was,  
As I came through the desert: By the sea  
She knelt and bent above that senseless me;  
Those lamp-drops fell upon my white brow there,  
She tried to cleanse them with her tears and hair;  
She murmured words of pity, love, and woe,  
She heeded not the level rushing flow:  
And mad with rage and fear,  
I stood stonebound so near.

As I came through the desert thus it was,  
As I came through the desert: When the tide  
Swept up to her there kneeling by my side,  
She clasped that corpse-like me, and they were borne  
Away, and this vile me was left forlorn;  
I know the whole sea cannot quench that heart,  
Or cleanse that brow, or wash those two apart:  
They love; their doom is drear,  
Yet they nor hope nor fear;  
But I, what do I here?

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ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

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*Chorus from Atalanta in Calydon*

WHEN the hounds of spring are on winter's traces  
The mother of months in meadow or plain  
Fills the shadows and windy places  
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain;  
And the brown bright nightingale amorous  
Is half assuaged for Itylus,  
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces.  
The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

Come with bows bent and with emptying of quivers,  
Maiden most perfect, lady of light,  
With a noise of winds and many rivers,  
With a clamour of waters, and with might:  
Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,  
Over the splendour and speed of thy feet;  
For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers,  
Round the feet of the day and the feet of the night.

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,  
Fold our hands round her knees, and cling?  
O that man's heart were as fire and could spring to her,  
Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring!  
For the stars and the winds are unto her  
As raiment, as songs of the harp-player;  
For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,  
And the southwest-wind and the west-wind sing.

For winter's rains and ruins are over,  
And all the season of snows and sins;  
The days dividing lover and lover,  
The light that loses, the night that wins;  
And time remember'd is grief forgotten,  
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,  
And in green underwood and cover  
Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

The full streams feed on flower of rushes,  
Ripe grasses trammel a travelling foot,  
The faint fresh flame of the young year flushes  
From leaf to flower and flower to fruit;  
And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,  
And the oat is heard above the lyre,  
And the hoofed heel of a satyr crushes  
The chestnut-husk at the chestnut-root.

And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,  
Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,  
Follows with dancing and fills with delight  
The Maenad and the Bassarid;  
And soft as lips that laugh and hide  
The laughing leaves of the trees divide,

And screen from seeing and leave in sight  
The god pursuing, the maiden hid.

The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair  
Over her eyebrows hiding her eyes;  
The wild vine slipping down leaves bare  
Her bright breast shortening into sighs;  
The wild vine slips with the weight of its leaves,  
But the berried ivy catches and cleaves  
To the limbs that glitter, the feet that scare  
The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies.

### *The Garden of Proserpine*

HERE, where the world is quiet;  
Here, where all trouble seems  
Dead winds' and spent waves' riot  
In doubtful dreams of dreams;  
I watch the green field growing  
For reaping folk and sowing,  
For harvest-time and mowing,  
A sleepy world of streams.

I am tired of tears and laughter,  
And men that laugh and weep;  
Of what may come hereafter  
For men that sow to reap:  
I am weary of days and hours,  
Blown buds of barren flowers,  
Desires and dreams and powers  
And everything but sleep.

Here life has death for neighbour,  
And far from eye or ear  
Wan waves and wet winds labour,  
Weak ships and spirits steer;  
They drive adrift, and whither  
They wot not who make thither;  
But no such winds blow hither,  
And no such things grow here.

No growth of moor or coppice,  
No heather-flower or vine,  
But bloomless buds of poppies,  
Green grapes of Proserpine,  
Pale beds of blowing rushes  
Where no leaf blooms or blushes  
Save this whereout she crushes  
For dead men deadly wine.

Pale, without name or number,  
In fruitless fields of corn,  
They blow themselves and slumber  
All night till light is born;  
And like a soul belated,  
In hell and heaven unmated,  
By cloud and mist abated  
Comes out of darkness morn.

Though one were strong as seven,  
He too with death shall dwell,  
Nor wake with wings in heaven,  
Nor weep for pains in hell;  
Though one were fair as roses,  
His beauty clouds and closes;  
And well though love reposes,  
In the end it is not well.

Pale, beyond porch and portal,  
Crowned with calm leaves, she stands  
Who gathers all things mortal  
With cold immortal hands;  
Her languid lips are sweeter  
Than love's who fears to greet her  
To men that mix and meet her  
From many times and lands

She waits for each and other,  
She waits for all men born;  
Forgets the earth her mother,  
The life of fruits and corn;  
And spring and seed and swallow  
Take wing for her and follow

Where summer song rings hollow  
And flowers are put to scorn.

There go the loves that wither,  
The old loves with wearier wings;  
And all dead years draw thither,  
And all disastrous things;  
Dead dreams of days forsaken,  
Blind buds that snows have shaken,  
Wild leaves that winds have taken,  
Red strays of ruined springs.

We are not sure of sorrow,  
And joy was never sure;  
Today will die tomorrow;  
Time stoops to no man's lure;  
And love, grown faint and fretful,  
With lips but half regretful  
Sighs, and with eyes forgetful  
Weeps that no loves endure.

From too much love of living,  
From hope and fear set free,  
We thank with brief thanksgiving  
Whatever gods may be  
That no life lives for ever;  
That dead men rise up never;  
That even the weariest river  
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

Then star nor sun shall waken,  
Nor any change of light:  
Nor sound of waters shaken,  
Nor any sound or sight:  
Nor wintry leaves nor vernal,  
Nor days nor things diurnal:  
Only the sleep eternal  
In an eternal night.



*Super Flumina Babylonis*

BY the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept,  
Remembering thee,  
That for ages of agony hast endured, and slept,  
And wouldst not see.

By the waters of Babylon we stood up and sang,  
Considering thee,  
That a blast of deliverance in the darkness rang,  
To set thee free.

And with trumpets and thunderings and with morning song  
Came up the light;  
And thy spirit uplifted thee to forget thy wrong  
As day doth night.

And thy sons were dejected not any more, as then  
When thou wast shamed;  
When thy lovers went heavily without heart, as men  
Whose life was maimed.

In the desolate distances, with a great desire,  
For thy love's sake,  
With our hearts going back to thee, they were filled with fire,  
Were nigh to break.

It was said to us. "Verily ye are great of heart,  
But ye shall bend;  
Ye are bondmen and bondwomen, to be scourged and smart,  
To toil and tend."

And with harrows men harrowed us, and subdued with spears,  
And crushed with shame;  
And the summer and winter was, and the length of years,  
And no change came.

By the rivers of Italy, by the sacred streams,  
By town, by tower,  
There was feasting with revelling, there was sleep with dreams,  
Until thine hour.

And they ~~stept~~ and they rioted on their rose-hung beds,  
With mouths on flame,  
And with love-locks vine-chapleted, and with rose-crowned heads  
And robes of shame.

And they knew not their forefathers, nor the hills and streams  
And words of power,  
Nor the gods that were good to them, but with songs and dreams  
Filled up their hour.

By the rivers of Italy, by the dry streams' beds,  
When thy time came,  
There was casting of crowns from them, from their young men's  
heads,  
The crowns of shame.

By the horn of Eridanus, by the Tiber mouth,  
As thy day rose,  
They arose up and girded them to the north and south,  
By seas, by snows.

As a water in January the frost confines,  
Thy kings bound thee;  
As a water in April is, in the new-blown vines,  
Thy sons made free.

And thy lovers that looked for thee, and that mourned from far,  
For thy sake dead,  
We rejoiced in the light of thee, in the signal star  
Above thine head.

In thy grief had we followed thee, in thy passion loved,  
Loved in thy loss;  
In thy shame we stood fast to thee, with thy pangs were moved,  
Clung to thy cross.

By the hillside of Calvary we beheld thy blood,  
Thy bloodred tears,  
As a mother's in bitterness, an unebbing flood,  
Years upon years.

And the north was Gethsemane, without leaf or bloom,  
A garden sealed;  
And the south was Aceldama, for a sanguine fume  
Hid all the field.

By the stone of the sepulchre we returned to weep,  
From far, from prison;  
And the guards by it keeping it we beheld asleep,  
But thou wast risen.

And an angel's similitude by the unsealed grave,  
And by the stone:  
And the voice was angelical, to whose words God gave  
Strength like his own.

"Lo, the graveclothes of Italy that are folded up  
In the grave's gloom!  
And the guards as men wrought upon with charmed cup,  
By the open tomb.

"And her body most beautiful, and her shining head,  
These are not here;  
For your mother, for Italy, is not surely dead.  
Have ye no fear.

"As of old time she spake to you, and you hardly heard,  
Hardly took heed,  
So now also she saith to you, yet another word,  
Who is risen indeed.

"By my saying she saith to you, in your ears she saith,  
Who hear these things,  
Put no trust in men's royalties, nor in great men's breath,  
Nor words of kings.

"For the life of them vanishes and is no more seen,  
Nor no more known;  
Nor shall any remember him if a crown hath been,  
Or where a throne.

"Unto each man his handiwork, unto each his crown,  
The just Fate gives:

Whoso takes the world's life on him and his own lays down,  
He, dying so, lives.

"Whoso bears the whole heaviness of the wronged world's weight  
And puts it by,  
It is well with him suffering, though he face man's fate;  
How should he die?

"Seeing death has no part in him any more, no power  
Upon his head;  
He has bought his eternity with a little hour,  
And is not dead.

"For an hour, if ye look for him, he is no more found,  
For one hour's space;  
Then ye lift up your eyes to him and behold him crowned,  
A deathless face.

"On the mountains of memory, by the world's well-springs,  
In all men's eyes,  
Where the light of the life of him is on all past things,  
Death only dies.

"Not the light that was quenched for us, nor the deeds that were,  
Nor the ancient days,  
Nor the sorrows not sorrowful, nor the face most fair  
Of perfect praise."

So the angel of Italy's resurrection said,  
So yet he saith;  
So the son of her suffering, that from breasts nigh dead  
Drew life, not death.

That the pavement of Golgotha should be white as snow,  
Not red, but white;  
That the waters of Babylon should no longer flow,  
And men see light.

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THOMAS HARDY

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*The Darkling Thrush*

I LEANT upon a coppice gate  
When Frost was spectre-gray,  
And Winter's dregs made desolate  
The weakening eye of day.  
The tangled bine-stems scored the sky  
Like strings of broken lyres,  
And all mankind that haunted nigh  
Had sought their household fires.

The land's sharp features seemed to be  
The Century's corpse outleant,<sup>1</sup>  
His crypt the cloudy canopy,  
The wind his death-lament.  
The ancient pulse of germ and birth  
Was shrunken hard and dry,  
And every spirit upon earth  
Seemed fervorless as I.

At once a voice arose among  
The bleak twigs overhead  
In a full-hearted evensong  
Of joy illimited;  
An aged thrush, frail, gaunt, and small,  
In blast-beruffled plume,  
Had chosen thus to fling his soul  
Upon the growing gloom.

So little cause for carolings  
Of such ecstatic sound  
Was written on terrestrial things  
Afar or nigh around,  
That I could think there trembled through  
His happy good-night air

<sup>1</sup>The poem was written in December, 1900

Some blessed Hope, whereof he knew  
And I was unaware.

### *Afterwards*

WHEN the present has latched its postern behind my tremulous stay,  
And the May month flaps its glad green leaves like wings,  
Delicate-filmed as new-spun silk, will the people say,  
"He was a man who used to notice such things?"

If it be in the dusk when, like an eyelid's soundless blink,  
The dewfall-hawk comes crossing the shades to alight  
Upon the wind-warped upland thorn, will a gazer think,  
"To him this must have been a familiar sight"?

If I pass during some nocturnal blackness, mothy and warm,  
When the hedgehog travels furtively over the lawn,  
Will they say, "He strove that such innocent creatures should come  
to no harm,  
"But he could do little for them; and now he is gone"?

If, when hearing that I have been stilled at last, they stand at the door,  
Watching the full-starred heavens that winter sees,  
Will this thought rise on those who will meet my face no more,  
"He was one who had an eye for such mysteries"?

And will any say when my bell of quittance is heard in the gloom,  
And a crossing breeze cuts a pause in its outrollings,  
Till they rise again, as they were a new bell's boom,  
"He hears it not now, but used to notice such things"?

### *Let Me Enjoy*

(MINOR KEY)

LET me enjoy the earth no less  
Because the all-enacting Might  
That fashioned forth its loveliness  
Had other aims than my delight.

About my path there flits a Fair,  
 Who throws me not a word or sign;  
 I'll charm me with her ignoring air,  
 And laud the lips not meant for mine.

From manuscripts of moving song  
 Inspired by scenes and dreams unknown,  
 I'll pour out raptures that belong  
 To others, as they were my own.

And some day hence, towards Paradise  
 And all its blest—if such should be—  
 I will lift glad, afar-off eyes,  
 Though it contain no place for me.

### *The Blinded Bird*

SO zestfully canst thou sing?  
 And all this indignity,  
 With God's consent, on thee!  
 Blinded ere yet a-wing  
 By the red-hot needle thou,  
 I stand and wonder how  
 So zestfully thou canst sing!

Resenting not such wrong,  
 Thy grievous pain forgot,  
 Eternal dark thy lot,  
 Groping thy whole life long,  
 After that stab of fire;  
 Enjailed in pitiless wire,  
 Resenting not such wrong!

Who hath charity? This bird.  
 Who suffereth long and is kind,  
 Is not provoked, though blind  
 And alive ensepulchred?  
 Who hopeth, endureth all things?  
 Who thinketh no evil, but sings?  
 Who is divine? This bird.

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ROBERT BRIDGES

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*My Delight and Thy Delight*

MY delight and thy delight  
Walking, like two angels white,  
In the gardens of the night:

My desire and thy desire  
Twining to a tongue of fire,  
Leaping live, and laughing higher;

Through the everlasting strife  
In the mystery of life.

Love, from whom the world begun,  
Hath the secret of the sun.

Love can tell, and love alone,  
Whence the million stars were strewn,  
Why each atom knows its own,  
How, in spite of woe and death,  
Gay is life, and sweet is breath:

This he taught us, this we knew,  
Happy in his science true,  
Hand in hand as we stood  
'Neath the shadows of the wood,  
Heart to heart as we lay  
In the dawning of the day.

*I Will Not Let Thee Go*

I WILL not let thee go.  
Ends all our month-long love in this?  
Can it be summed up so,  
Quit in a single kiss?  
I will not let thee go.



## ENGLISH POETRY

I will not let thee go.  
If thy words' breath could scare thy deeds,  
As the soft south can blow  
And toss the feathered seeds,  
Then might I let thee go.

I will not let thee go.  
Had not the great sun seen, I might;  
Or were he reckoned slow  
To bring the false to light,  
Then might I let thee go.

I will not let thee go.  
The stars that crowd the summer skies  
Have watched us so below  
With all their million eyes,  
I dare not let thee go.

I will not let thee go.  
Have we not chid the changeful moon,  
Now rising late, and now  
Because she set too soon,  
And shall I let thee go?

I will not let thee go.  
Have not the young flowers been content,  
Plucked ere their buds could blow,  
To seal our sacrament?  
I cannot let thee go.

I will not let thee go.  
I hold thee by too many bands:  
Thou sayest farewell, and lo!  
I have thee by the hands,  
And will not let thee go.

*London Snow*

WHEN men were all asleep the snow came flying,  
In large white flakes falling on the city brown,  
Stealthily and perpetually settling and loosely lying,  
Hushing the latest traffic of the drowsy town;

Deadening, muffling, stifling its murmurs failing;  
Lazily and incessantly floating down and down:

Silently sifting and veiling road, roof and railing;  
Hiding difference, making unevenness even,  
Into angles and crevices softly drifting and sailing.

All night it fell, and when full inches seven  
It lay in the depth of its uncompacted lightness,  
The clouds blew off from a high and frosty heaven;

And all woke earlier for the unaccustomed brightness  
Of the winter dawning, the strange unheavenly glare:  
The eye marvelled—marvelled at the dazzling whiteness;

The ear hearkened to the stillness of the solemn air;  
No sound of wheel rumbling nor of foot falling,  
And the busy morning cries came thin and spare.

Then boys I heard, as they went to school, calling,  
They gathered up the crystal manna to freeze  
Their tongues with tasting, their hands with snowballing;

Or rioted in a drift, plunging up to the knees;  
Or peering up from under the white-mossed wonder,  
"O look at the trees!" they cried, "O look at the trees!"

With lessened load a few carts creak and blunder,  
Following along the white deserted way,  
A country company long dispersed asunder:

When now already the sun, in pale display  
Standing by Paul's high dome, spread forth below  
His sparkling beams, and awoke the stir of the day.

For now doors open, and war is waged with the snow;  
And trains of somber men, past tale of number,  
Tread long brown paths, as toward their toil they go:

But even for them awhile no cares encumber  
Their minds diverted; the daily word is unspoken,  
The daily thoughts of labor and sorrow slumber  
At the sight of the beauty that greets them, for the charm they have  
broken.

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 GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS
 

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*God's Grandeur*

THE world is charged with the grandeur of God.  
 It will flame out, like shining from shook foil;  
 It gathers to a greatness, like the ooze of oil  
 Crushed. Why do men then now not reckon his rod?  
 Generations have trod, have trod, have trod;  
 And all is seared with trade; bleared, smeared with toil;  
 And wears man's smudge and shares man's smell: the soil  
 Is bare now, nor can foot feel, being shod.

And for all this, nature is never spent;  
 There lives the dearest freshness deep down things;  
 And though the last lights off the black West went  
 Oh, morning, at the brown brink eastward, springs—  
 Because the Holy Ghost over the bent  
 World broods with warm breast and with ah! bright wings

*Pied Beauty*

GLORY be to God for dappled things—  
 For skies of couple-colour as a brindled cow;  
 For rose-moles all in stipple upon trout that swim;  
 Fresh-firecoal chestnut-falls, finches' wings;  
 Landscape plotted and pieced—fold, fallow, and plough;  
 And all trades, their gear and tackle and trim.

All things counter, original, spare, strange; '  
 Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how?)  
 With swift, slow; sweet, sour; adazzle, dim;  
 He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change:  
 Praise him.

*The Windhover*

TO CHRIST OUR LORD

**I** CAUGHT this morning morning's minion kingdom of day-  
 light's dauphin, dappledawn-drawn  
 Falcon, in his riding  
 Of the rolling level underneath him steady air, and striding  
 High there, how he rung upon the rein of a wimpling wing  
 In his ecstasy! then off, off forth on swing,  
 As a skate's heel sweeps smooth on a bow-bend: the hurl and  
 gliding  
 Rebuffed the big wing. My heart in hiding  
 Sturred for a bird,—the achieve of, the mastery of the thing!  
 Brute beauty and valour and act, oh, air, pride, plume, here  
 Buckle! AND the fire that breaks from thee then, a billion  
 Times told lovelier, more dangerous, O my chevalier!  
 No wonder of it. shéer plód makes plough down sillion  
 Shine, and blue-bleak embers, ah my dear,  
 Fall, gall themselves, and gash gold-vermilion.

*Spring and Fall*

TO A YOUNG CHILD

**M**ARGARÉT, are you grieving  
 Over Goldengrove unleaving?  
 Léaves, like the things of man, you  
 With your fresh thoughts care for, can you?  
 Ah! ás the heart grows older  
 It will come to such sights colder  
 By and by, nor spare a sigh  
 Though worlds of wanwood leafmeal lie;  
 And yet you will weep and know why.  
 Now no matter, child, the name:  
 Sórrow's springs áre the same.  
 Nor mouth had, no nor mind, expressed  
 What heart heard of, ghost guessed:  
 It is the blight man was born for,  
 It is Margaret you mourn for.

*Carrion Comfort*

NOT, I'll not, carrion comfort, Despair, not feast on thee;  
 Not untwist—slack they may be—these last strands of man  
 In me ór, most weary, cry *I can no more*. I can;  
 Can something, hope, wish day come, not choose not to be.  
 But ah, but O thou terrible, why wouldst thou rude on me  
 Thy wring-world right foot rock? lay a lionlamb against me? scan  
 With darksome devouring eyes my bruised bones? and fan,  
 O in turns of tempest, me heaped there; me frantic to avoid thee  
 and flee?

Why? That my chaff might fly; my grain lie, sheer and clear.  
 Nay in all that toil, that coil, since (seems) I kissed the rod,  
 Hand rather, my heart lol lapped strength, stole joy, would laugh,  
 chéer.

Cheer whom though? the hero whose heaven-handling flung me  
 fóot tród

Me? or me that fought him? O which one? is it each one? That  
 night, that year

(Of now done darkness I wretch lay wrestling with (my God!) my  
 God.

---

 WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY
 

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*Invictus*

OUT of the night that covers me,  
 Black as the Pit from pole to pole,  
 I thank whatever gods may be  
 For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance  
 I have not winced nor cried aloud.  
 Under the bludgeonings of chance  
 My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears  
Looms but the Horror of the shade,  
And yet the menace of the years  
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,  
How charged with punishments the scroll,  
I am the master of my fate:  
I am the captain of my soul.

*Ballade Made in Hot Weather*

TO C. M.

FOUNTAINS that frisk and sprinkle  
The moss they overspill;  
Pools that the breezes crinkle;  
The wheel beside the mill,  
With its wet, weedy frill;  
Wind-shadows in the wheat;  
A water-cart in the street;  
The fringe of foam that girds  
An islet's ferneries;  
A green sky's minor thirds—  
To live, I think of these!

Of ice and glass the tinkle,  
Pellucid, silver-shrill;  
Peaches without a wrinkle;  
Cherries and snow at will,  
From china bowls that fill  
The senses with a sweet  
Incuriousness of heat;  
A melon's dripping sherds;  
Cream-clotted strawberries;  
Dust dairies set with curds—  
To live, I think of these!

Vale-lily and periwinkle;  
Wet stone-crop on the sill;  
The look of leaves a-twinkle

With windlets clear and still;  
 The feel of a forest rill  
 That wimples fresh and fleet  
 About one's naked feet;  
 The muzzles of drinking herds;  
 Lush flags and bulrushes;  
 The chirp of rain-bound birds—  
 To live, I think of these!

*Envoy*

Dark aisles, new packs of cards,  
 Mermaidens' tails, cool swords,  
 Dawn dews and starlit seas,  
 White marbles, whiter words—  
 To live, I think of these!

*To A. D.*

THE nightingale has a lyre of gold,  
 The lark's is a clarion call,  
 And the blackbird plays but a boxwood flute,  
 But I love him best of all.

For his song is all of the joy of life,  
 And we in the mad, spring weather,  
 We two have listened till he sang  
 Our hearts and lips together.

---

ALICE MEYNELL

---

*In Early Spring*

O SPRING, I know thee! Seek for sweet surprise  
 In the young children's eyes.  
 But I have learnt the years, and know the yet  
 Leaf-folded violet.

Mine ear, awake to silence, can foretell  
 The cuckoo's fitful bell.  
 I wander in a grey time that encloses  
 June and the wild hedge-roses.  
 A year's procession of the flowers doth pass  
 My feet, along the grass.  
 And all you sweet birds silent yet, I know  
 The notes that stir you so,  
 Your songs yet half devised in the dim dear  
 Beginnings of the year.  
 In these young days you meditate your part;  
 I have it all by heart.  
 I know the secrets of the seeds of flowers  
 Hidden and warm with showers,  
 And how, in kindling Spring, the cuckoo shall  
 Alter his interval.  
 But not a flower or song I ponder is  
 My own, but memory's.  
 I shall be silent in those days desired  
 Before a world inspired.  
 O dear brown birds, compose your old song-phrases,  
 Earth, thy familiar daisies.  
 The poet mused upon the dusky height,  
 Between two stars towards night,  
 His purpose in his heart I watched, a space,  
 The meaning of his face  
 There was the secret, fled from earth and skies,  
 Hid in his gray young eyes  
 My heart and all the Summer wait his choice,  
 And wonder for his voice  
 Who shall foretell his songs, and who aspire  
 But to divine his lyre?  
 Sweet Earth, we know thy dimmest mysteries,  
 But he is lord of his.

### *Renouncement*

**I** MUST not think of thee; and, tired yet strong,  
 I shun the thought that lurks in all delight—  
 The thought of thee—and in the blue Heaven's height,  
 And in the dearest passage of a song.



Oh, just beyond the fairest thoughts that throng  
 This breast, the thought of thee waits, hidden yet bright;  
 But it must never, never come in sight;  
 I must stop short of thee the whole day long.  
 But when sleep comes to close each difficult day,  
 When night gives pause to the long watch I keep,  
 And all my bonds I needs must loose apart,  
 Must doff my will as raiment laid away,—  
 With the first dream that comes with the first sleep  
 I run, I run, I am gathered to thy heart.

### *Chimes*

BRIEF, on a flying night,  
 From the shaken tower,  
 A flock of bells take flight.  
 And go with the hour.

Like birds from the cote to the gales,  
 Abrupt—O hark!  
 A fleet of bells set sails,  
 And go to the dark.

Sudden the cold airs swing.  
 Alone, aloud,  
 A verse of bells takes wing  
 And flies with the cloud.

### *One wept whose only child was dead*

ONE wept whose only child was dead,  
 New-born, ten years ago.  
 "Weep not; he is in bliss," they said.  
 She answered, "Even so,

"Ten years ago was born in pain  
 A child, not now forlorn.  
 But oh, ten years ago, in vain,  
 A mother, a mother was born."

---

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

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*The Vagabond*

(TO AN AIR OF SCHUBERT)

GIVE to me the life I love,  
Let the lave go by me,  
Give the jolly heaven above  
And the byway nigh me.  
Bed in the bush with stars to see,  
Bread I dip in the river—  
There's the life for a man like me,  
There's the life for ever.

Let the blow fall soon or late,  
Let what will be o'er me;  
Give the face of earth around  
And the road before me.  
Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,  
Nor a friend to know me;  
All I seek the heaven above  
And the road below me.

Or let autumn fall on me  
Where afield I linger,  
Silencing the bird on tree,  
Biting the blue finger:  
White as meal the frosty field—  
Warm the fireside haven—  
Not to autumn will I yield,  
Not to winter even!

Let the blow fall soon or late,  
Let what will be o'er me;  
Give the face of earth around,  
And the road before me.

Wealth I ask not, hope nor love,  
 Nor a friend to know me.  
 All I ask the heaven above,  
 And the road below me.

### *Requiem*

UNDER the wide and starry sky  
 Dig the grave and let me lie.  
 Glad did I live and gladly die,  
 And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:  
*Here he lies where he longed to be,*  
*Home is the sailor, home from sea,*  
*And the hunter home from the hill.*

---

OSCAR WILDE

---

### *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*

#### I

HE did not wear his scarlet coat,  
 For blood and wine are red,  
 And blood and wine were on his hands  
 When they found him with the dead,  
 The poor dead woman whom he loved,  
 And murdered in her bed.

He walked amongst the Trial Men  
 In a suit of shabby grey;  
 A cricket cap was on his head,  
 And his step seemed light and gay;  
 But I never saw a man who looked  
 So wistfully at the day.

I never saw a man who looked  
With such a wistful eye  
Upon that little tent of blue  
Which prisoners call the sky,  
And at every drifting cloud that went  
With sails of silver by.

I walked, with other souls in pain,  
Within another ring,  
And was wondering if the man had done  
A great or little thing,  
When a voice behind me whispered low,  
*"That fellow's got to swing."*

Dear Christ! the very prison walls  
Suddenly seemed to reel,  
And the sky above my head became  
Like a casque of scorching steel;  
And, though I was a soul in pain,  
My pain I could not feel.

I only knew what hunted thought  
Quickened his step, and why  
He looked upon the garish day  
With such a wistful eye;  
The man had killed the thing he loved,  
And so he had to die.

Yet each man kills the thing he loves,  
By each let this be heard,  
Some do it with a bitter look,  
Some with a flattering word,  
The coward does it with a kiss,  
The brave man with a sword!

Some kill their love when they are young,  
And some when they are old;  
Some strangle with the hands of Lust,  
Some with the hands of Gold:  
The kindest use a knife, because  
The dead so soon grow cold.

Some love too little, some too long,  
Some sell, and others buy;  
Some do the deed with many tears,  
And some without a sigh:  
For each man kills the thing he loves,  
Yet each man does not die.

He does not die a death of shame  
On a day of dark disgrace,  
Nor have a noose about his neck,  
Nor a cloth upon his face,  
Nor drop feet foremost through the floor  
Into an empty space.

He does not sit with silent men  
Who watch him night and day;  
Who watch him when he tries to weep,  
And when he tries to pray;  
Who watch him lest himself should rob  
The prison of its prey.

He does not wake at dawn to see  
Dread figures throng his room,  
The shivering Chaplain robed in white,  
The Sheriff stern with gloom,  
And the Governor all in shiny black,  
With the yellow face of Doom.

He does not rise in piteous haste  
To put on convict-clothes,  
While some coarse-mouthed Doctor gloats, and notes  
Each new and nerve-twitched pose,  
Fingering a watch whose little ticks  
Are horrible hammer blows.

He does not know that sickening thirst  
That sands one's throat, before  
The hangman with his gardener's gloves  
Slips through the padded door,  
And binds one with three leathern thongs,  
That the throat may thirst no more.

He does not bend his head to hear  
The Burial Office read,  
Nor, while the terror of his soul  
Tells him he is not dead,  
Cross his own coffin, as he moves  
Into the hideous shed.

He does not stare upon the air  
Through a little roof of glass:  
He does not pray with lips of clay  
For his agony to pass:  
Nor feel upon his shuddering cheek  
That kiss of Caiaphas.

## II

Six weeks our guardsman walked the yard,  
In the suit of shabby grey:  
His cricket cap was on his head,  
And his step seemed light and gay,  
But I never saw a man who looked  
So wistfully at the day.

I never saw a man who looked  
With such a wistful eye  
Upon that little tent of blue  
Which prisoners call the sky,  
And at every wandering cloud that trailed  
Its ravelled fleeces by.

He did not wring his hands, as do  
Those witless men who dare  
To try to rear the changeling Hope  
In the cave of black Despair:  
He only looked upon the sun,  
And drank the morning air.

He did not wring his hands nor weep,  
Nor did he peek or pine,  
But he drank the air as though it held  
Some healthful anodyne;  
With open mouth he drank the sun  
As though it had been wine!

And I and all the souls in pain,  
Who tramped the other ring,  
Forgot if we ourselves had done  
A great or little thing,  
And watched with gaze of dull amaze  
The man who had to swing.

And strange it was to see him pass  
With a step so light and gay,  
And strange it was to see him look  
So wistfully at the day,  
And strange it was to think that he  
Had such a debt to pay

For oak and elm have pleasant leaves  
That in the spring-time shoot.  
But grim to see is the gallows-tree,  
With its adder-bitten root,  
And, green or dry, a man must die  
Before it bears its fruit!

The loftiest place is that seat of grace  
For which all worldlings try.  
But who would stand in hempen band  
Upon a scaffold high,  
And through a murderer's collar take  
His last look at the sky?

It is sweet to dance to violins  
When Love and Life are fair:  
To dance to flutes, to dance to lutes  
Is delicate and rare  
But it is not sweet with nimble feet  
To dance upon the air!

So with curious eyes and sick surmise  
We watched him day by day,  
And wondered if each one of us  
Would end the self-same way,  
For none can tell to what red Hell  
His sightless soul may stray.

At last the dead man walked no more  
Amongst the Trial Men,  
And I knew that he was standing up  
In the black dock's dreadful pen,  
And that never would I see his face  
In God's sweet world again.

Like two doomed ships that pass in storm,  
We had crossed each other's way:  
But we made no sign, we said no word,  
We had no word to say;  
For we did not meet in the holy night,  
But in the shameful day.

A prison wall was round us both,  
Two outcast men we were:  
The world had thrust us from its heart,  
And God from out his care:  
And the iron gin that waits for Sin  
Had caught us in its snare.

## III

In Debtor's Yard the stones are hard,  
And the dripping wall is high,  
So it was there he took the air  
Beneath the leaden sky,  
And by each side a Warder walked,  
For fear the man might die.

Or else he sat with those who watched  
His anguish night and day;  
Who watched him when he rose to weep,  
And when he crouched to pray;  
Who watched him lest himself should rob  
Their scaffold of its prey.

The Governor was strong upon  
The Regulations Act:  
The Doctor said that Death was but  
A scientific fact:  
And twice a day the Chaplain called,  
And left a little tract.





## ENGLISH POETRY

And twice a day he smoked his pipe,  
And drank his quart of beer:  
His soul was resolute, and held  
No hiding-place for fear;  
He often said that he was glad  
The hangman's hands were near.

But why he said so strange a thing  
No Warder dared to ask:  
For he to whom a watcher's doom  
Is given as his task,  
Must set a lock upon his lips,  
And make his face a mask.

Or else he might be moved, and try  
To comfort or console:  
And what should Human Pity do  
Pent up in Murderers' Hole?  
What word of grace in such a place  
Could help a brother's soul?

With slouch and swing around the ring  
We trod the Fools' Parade!  
We did not care: we knew we were  
The Devil's Own Brigade:  
And shaven head and feet of lead  
Make a merry masquerade.

We tore the tarry rope to shreds  
With blunt and bleeding nails;  
We rubbed the doors, and scrubbed the floors,  
And cleaned the shining rails:  
And, rank by rank, we soaped the plank,  
And clattered with the pails.

We sewed the sacks, we broke the stones,  
We turned the dusty drill:  
We banged the tins, and bawled the hymns,  
And sweated on the mill:  
But in the heart of every man  
Terror was lying still.

So still it lay that every day  
Crawled like a weed-clogged wave:  
And we forgot the bitter lot  
That waits for fool and knave,  
Till once, as we tramped in from work,  
We passed an open grave.

With yawning mouth the yellow hole  
Gaped for a living thing;  
The very mud cried out for blood  
To the thirsty asphalt ring:  
And we knew that ere one dawn grew fair,  
Some prisoner had to swing.

Right in we went, with soul intent  
On Death and Dread and Doom:  
The hangman, with his little bag,  
Went shuffling through the gloom:  
And each man trembled as he crept  
Into his numbered tomb.

That night the empty corridors  
Were full of forms of Fear,  
And up and down the iron town  
Stole feet we could not hear,  
And through the bars that hide the stars  
White faces seemed to peer.

He lay as one who lies and dreams  
In a pleasant meadow-land,  
The watchers watched him as he slept,  
And could not understand  
How one could sleep so sweet a sleep  
With a hangman close at hand.

But there is no sleep when men must weep  
Who never yet have wept:  
So we—the fool, the fraud, the knave—  
That endless vigil kept,  
And through each brain on hands of pain  
Another's terror crept.

Alas! it is a fearful thing  
To feel another's guilt!  
For, right within, the sword of Sin  
Pierced to its poisoned hilt,  
And as molten lead were the tears we shed  
For the blood we had not spilt.

The Warders with their shoes of felt  
Crept by each padlocked door,  
And peeped and saw, with eyes of awe,  
Grey figures on the floor,  
And wondered why men knelt to pray  
Who never prayed before.

All through the night we knelt and prayed,  
Mad mourners of a corse!  
The troubled plumes of midnight were  
The plumes upon a hearse:  
And bitter wine upon a sponge  
Was the savour of Remorse.

The grey cock crew, the red cock crew,  
But never came the day;  
And crooked shapes of terror crouched  
In the corners where we lay:  
And each evil sprite that walks by night  
Before us seemed to play.

They glided past, they glided fast,  
Like travellers through a mist:  
They mocked the moon in a rigadon  
Of delicate turn and twist,  
And with formal pace and loathsome grace  
The phantoms kept their tryst.

With mop and mow, we saw them go,  
Slim shadows hand and hand:  
About, about, in ghostly rout  
They trod a saraband:  
And the damned grotesques made arabesques,  
Like the wind upon the sand!

With pirouettes of marionettes  
They tripped on pointed tread:  
But with flutes of Fear they filled the ear,  
As their grisly masque they led,  
And loud they sang, and long they sang,  
For they sang to wake the dead.

*"Oho!" they cried, "The world is wide,  
But fettered limbs go lame!  
And once, or twice, to throw the dice  
Is a gentlemanly game,  
But he does not win who plays with Sin  
In the Secret House of Shame."*

No things of air these antics were,  
That frolicked with such glee:  
To men whose lives were held in gyves,  
And whose feet might not go free,  
Ah! wounds of Christ! they were living things,  
Most terrible to see.

Around, around, they waltzed and wound;  
Some wheeled in smirking pairs;  
With the mincing step of a demirep  
Some sidled up the stairs:  
And with subtle sneer, and fawning leer,  
Each helped us at our prayers.

The morning wind began to moan,  
But still the night went on;  
Through its giant loom the web of gloom  
Crept till each thread was spun:  
And, as we prayed, we grew afraid  
Of the Justice of the Sun.

The moaning wind went wandering round  
The weeping prison-wall:  
Till like a wheel of turning steel  
We felt the minutes crawl:  
O moaning wind! what had we done  
To have such a seneschal?

At last I saw the shadowed bars,  
Like a lattice wrought in lead,  
Move right across the whitewashed wall  
That faced my three-planked bed,  
And I knew that somewhere in the world  
God's dreadful dawn was red.

At six o'clock we cleaned our cells,  
At seven all was still,  
But the sough and swing of a mighty wing  
The prison seemed to fill,  
For the Lord of Death with icy breath,  
Had entered in to kill.

He did not pass in purple pomp,  
Nor ride a moon-white steed.  
Three yards of cord and a sliding board  
Are all the gallows' need.  
So with rope of shame the Herald came  
To do the secret deed.

We were as men who through a fen  
Of filthy darkness grope:  
We did not dare to breathe a prayer,  
Or to give our anguish scope:  
Something was dead in each of us,  
And what was dead was Hope.

For Man's grim Justice goes its way,  
And will not swerve aside:  
It slays the weak, it slays the strong,  
It has a deadly stride:  
With iron heel it slays the strong,  
The monstrous parricide!

We waited for the stroke of eight:  
Each tongue was thick with thirst:  
For the stroke of eight is the stroke of Fate  
That makes a man accursed,  
And Fate will use a running noose  
For the best man and the worst.

We had no other thing to do,  
Save to wait for the sign to come:  
So, like things of stone in a valley lone,  
Quiet we sat and dumb:  
But each man's heart beat thick and quick,  
Like a madman on a drum!

With sudden shock, the prison-clock  
Smote on the shivering air,  
And from all the jail rose up a wail  
Of impotent despair,  
Like the sound that frightened marshes hear  
From some leper in his lair.

And as one sees most dreadful things  
In the crystal of a dream,  
We saw the greasy hempen rope  
Hooked to the blackened beam,  
And heard the prayer the hangman's snare  
Strangled into a scream.

And all the woe that moved him so  
That he gave that bitter cry,  
And the wild regrets, and the bloody sweats,  
None knew so well as I.  
For he who lives more lives than one  
More deaths than one must die.

## IV

There is no chapel on the day  
On which they hang a man:  
The Chaplain's heart is far too sick,  
Or his face is far too wan,  
Or there is that written in his eyes  
Which none should look upon.

So they kept us close till nigh on noon,  
And then they rang the bell,  
And the Warders with their jingling keys  
Opened each listening cell,  
And down the iron stair we tramped,  
Each from his separate Hell.

Out into God's sweet air we went,  
But not in wonted way,  
For this man's face was white with fear,  
And that man's face was grey,  
And I never saw sad men who looked  
So wistfully at the day.

I never saw sad men who looked  
With such a wistful eye  
Upon that little tent of blue  
We prisoners call the sky,  
And at every careless cloud that passed  
In happy freedom by.

But there were those amongst us all  
Who walked with downcast head,  
And knew that, had each got his due,  
They should have died instead:  
He had but killed a thing that lived,  
Whilst they had killed the dead.

For he who sins a second time  
Wakes a dead soul to pain,  
And draws it from its spotted shroud,  
And makes it bleed again,  
And makes it bleed great gouts of blood,  
And makes it bleed in vain!

Like ape or clown, in monstrous garb  
With crooked arrows starred,  
Silently we went round and round  
The slippery asphalt yard;  
Silently we went round and round,  
And no man spoke a word.

Silently we went round and round,  
And through each hollow mind  
The Memory of dreadful things  
Rushed like a dreadful wind,  
And Honour stalked before each man,  
And Terror crept behind.

The Warders strutted up and down,  
And kept their herd of brutes,  
Their uniforms were spick and span,  
They wore their Sunday suits,  
But we knew the work they had been at,  
By the quicklime on their boots.

For where a grave had opened wide,  
There was no grave at all:  
Only a stretch of mud and sand  
By the hideous prison-wall,  
And a little heap of burning lime,  
That the man should have his pall.

For he has a pall, this wretched man,  
Such as few men can claim:  
Deep down below a prison-yard,  
Naked for greater shame,  
He lies, with fetters on each foot,  
Wrapped in a sheet of flame!

And all the while the burning lime  
Eats flesh and bone away,  
It eats the brittle bone by night,  
And the soft flesh by day,  
It eats the flesh and bone by turns,  
But it eats the heart alway.

For three long years they will not sow  
Or root or seedling there;  
For three long years the unblest spot  
Will sterile be and bare,  
And look upon the wondering sky  
With unapproaching stare.

"They think a murderer's heart would taint  
Each simple seed they sow.  
It is not true! God's kindly earth  
Is kindlier than men know,  
And the red rose would but blow more red,  
The white rose whiter blow.



Out of his mouth a red, red rose!  
Out of his heart a white!  
For who can say by what strange way  
Christ brings his will to light,  
Since the barren staff the pilgrim bore  
Bloomed in the great Pope's sight?

But neither milk-white rose nor red  
May bloom in prison air;  
The shard, the pebble, and the flint,  
Are what they give us there:  
For flowers have been known to heal  
A common man's despair.

So never will wine-red rose or white  
Petal by petal, fall  
On that stretch of mud and sand that lies  
By that hideous prison-wall,  
To tell the men who tramp the yard  
That God's Son died for all.

Yet though the hideous prison-wall  
Still hems him round and round,  
And a spirit may not walk by night  
That is with fetters bound,  
And a spirit may but weep that lies  
In such unholy ground,

He is at peace—this wretched man—  
At peace, or will be soon:  
There is no thing to make him mad,  
Nor does Terror walk at noon,  
For the lampless Earth in which he lies  
Has neither Sun nor Moon.

They hanged him as a beast is hanged:  
They did not even toll  
A requiem that might have brought  
Rest to his startled soul,  
But hurriedly they took him out,  
And hid him in a hole.

They stripped him of his canvas clothes,  
And gave him to the flies:  
They mocked the swollen purple throat,  
And the stark and staring eyes:  
And with laughter loud they heaped the shroud  
In which their convict lies.

The Chaplain would not kneel to pray  
By his dishonoured grave:  
Nor mark it with that blessed Cross  
That Christ for sinners gave,  
Because the man was one of those  
Whom Christ came down to save.

Yet all is well; he has but passed  
To Life's appointed bourne:  
And alien tears will fill for him  
Pity's long-broken urn,  
For his mourners will be outcast men,  
And outcasts always mourn.

## v

I know not whether Laws be right,  
Or whether Laws be wrong;  
All that we know who lie in jail  
Is that the wall is strong;  
And that each day is like a year,  
A year whose days are long.

But this I know, that every Law  
That men have made for Man,  
Since first Man took his brother's life,  
And this sad world began,  
But straws the wheat and saves the chaff  
With a most evil fan.

This too I know—and wise it were  
If each could know the same—  
That every prison that men build  
Is built with bricks of shame,  
And bound with bars lest Christ should see  
How men their brothers maim.

With bars they blur the gracious moon,  
And blind the goodly sun:  
And they do well to hide their Hell,  
For in it things are done  
That Son of God nor son of Man  
Ever should look upon!

The vilest deeds like poison weeds  
Bloom well in prison-air:  
It is only what is good in Man  
That wastes and withers there:  
Pale Anguish keeps the heavy gate,  
And the Warder is Despair.

For they starve the little frightened child,  
Till it weeps both night and day.  
And they scourge the weak, and flog the fool,  
And gibe the old and grey,  
And some grow mad, and all grow bad,  
And none a word may say.

Each narrow cell in which we dwell  
Is a foul and dark latrine,  
And the fetid breath of living Death  
Chokes up each grated screen,  
And all, but Lust, is turned to dust  
In Humanity's machine.

The brackish water that we drink  
Creeps with a loathsome slime,  
And the bitter bread they weigh in scales  
Is full of chalk and lime,  
And Sleep will not lie down, but walks  
Wild-eyed, and cries to Time.

But though lean Hunger and green Thirst :  
Like asp with adder fight,  
We have little care of prison fare,  
For what chills and kills outright  
Is that every stone one lifts by day  
Becomes one's heart by night.

With midnight always in one's heart,  
And twilight in one's cell,  
We turn the crank, or tear the rope,  
Each in his separate Hell,  
And the silence is more awful far  
Than the sound of a brazen bell.

And never a human voice comes near  
To speak a gentle word:  
And the eye that watches through the door  
Is pitiless and hard.  
And by all forgot, we rot and rot,  
With soul and body marred.

And thus we rust Life's iron chain,  
Degraded and alone:  
And some men curse, and some men weep,  
And some men make no moan:  
But God's eternal Laws are kind  
And break the heart of stone.

And every human heart that breaks,  
In prison-cell or yard,  
Is as that broken box that gave  
Its treasure to the Lord,  
And filled the unclean leper's house  
With the scent of costliest nard.

Ah! happy they whose hearts can break  
And peace of pardon win!  
How else may man make straight his plan  
And cleanse his soul from Sin?  
How else but through a broken heart  
May Lord Christ enter in?

And he of the swollen purple throat,  
And the stark and staring eyes,  
Waits for the holy hands that took  
The Thief to Paradise;  
And a broken and a contrite heart  
The Lord will not despise.

The man in red who reads the Law  
Gave him three weeks of life,  
Three little weeks in which to heal  
His soul of his soul's strife,  
And cleanse from every blot of blood  
The hand that held the knife.

And with tears of blood he cleansed the hand,  
The hand that held the steel:  
For only blood can wipe out blood,  
And only tears can heal:  
And the crimson stain that was of Cain  
Became Christ's snow-white seal.

## VI

In Reading gaol by Reading town  
There is a pit of shame,  
And in it lies a wretched man  
Eaten by teeth of flame,  
In a burning winding-sheet he lies,  
And his grave has got no name.

And there, till Christ call forth the dead,  
In silence let him lie:  
No need to waste the foolish tear,  
Or heave the windy sigh.  
The man had killed the thing he loved,  
And so he had to die.

And all men kill the thing they love,  
By all let this be heard,  
Some do it with a bitter look,  
Some with a flattering word,  
The coward does it with a kiss,  
The brave man with a sword!

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JOHN DAVIDSON

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*A Runnable Stag*

WHEN the pods went pop on the broom, green broom,  
And apples began to be golden-skinned,  
We harboured a stag in the Priory coomb,  
And we feathered his trail up-wind, up-wind,  
We feathered his trail up-wind—  
A stag of warrant, a stag, a stag,  
A runnable stag, a kingly crop,  
Brow, bay and tray and three on top,  
A stag, a runnable stag.

Then the huntsman's horn rang yap, yap, yap,  
And "Forwards" we heard the harbourer shout;  
But 'twas only a brocket that broke a gap  
In the beechen underwood, driven out,  
From the underwood antlered out  
By warrant and might of the stag, the stag,  
The runnable stag, whose lordly mind  
Was bent on sleep, though beamed and tined  
He stood, a runnable stag.

So we tufted the covert till afternoon  
With Tinkerman's Pup and Bell-of-the-North;  
And hunters were sulky and hounds out of tune  
Before we tufted the right stag forth,  
Before we tufted him forth,  
The stag of warrant, the wily stag,  
The runnable stag with his kingly crop,  
Brow, bay and tray and three on top,  
The royal and runnable stag.

It was Bell-of-the-North and Tinkerman's Pup  
That stuck to the scent till the copse was drawn.  
"Tally ho! tally ho!" and the hunt was up,  
The tufters whipped and the pack laid on,

The resolute pack laid on,  
And the stag of warrant away at last,  
The runnable stag, the same, the same,  
His hoofs on fire, his horns like flame,  
A stag, a runnable stag.

"Let your gelding be: if you check or chide  
He stumbles at once and you're out of the hunt;  
For three hundred gentlemen, able to ride,  
On hunters accustomed to bear the brunt,  
Accustomed to bear the brunt,  
Are after the runnable stag, the stag,  
The runnable stag with his kingly crop,  
Brow, bay and tray and three on top,  
The right, the runnable stag."

By perilous paths in coomb and dell,  
The heather, the rocks, and the river-bed,  
The pace grew hot, for the scent lay well,  
And a runnable stag goes right ahead,  
The quarry went right ahead—  
Ahead, ahead, and fast and far;  
His antlered crest, his cloven hoof,  
Brow, bay and tray and three aloof,  
The stag, the runnable stag.

For a matter of twenty miles and more,  
By the densest hedge and the highest wall,  
Through herds of bullocks he baffled the lore  
Of harbourer, huntsman, hounds and all,  
Of harbourer, hounds and all—  
The stag of warrant, the wily stag,  
For twenty miles, and five and five,  
He ran, and he never was caught alive,  
This stag, this runnable stag.

When he turned at bay in the leafy gloom,  
In the emerald gloom where the brook ran deep,  
He heard in the distance the rollers boom,  
And he saw in a vision of peaceful sleep,  
In a wonderful vision of sleep,

A stag of warrant, a stag, a stag,  
A runnable stag in a jewelled bed,  
Under the sheltering ocean dead,  
A stag, a runnable stag.

So a fateful hope lit up his eye,  
And he opened his nostrils wide again,  
And he tossed his branching antlers high  
As he headed the hunt down the Charlock glen—  
As he raced down the echoing glen—  
For five miles more, the stag, the stag,  
For twenty miles, and five and five,  
Not to be caught now, dead or alive,  
The stag, the runnable stag.

Three hundred gentlemen, able to ride,  
Three hundred horses as gallant and free,  
Beheld him escape on the evening tide,  
Far out till he sank in the Severn Sea,  
Till he sank in the depths of the sea—  
The stag, the buoyant stag, the stag  
That slept at last in a jewelled bed  
Under the sheltering ocean spread,  
The stag, the runnable stag.

### *A Ballad of Hell*

“**A** LETTER from my love today!  
Oh, unexpected, dear appeal!”  
She struck a happy tear away,  
And broke the crimson seal.

“My love, there is no help on earth,  
No help in heaven; the dead-man’s bell  
Must toll our wedding; our first hearth  
Must be the well-paved floor of hell.”

The color died from out her face,  
Her eyes like ghostly candles shone;  
She cast dread looks about the place,  
Then clenched her teeth and read right on.



"I may not pass the prison door;  
Here must I rot from day to day,  
Unless I wed whom I abhor,  
My cousin, Blanche of Valencay.

"At midnight with my dagger keen,  
I'll take my life; it must be so.  
Meet me in hell tonight, my queen,  
For weal and woe."

She laughed, although her face was wan,  
She girded on her golden belt,  
She took her jeweled ivory fan,  
And at her glowing missal knelt.

Then rose, "And am I mad?" she said:  
She broke her fan, her belt untied;  
With leather girt herself instead,  
And stuck a dagger at her side.

She waited, shuddering in her room,  
Till sleep had fallen on all the house.  
She never flinched; she faced her doom:  
They two must sin to keep their vows.

Then out into the night she went,  
And, stooping, crept by hedge and tree;  
Her rose-bush flung a snare of scent,  
And caught a happy memory.

She fell, and lay a minute's space;  
She tore the sward in her distress;  
The dewy grass refreshed her face;  
She rose and ran with lifted dress.

She started like a morn-caught ghost  
Once when the moon came out and stood  
To watch; the naked road she crossed,  
And dived into the murmuring wood.

The branches snatched her streaming cloak;  
A live thing shrieked; she made no stay!

She hurried to the trysting-oak—  
Right well she knew the way.

Without a pause she bared her breast,  
And drove her dagger home and fell,  
And lay like one that takes her rest,  
And died and wakened up in hell.

She bathed her spirit in the flame,  
And near the center took her post;  
From all sides to her ears there came  
The dreary anguish of the lost.

The devil started at her side,  
Comely, and tall, and black as jet.  
"I am young Malespina's bride;  
Has he come hither yet?"

"My poppet, welcome to your bed."  
"Is Malespina here?"  
"Not he! Tomorrow he must wed  
His cousin Blanche, my dear!"

"You lie, he died with me tonight."  
"Not he! it was a plot" . . . "You lie!"  
"My dear, I never lie outright."  
"We died at midnight, he and I."

The devil went. Without a groan  
She, gathered up in one fierce prayer,  
Took root in hell's midst all alone,  
And waited for him there.

She dared to make herself at home  
Amidst the wail, the uneasy stir.  
The blood-stained flame that filled the dome,  
Scentless and silent, shrouded her.

How long she stayed I cannot tell;  
But when she felt his perfidy,  
*She marched across the floor of hell;*  
And all the damned stood up to see.

The devil stopped her at the brink:  
 She shook him off; she cried, "Away!"  
 "My dear, you have gone mad, I think."  
 "I was betrayed: I will not stay."

Across the weltering deep she ran;  
 A stranger thing was never seen:  
 The damned stood silent to a man;  
 They saw the great gulf set between.

To her it seemed a meadow fair;  
 And flowers sprang up about her feet.  
 She entered heaven; she climbed the stair  
 And knelt down at the mercy-seat.

Seraphs and saints with one great voice  
 Welcomed the soul that knew not fear.  
 Amazed to find it could rejoice,  
 Hell raised a hoarse, half-human cheer.

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### FRANCIS THOMPSON

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#### *The Hound of Heaven*

I FLED Him, down the nights and down the days;  
 I fled Him, down the arches of the years;  
 I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways  
 Of my own mind; and in the mist of tears  
 I hid from Him, and under running laughter.  
     Up vistaed hopes I sped;  
     And shot, precipitated,  
 Adown Titanic glooms of chasmèd fears,  
 From those strong Feet that followed, followed after.  
     But with unhurrying chase,  
     And unperturbèd pace,  
 Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,  
     They beat—and a Voice beat  
     More instant than the Feet—  
 "All things betray thee, who betrayest Me."

I pleaded, outlaw-wise,  
 By many a hearted casement, curtained red,  
 Trellised with intertwining charities;  
 (For, though I knew His love Who followèd,  
 Yet was I sore adread  
 Lest, having Him, I must have naught beside);  
 But, if one little casement parted wide,  
 The gust of His approach would clash it to.  
 Fear wist not to evade, as Love wist to pursue.  
 Across the margent of the world I fled,  
 And troubled the gold gateways of the stars,  
 Smiting for shelter on their clangèd bars;  
 Fretted to dulcet jars  
 And silvern chatter the pale ports o' the moon.  
 I said to Dawn: Be sudden—to Eve: Be soon;  
 With thy young skiey blossoms heap me over  
 From this tremendous Lover—  
 Float thy vague veil about me, lest He see!  
 I tempted all His servitors, but to find  
 My own betrayal in their constancy,  
 In faith to Him their fickleness to me,  
 Their traitorous trueness, and their loyal deceit.  
 To all swift things for swiftness did I sue;  
 Clung to the whistling mane of every wind.  
 But whether they swept, smoothly fleet,  
 The long savannahs of the blue;  
 Or whether, Thunder-driven,  
 They clanged his chariot 'thwart a heaven,  
 Plashy with flying lightnings round the spurn o' their feet —  
 Fear wist not to evade as Love wist to pursue  
 Still with unhurrying chase,  
 And unperturbèd pace,  
 Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,  
 Came on the following Feet,  
 And a Voice above their beat—  
 “Naught shelters thee, who wilt not shelter Me.”

I sought no more that after which I strayed  
 In face of man or maid;  
 But still within the little children's eyes  
 Seems something, something that replies,  
*They* at least are for me, surely for me!

I turned me to them very wistfully;  
 But just as their young eyes grew sudden fair  
     With dawning answers there,  
 Their angel plucked them from me by the hair.  
 "Come then, ye other children, Nature's—share  
 With me" (said I) "your delicate fellowship;

    Let me greet you lip to lip,  
     Let me twine with you caresses,  
     Wantoning  
     With our Lady-Mother's vagrant tresses,  
     Banqueting  
     With her in her wind-walled palace,  
     Underneath her azured dais,  
     Quaffing, as your taintless way is,  
     From a chalice

Lucent-weeping out of the dayspring."

    So it was done:

*I* in their delicate fellowship was one—

Drew the bolt of Nature's secrecies.

*I* knew all the swift importings  
     On the willful face of skies;  
     *I* knew how the clouds arise  
     Spumed of the wild sea-snortings;  
     All that 's born or dies

    Rose and drooped with; made them shapers  
 Of mine own moods, or wailful or divine;  
     With them joyed and was bereaven.  
     *I* was heavy with the even,  
     When she lit her glumming tapers  
     Round the day's dead sanctities.

*I* laughed in the morning's eyes.

*I* triumphed and *I* saddened with all weather,

    Heaven and *I* wept together,

And its sweet tears were salt with mortal mine.

Against the red throb of its sunset-heart

*I* laid my own to beat,

    And share commingling heat;

But not by that, by that, was eased my human smart.

In vain my tears were wet on Heaven's gray cheek.

For ah! we know not what each other says,

    These things and *I*; in sound *I* speak—

*Their* sound is but *their* stir, they speak by silences.

Nature, poor stepdame, cannot slake my drouth;  
Let her, if she would owe me,  
Drop yon blue bosom-veil of sky, and show me  
The breasts o' her tenderness:  
Never did any milk of hers once bless  
My thirsting mouth.  
Nigh and nigh draws the chase,  
With unperturbèd pace,  
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy;  
And past those noisèd Feet  
A Voice comes yet more fleet—  
"Lo! naught contents thee, who content'st not Me."

Naked I wait Thy love's uplifted stroke!  
My harness piece by piece Thou hast hewn from me,  
And smitten me to my knee;  
I am defenceless utterly.  
I slept, methinks, and woke,  
And, slowly gazing, find me stripped in sleep.  
In the rash lustihead of my young powers,  
I shook the pillaring hours  
And pulled my life upon me; grimed with smears,  
I stand amid the dust o' the mounded years—  
My mangled youth lies dead beneath the heap.  
My days have crackled and gone up in smoke,  
Have puffed and burst as sun-starts on a stream  
Yea, faileth now even dream  
The dreamer, and the lute the lutanist;  
Even the linked fantasies, in whose blossomy twist  
I swung the earth a trinket at my wrist,  
Are yielding; cords of all too weak account  
For earth with heavy griefs so overplussed.  
Ah! is Thy love indeed  
A weed, albeit an amaranthine weed,  
Suffering no flowers except its own to mount?  
Ah! must—  
Designer infinite!—  
Ah! must Thou char the wood ere Thou canst limn with it?  
My freshness spent its wavering shower i' the dust;  
And now my heart is as a broken fount,  
Wherein tear-drippings stagnate, spilt down ever  
From the dank thoughts that shiver

'Jpon the sighful branches of my mind.  
 Such is; what is to be?  
 The pulp so bitter, how shall taste the rind?  
 I dimly guess what Time in mists confounds;  
 Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds  
 From the hid battlements of Eternity;  
 Those shaken mists a space unsettle, then  
 Round the half-glimpstèd turrets slowly wash again.  
 But not ere him who summoneth  
 I first have seen, enwound  
 With glooming robes purpureal, cypress-crowned;  
 His name I know, and what his trumpet saith.  
 Whether man's heart or life it be which yields  
 The harvest, must Thy harvest-fields  
 Be dunged with rotten death?

Now of that long pursuit  
 Comes on at hand the bruit;  
 That Voice is round me like a bursting sea:  
 "And is thy earth so marred,  
 Shattered in shard on shard?  
 Lo, all things fly thee, for thou fliest Me!  
 Strange, piteous, futile thing!  
 Wherefore should any set thee love apart?  
 Seeing none but I makes much of naught" (He said),  
 "And human love needs human meriting:  
 How hast thou merited—  
 Of all man's clotted clay the dingiest clot?  
 Alack, thou knowest not  
 How little worthy of any love thou art!  
 Whom wilt thou find to love ignoble thee  
 Save Me, save only Me?  
 All which I took from thee I did but take,  
 Not for thy harms,  
 But just that thou might'st seek it in My arms.  
 All which thy child's mistake  
 Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee at home:  
 Rise, clasp My hand, and come!"

Halts by me that footfall·  
 Is my gloom, after all,  
 Shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly?

"Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,  
 I am He Whom thou seekest!  
 Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest Me."

### *The Heart*

#### II

○ NOTHING, in this corporal earth of man,  
 That to the imminent heaven of his high soul  
 Responds with colour and with shadow, can  
 Lack correlated greatness. If the scroll  
 Where thoughts lie fast in spell of hieroglyph  
 Be mighty through its mighty habitants;  
 If God be in His Name; grave potency if  
 The sounds unbind of hieratic chants;  
 All's vast that vastness means. Nay, I affirm  
 Nature is whole in her least things exprest,  
 Nor know we with what scope God builds the worm.  
 Our towns are copies fragments from our breast;  
 And all man's Babylons strive but to impart  
 The grandeurs of his Babylonian heart.

### *Dream-Tryst*

THE breaths of kissing night and day  
 Were mingled in the eastern Heaven:  
 Throbbing with unheard melody  
 Shook Lyra all its star-chord seven:  
 When dusk shrunk cold, and light trod shy,  
 And dawn's grey eyes were troubled grey;  
 And souls went palely up the sky,  
 And mine to Lucidé.

There was no change in her sweet eyes  
 Since last I saw those sweet eyes shine;  
 There was no change in her deep heart  
 Since last that deep heart knocked at mine.  
 Her eyes were clear, her eyes were Hope's,  
 Wherein did ever come and go



## ENGLISH POETRY

The sparkle of the fountain-drops  
From her sweet soul below.

The chambers in the house of dreams  
Are fed with so divine an air,  
That Time's hoar wings grow young therein,  
And they who walk there are most fair.  
I joyed for me, I joyed for her,  
Who with the Past meet girt about:  
Where our last kiss still warms the air,  
Nor can her eyes go out.

*In No Strange Land*

O WORLD invisible, we view thee,  
O world intangible, we touch thee,  
O world unknowable, we know thee,  
Inapprehensible, we clutch thee!

Does the fish soar to find the ocean,  
The eagle plunge to find the air—  
That we ask of the stars in motion  
If they have rumour of thee there?

Not where the wheeling systems darken,  
And our benumbed conceiving soars!—  
The drift of pinions, would we hearken,  
Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.

The angels keep their ancient places,—  
Turn but a stone, and start a wing!  
'Tis ye, 'tis your estranged faces,  
That miss the many-splendoured thing.

But, when so sad thou canst not sadder,  
Cry—and upon thy so sore loss  
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder  
Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing<sup>1</sup> Cross.

Yea, in the night, my Soul, my daughter,  
Cry—clinging Heaven by the hems . . .  
And lo, Christ walking on the water  
Not of Gennesareth, but Thames!

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A. E. HOUSMAN

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## FROM A SHROPSHIRE LAD

## II

LOVELIEST of trees, the cherry now  
Is hung with bloom along the bough,  
And stands about the woodland ride  
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,  
Twenty will not come again,  
And take from seventy springs a score,  
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom  
Fifty springs are little room,  
About the woodlands I will go  
To see the cherry hung with snow.

## VII

When smoke stood up from Ludlow,  
And mist blew off from Teme,  
And blithe afield to ploughing  
Against the morning beam  
I strode beside my team,

The blackbird in the coppice  
Looked out to see me stride,  
And hearkened as I whistled  
The trampling team beside,  
And fluted and replied.

"Lie down, lie down, young yeoman;  
What use to rise and rise?  
Rise man a thousand mornings  
Yet down at last he lies,  
And then the man is wise."

I heard the tune he sang me,  
 And spied his yellow bill;  
 I picked a stone and aimed it  
 And threw it with a will:  
 Then the bird was still.

Then my soul within me  
 Took up the blackbird's strain,  
 And still beside the horses  
 Along the dewy lane  
 It sang the song again.

"Lie down, lie down, young yeoman;  
 The sun moves always west;  
 The road one treads to labour  
 Will lead one home to rest,  
 And that will be the best."

## XII

When I watch the living meet,  
 And the moving pageant file  
 Warm and breathing through the street  
 Where I lodge a little while,

If the heats of hate and lust  
 In the house of flesh are strong,  
 Let me mind the house of dust  
 Where my sojourn shall be long.

In the nation that is not  
 Nothing stands that stood before;  
 There revenges are forgot,  
 And the hater hates no more;

Lovers lying two and two  
 Ask not whom they sleep beside,  
 And the bridegroom all night through<sup>v</sup>  
 Never turns him to the bride.

## XIII

When I was one-and-twenty  
 I heard a wise man say,

"Give crowns and pounds and guineas  
 But not your heart away;  
 Give pearls away and rubies  
 But keep your fancy free."  
 But I was one-and-twenty,  
 No use to talk to me.

When I was one-and-twenty  
 I heard him say again,  
 "The heart out of the bosom  
 Was never given in vain;  
 'Tis paid with sighs a plenty  
 And sold for endless rue."  
 And I am two-and-twenty,  
 And oh, 'tis true, 'tis true

## XLVIII

Be still, my soul, be still; the arms you bear are brittle,  
 Earth and high heaven are fixt of old and founded strong  
 Think rather,—call to thought, if now you grieve a little  
 The days when we had rest, O soul, for they were long.

Men loved unkindness then, but lightless in the quarry  
 I slept and saw not; tears fell down, I did not mourn;  
 Sweat ran and blood sprang out and I was never sorry:  
 Then it was well with me, in days ere I was born.

Now, I muse for why and never find the reason,  
 I pace the earth, and drink the air, and feel the sun.  
 Be still, be still, my soul; it is but for a season:  
 Let us endure an hour and see injustice done.

Ay, look: high heaven and earth ail from the prime foundation;  
 All thoughts to rive the heart are here, and all are vain:  
 Horror and scorn and hate and fear and indignation—  
 Oh, why did I awake? when shall I sleep again?

## LII

Far in a western brookland  
 That bred me long ago  
 The poplars stand and tremble  
 By pools I used to know.

## ENGLISH POETRY

There, in the windless night-time,  
 The wanderer, marvelling why,  
 Halts on the bridge to hearken  
 How soft the poplars sigh.

He hears: no more remembered:  
 In fields where I was known,  
 Here I lie down in London  
 And turn to rest alone.

There, by the starlit fences,  
 The wanderer halts and hears  
 My soul that lingers sighing  
 About the glimmering weirs.

## LIV

With rue my heart is laden  
 For golden friends I had,  
 For many a rose-lipt maiden  
 And many a lightfoot lad.

By brooks too broad for leaping  
 The lightfoot boys are laid;  
 The rose-lipt girls are sleeping  
 In fields where roses fade.

## FROM LAST POEMS

## XXV

*The Oracles*

**T**IS mute, the word they went to hear on high Dodona mountain  
 When winds were in the oakenshaws and all the cauldrons  
 tolled,  
 And mute's the midland navel-stone beside the singing fountain,  
 And echoes list to silence now where gods told lies of old.

I took my question to the shrine that has not ceased from speaking,  
 The heart within, that tells the truth and tells it twice as plain;

And from the cave of oracles I heard the priestess shrieking  
That she and I should surely die and never live again.

Oh priestess, what you cry is clear, and sound good sense I think it;  
But let the screaming echoes rest, and froth your mouth no more.  
'Tis true there's better boose than brine, but he that drowns must  
drink it;  
And oh, my lass, the news is news that men have heard before.

*The King with half the East at heel is marched from lands of  
morning,  
Their fighters drink the rivers up, their shafts benight the air.  
And he that stands will die for nought, and home there's no re-  
turning.*  
The Spartans on the sea-wet rock sat down and combed their hair.

## XLI

*Fancy's Knell*

WHEN lads were home from labour  
At Abdon under Clee,  
A man would call his neighbour  
And both would send for me.  
And where the light in lances  
Across the mead was laid,  
There to the dances  
I fetched my flute and played.

Ours were idle pleasures,  
Yet oh, content we were,  
The young to wind the measures,  
The old to heed the air;  
And I to lift with playing  
From tree and tower and steep  
The light delaying,  
And flute the sun to sleep.

The youth toward his fancy  
Would turn his brow of tan,

And Tom would pair with Nancy  
 And Dick step off with Fan;  
 The girl would lift her glances  
 To his, and both be mute:  
 Well went the dances  
 At evening to the flute.

Wenlock Edge was umbered,  
 And bright was Abdon Burf,  
 And warm between them slumbered  
 The smooth green miles of turf;  
 Until from grass and clover  
 The upshot beam would fade,  
 And England over  
 Advanced the lofty shade.

The lofty shade advances,  
 I fetch my flute and play.  
 Come, lads, and learn the dances  
 And praise the tune today.  
 Tomorrow, more's the pity,  
 Away we both must hie,  
 To air the ditty,  
 And to earth I.

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### SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

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#### *Drake's Drum*

**D**RAKE, he's in his hammock an' a thousand mile away,  
 (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)  
 Slung atween the round shot in Nombre Dios Bay,  
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.  
 Yarnder lumes the Island, yarnder lie the ships,  
 Wi' sailor lads a-dancin' heel-an'-toe,  
 An' the shore-lights flashin', an' the night-tide dashin',  
 He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.

Drake he was a Devon man, an' ruled the Devon seas,  
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)  
Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,  
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.  
"Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,  
Strike et when your powder's runnin' low;  
If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,  
And drum them up the Channel as we drummed them long ago."

Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armadas come,  
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)  
Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,  
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.  
Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,  
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe;  
Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin',  
They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they found him long ago.

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## RUDYARD KIPLING

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### *Danny Deeever*

"**W**HAT are the bugles blowin' for?" said Files-on-Parade.  
"To turn you out, to turn you out," the Colour-Sergeant said.

"What makes you look so white, so white?" said Files-on-Parade.  
"I'm dreadin' what I've got to watch," the Colour-Sergeant said.  
For they're hangin' Danny Deeever, you can hear the Dead March play,  
The regiment's in 'ollow square—they're hangin' him today;  
They've taken of his buttons off an' cut his stripes away,  
An' they're hangin' Danny Deeever in the mornin'.

"What makes the rear-rank breathe so 'ard?" said Files-on-Parade.  
"It's bitter cold, it's bitter cold," the Colour-Sergeant said.  
"What makes that front-rank man fall down?" says Files-on-Parade.  
"A touch o' sun, a touch o' sun," the Colour-Sergeant said.



They are hangin' Danny Deever, they are marchin' of 'im round,  
They 'ave 'alted Danny Deever by 'is coffin on the ground;  
An' 'e'll swing in 'arf a minute for a sneakin' shootin' hound—  
O they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'!

"'Is cot was right-and cot to mine," said Files-on-Parade.

"'E's sleepin' out an' far tonight," the Colour-Sergeant said.

"'I've drunk 'is beer a score o' times," said Files-on-Parade.

"'E's drinkin' bitter beer alone," the Colour-Sergeant said.

They are hangin' Danny Deever, you must mark 'im to 'is place,  
For 'e shot a comrade sleepin'—you must look 'im in the face;  
Nine 'undred of 'is county an' the regiment's disgrace,  
While they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

"What's that so black agin the sun?" said Files-on-Parade.

"It's Danny fightin' 'ard for life," the Colour-Sergeant said.

"What's that that whimpers over'ead?" said Files-on-Parade.

"It's Danny's soul that's passing now," the Colour-Sergeant said.

For they're done with Danny Deever, you can 'ear the quickstep  
play,  
The regiment's in column, an' they're marchin' us away;  
Ho! the young recruits are shakin', an' they'll want their beer  
today,  
After hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

### *The Ballad of East and West*

**O**H, *East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall  
meet,  
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;  
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,  
When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the  
ends of the earth!*

Kamal is out with twenty men to raise the Border side,  
And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that is the Colonel's pride.  
He has lifted her out of the stable-door between the dawn and the  
day,

And turned the calkins upon her feet, and ridden her far away.  
Then up and spoke the Colonel's son that led a troop of the Guides:  
"Is there never a man of all my men can say where Kamal hides?"

Then up and spoke Mohammed Khan, the son of the Ressaldar:  
"If ye know the track of the morning-mist, ye know where his  
pickets are.

At dusk he harries the Abazai—at dawn he is into Bonair,  
But he must go by Fort Bukloh to his own place to fare.  
So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast as a bird can fly,  
By the favour of God ye may cut him off ere he win to the Tongue  
of Jagai.

But if he be past the Tongue of Jagai, right swiftly turn ye then,  
For the length and the breadth of that grisly plain is sown with  
Kamal's men.

There is rock to the left, and rock to the right, and low lean thorn  
between,

And ye may hear a breech-bolt snick where never a man is seen."  
The Colonel's son has taken a horse, and a raw rough dun was he,  
With the mouth of a bell and the heart of Hell and the head of a  
gallows-tree.

The Colonel's son to the Fort has won, they bid him stay to eat—  
Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he sits not long at his meat.  
He's up and away from Fort Bukloh as fast as he can fly,  
Till he was aware of his father's mare in the gut of the Tongue of  
Jagai,

Till he was aware of his father's mare with Kamal upon her back,  
And when he could spy the white of her eye, he made the pistol  
crack.

He has fired once, he has fired twice, but the whistling ball went  
wide.

"Ye shoot like a soldier," Kamal said. "Show now if ye can ride!"  
It's up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as blown dust-devils go,  
The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the mare like a barren doe.  
The dun he leaned against the bit and slugged his head above,  
But the red mare played with the snaffle-bars, as a maiden plays with  
a glove.

There was rock to the left and rock to the right, and low lean thorn  
between,

And thrice he heard a breech-bolt snick tho' never a man was seen.  
They have ridden the low moon out of the sky, their hoofs drum up  
the dawn,

The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the mare like a new-  
roused fawn.

The dun he fell at a water-course—in a woeful heap fell he,  
And Kamal has turned the red mare back, and pulled the rider free.

He has knocked the pistol out of his hand—small room was there  
to strive,

“’Twas only by favour of mine,” quoth he, “ye rode so long alive:  
There was not a rock for twenty mile, there was not a clump of tree,  
But covered a man of my own men with his rifle cocked on his knee.  
If I had raised my bridle-hand, as I have held it low,  
The little jackals that flee so fast were feasting all in a row.  
If I had bowed my head on my breast, as I have held it high,  
The kite that whistles above us now were gorged till she could not  
fly.”

Lightly answered the Colonel’s son: “Do good to bird and beast,  
But count who come for the broken meats before thou makest a  
feast.

If there should follow a thousand swords to carry my bones away,  
Belike the price of a jackal’s meal were more than a thief could pay.  
They will feed their horse on the standing crop, their men on the  
garnered grain,

The thatch of the byres will serve their fires when all the cattle are  
slain.

But if thou thinkest the price be fair,—thy brethren wait to sup,  
The hound is kin to the jackal-spawn,—howl, dog, and call them up!  
And if thou thinkest the price be high, in steer and gear and stack,  
‘Give me my father’s mare again, and I’ll fight my own way back!’

Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set him upon his feet.

“No talk shall be of dogs,” said he, “when wolf and grey wolf meet.  
May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed or breath;  
What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest at the dawn with  
Death?”

Lightly answered the Colonel’s son: “I hold by the blood of my clan:  
Take up the mare for my father’s gift—by God, she has carried a  
man!”

The red mare ran to the Colonel’s son, and nuzzled against his  
breast;

“We be two strong men,” said Kamal then, “but she loveth the  
younger best.

So she shall go with a lifter’s dower, my turquoise-studded rein,  
My brodered saddle and saddle-cloth, and silver stirrups twain.”

The Colonel’s son a pistol drew, and held it muzzle-end,

“Ye have taken the one from a foe,” said he; “will ye take the mate  
from a friend?”

“A gift for a gift,” said Kamal straight; “a limb for the risk of a  
limb.

Thy father has sent his son to me, I'll send my son to him!"  
With that he whistled his only son, that dropped from a mountain-  
crest—  
He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and he looked like a lance  
in rest.  
"Now here is thy master," Kamal said, "who leads a troop of the  
Guides,  
And thou must ride at his left side as shield on shoulder rides.  
Till Death or I cut loose the tie, at camp and board and bed,  
Thy life is his—thy fate it is to guard him with thy head.  
So thou must eat the White Queen's meat, and all her foes are thine,  
And thou must harry thy father's hold for the peace of the Border-  
line.  
And thou must make a trooper tough and hack thy way to power—  
Belike they will raise thee to Ressaldar when I am hanged in  
Peshawur."

They have looked each other between the eyes, and there they found  
no fault,  
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on leavened bread  
and salt:  
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on fire and fresh-  
cut sod,  
On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber knife and the Wondrous  
Names of God.  
The Colonel's son he rides the mare and Kamal's boy the dun,  
And two have come back to Fort Bukloh where there went forth  
but one.  
And when they drew to the Quarter-Guard, full twenty swords flew  
clear—  
There was not a man but carried his feud with the blood of the  
mountaineer.  
"Ha' done! ha' done!" said the Colonel's son. "Put up the steel at  
your sides!  
Last night ye had struck at a Border thief—tonight 'tis a man of the  
Guides!"

*Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,  
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;  
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,  
When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the  
ends of the earth!*

*The Last Chantey**"And there was no more sea"*

THUS said the Lord in the Vault above the Cherubim,  
 Calling to the Angels and the Souls in their degree:  
 "Lo! Earth has passed away  
 On the smoke of Judgment Day.  
 That Our word may be established shall We gather up the sea?"

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners:  
 "Plague upon the hurricane that made us furl and flee!  
 But the war is done between us,  
 In the deep the Lord hath seen us—  
 Our bones we'll leave the barracout', and God may sink the sea!"

Then said the soul of Judas that betrayèd Him:  
 "Lord, hast Thou forgotten Thy covenant with me?  
 How once a year I go  
 To cool me on the floe?  
 And Ye take my day of mercy if Ye take away the sea!"

Then said the soul of the Angel of the Off-shore Wind:  
 (He that bits the thunder when the bull-mouthed breakers flee):  
 "I have watch and ward to keep  
 O'er Thy wonders on the deep,  
 And Ye take mine honour from me if Ye take away the sea!"

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners:  
 "Nay, but we were angry, and a hasty folk are we!  
 If we worked the ship together  
 Till she foundered in foul weather,  
 Are we babes that we should clamour for a vengeance on the sea?"

Then said the souls of the slaves that men threw overboard:  
 "Kenneled in the picaroon a weary band were we;  
 But Thy arm was strong to save,  
 And it touched us on the wave,  
 And we drownd the long tides idle till Thy Trumpets tore the  
 the sea."

Then cried the soul of the stout Apostle Paul to God:

"Once we frapped a ship, and she labored woundily.

There were fourteen score of these,

And they blessed Thee on their knees,

When they learned Thy Grace and Glory under Malta by the  
sea!"

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners,

Plucking at their harps, and they plucked unhandily:

"Our thumbs are rough and tarred,

And the tune is something hard—

May we lift a Deepsea Chantey such as seamen use at sea?"

Then said the souls of the gentlemen-adventurers—

Fettered wrist to bar all for red iniquity:

"Ho, we revel in our chains

O'er the sorrow that was Spain's;

Heave or sink it, leave or drink it, we were masters of the sea!"

Up spake the soul of a gray Gothavn 'speckshioner—

(He that led the flenching in the fleets of fair Fundee):

"Oh, the ice-blink white and near,

And the bowhead breaching clear!

Will Ye whelm them all for wantonness that wallow in the sea?

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners,

Crying. "Under Heaven, here is neither lead nor lea!

Must we sing for evermore

On the windless, glassy floor?

Take back your golden fiddles and we'll beat to open sea!"

Then stooped the Lord, and He called the good sea up to Him,

And 'stablished its borders unto all eternity,

That such as have no pleasure

For to praise the Lord by measure,

They may enter into galleons and serve Him on the sea.

*Sun, Wind, and Cloud shall fail not from the face of it,*

*Stinging, ringing spindrift, nor the fulmar flying free;*

*And the ships shall go abroad*

*To the Glory of the Lord*

*Who heard the silly sailor-folk and gave them back their sea!*

*Jobson's Amen*

BLESSED be the English and all their ways and works.  
 Cursed be the Infidels, Hereticks, and Turks!  
 'Amen," quo' Jobson, "but where I used to lie  
 Was neither Candle, Bell nor Book to curse my brethren by:

"But a palm-tree in full bearing, bowing down, bowing down,  
 To a surf that drove unsparing at the brown-walled town—  
 Conches in a temple, oil-lamps in a dome—  
 And a low moon out of Africa said: 'This way home!'"

"Blessed be the English and all that they profess.  
 Cursed be the Savages that prance in nakedness!"  
 "Amen," quo' Jobson, "but where I used to lie  
 Was neither shirt nor pantaloons to catch my brethren by:

"But a well-wheel slowly creaking, going round, going round,  
 By a water-channel leaking over drowned, warm ground—  
 Parrots very busy in the trellised pepper-vine—  
 And a high sun over Asia shouting: 'Rise and shine!'"

"Blessed be the English and everything they own.  
 Cursed be the Infidels that bow to wood and stone!"  
 "Amen," quo' Jobson, "but where I used to lie  
 Was neither pew nor Gospelleer to save my brethren by:

"But a desert stretched and stricken, left and right, left and right,  
 Where the piled mirages thicken under white-hot light—  
 A skull beneath a sand-hill and a viper coiled inside—  
 And a red wind out of Libya roaring 'Run and hide!'"

"Blessed be the English and all they make or do  
 Cursed be the Hereticks who doubt that this is true!"  
 "Amen," quo' Jobson, "but where I mean to die  
 Is neither rule nor calliper to judge the matter by: '

"But Himalaya heavenward-heading, sheer and vast, sheer and vast,  
 In a million summits bedding on the last world's past;  
 A certain sacred mountain where the scented cedars climb,  
 And—the feet of my Belovèd hurrying back through Time!"

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HERBERT TRENCH

---

*I Heard a Soldier*

I HEARD a soldier sing some trifle  
Out in the sun-dried veldt alone:  
He lay and cleaned his grimy rifle  
Idly, behind a stone.

"If after death, love, comes a waking,  
And in their camp so dark and still  
The men of dust hear bugles breaking  
Their halt upon the hill,

"To me the slow and silver pealing  
That then the last high trumpet pours,  
Shall softer than the dawn come stealing,  
For, with its call, comes yours!"

What grief of love had he to stifle,  
Basking so idly by his stone,  
That grimy soldier with his rifle  
Out in the veldt, alone?

*Old Anchor Chanty*

First Voice. With a long heavy heave, my very famous men . . . .  
(CHORUS. *Bring homel heave and rally!*)

Second Voice. And why do you, lad, look so pale? Is it for love,  
or lack of ale?

First Voice. All hands bear a hand that have a hand to len'—  
And there never was a better haul than you gave  
then . . . .  
(CHORUS. *Bring homel*)



- First Voice. Heave hearty, my very famous men . . . .  
*(Bring home! heave and rally!)*
- Second Voice. Curl and scud, rack and squall—sea-clouds you shall  
 know them all . . . .
- First Voice. For we're bound for Valparaiso and round the Horn  
 again  
 From Monte Desolado to the parish of Big Ben! . . . .  
*(Bring home!)*
- First Voice. Heave hearty, my very famous men . . . .  
*(Bring home! heave and rally!)*
- Second Voice. Bold through all or scuppers under, when shall we  
 be back, I wonder?
- First Voice. From the green and chancy water we shall all come  
 back again  
 To the Lizard and the ladies—but who can say for  
 when? . . . .  
*(Bring home!)*
- First Voice. Heave and she's a-trip, my very famous men . . . .  
*(Bring home! heave and rally!)*
- Second Voice. When your fair lass says farewell to you a fair wind  
 I will sell to you . . . .
- First Voice. You may sell your soul's salvation, but I'll bet you  
 two-pound-ten  
 She's a-tripping on the ribs of the devil in his den . . . .  
*(Bring home!)*
- First Voice. Heave and she's a-peak, my very famous men . . . .  
*(Bring home! heave and rally!)*
- Second Voice. You shall tread for one cruzado, Fiddler's Green in  
 El Dorado
- First Voice. Why, I've seen less lucky fellows pay for liquor with  
 with doubloons  
 And for 'baccy with ozellas, gold mohurs, and ducatoons!  
*(Bring home!)*
- First Voice. Heave and a-weigh, my very famous men . . . .  
*(Bring home! heave and rally!)*
- Second Voice. And drop her next in heat or cold, the flukes of  
 England they shall hold! . . . .

First Voice. Ring and shank, stock and fluke, she's coming into ken—

Give a long and heavy heave, she's a-coming into ken . . . .

*(Bring home!)*

First Voice. Heave and in sight, my very famous men . . . .

*(Bring home! heave and rally!)*

Second Voice. With her shells and tangle dripping she's a beauty we are shipping . . . .

First Voice. And she likes a bed in harbour like a decent citizen,  
But her fancy for a hammock on the deep sea comes again . . . .

*(Bring home!)*

First Voice. Heave and she's a-wash, my very famous men . . . .

*(Bring home! heave and rally!)*

Second Voice. O never stop to write the news that we are off upon a cruise . . . .

First Voice. For the Gulf of Californy's got a roller now and then  
But it's better to be sailing than a-sucking of a pen . . . .

*(Bring home!)*

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## WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

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### *To a Friend Whose Work Has Come to Nothing*

NOW all the truth is out,  
Be secret and take defeat  
From any brazen throat,  
For how can you compete,  
Being honour bred, with one  
Who, were it proved he lies,  
Were neither shamed in his own  
Nor in his neighbours' eyes?  
Bred to a harder thing

## ENGLISH POETRY

Than Triumph, turn away  
 And like a laughing string  
 Whereon mad fingers play  
 Amid a place of stone,  
 Be secret and exult,  
 Because of all things known  
 That is most difficult.

*Against Unworthy Praise*

O HEART, be at peace, because  
 Nor knave nor dolt can break  
 What's not for their applause,  
 Being for a woman's sake.  
 Enough if the work has seemed,  
 So did she your strength renew,  
 A dream that a lion had dreamed  
 Till the wilderness cried aloud,  
 A secret between you two,  
 Between the proud and the proud

What, still you would have their praise!  
 But here's a haughtier text,  
 The labyrinth of her days  
 That her own strangeness perplexed;  
 And how what her dreaming gave  
 Earned slander, ingratitude,  
 From self-same dolt and knave;  
 Aye, and worse wrong than these,  
 Yet she, singing upon her road,  
 Half lion, half child, is at peace.

*Sailing to Byzantium*

THAT is no country for old men. The young  
 In one another's arms, birds in the trees  
 (Those dying generations) at their song,  
 The salmon-falls, the mackerel-crowded seas,

Fish, flesh, or fowl, commend all summer long  
Whatever is begotten, born, and dies.  
Caught in that sensual music, all neglect  
Monuments of unaging intellect.

An aged man is but a paltry thing,  
A tattered coat upon a stick, unless  
Soul clap its hands and sing, and louder sing  
For every tatter in its mortal dress;  
Nor is there singing school but studying  
Monuments of its own magnificence;  
And therefore I have sailed the seas and come  
To the holy city of Byzantium.

O sages, standing in God's holy fire  
As in the gold mosaic of a wall,  
Come from the holy fire, perne in a gyre,  
And be the singing-masters of my soul.  
Consume my heart away—sick with desire  
And fastened to a dying animal  
It knows not what it is—and gather me  
Into the artifice of eternity.

Once out of nature I shall never take  
My bodily form from any natural thing,  
But such a form as Grecian goldsmiths make  
Of hammered gold and gold enamelling  
To keep a drowsy emperor awake;  
Or set upon a golden bough to sing  
To lords and ladies of Byzantium  
Of what is past, or passing, or to come.

### *For His Own Epitaph*<sup>1</sup>

UNDER bare Ben Bulben's head  
In Drumcliffe churchyard Yeats is laid.  
An ancestor was rector there  
Long years ago, a church stands near,

<sup>1</sup> The last lines were first sent to Dorothy Wellesley in a letter dated August 15, 1938. Yeats says that he wrote them on the margin of a book of essays about Rilke. They reappeared at the end of a long poem first entitled "His Convictions" and

By the road an ancient cross.  
 No marble, no conventional phrase;  
 On limestone quarried near the spot  
 By his command these words are cut:

*Cast a cold eye  
 On life, on death.  
 Horseman, pass by!*

---

ERNEST DOWSON

---

*Non sum qualis eram bonae sub regno Cynarae*

LAST night, ah, yesternight, betwixt her lips and mine  
 There fell thy shadow, Cynara! thy breath was shed  
 Upon my soul between the kisses and the wine;  
 And I was desolate and sick of an old passion,  
 Yea, I was desolate and bowed my head:  
 I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

All night upon mine heart I felt her warm heart beat,  
 Night-long within mine arms in love and sleep she lay;  
 Surely the kisses of her bought red mouth were sweet;  
 But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,  
 When I awoke and found the dawn was gray:  
 I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

I have forgot much, Cynara! gone with the wind,  
 Flung roses, roses riotously with the throng,  
 Dancing, to put thy pale, lost lilies out of mind;  
 But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,  
 Yea, all the time, because the dance was long:  
 I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

then, in *Last Poems & Plays*, "Under Ben Bulben," with the date September 4, 1938. The closing lines, says Dorothy Wellesley, "were chosen by Yeats for his own epitaph on his tombstone in Drumcliffe churchyard, Sligo." We reproduce here the entire Section VI of "Under Ben Bulben."

I cried for madder music and for stronger wine,  
But when the feast is finished and the lamps expire,  
Then falls thy shadow, Cynara! the night is thine;  
And I am desolate and sick of an old passion,  
Yea, hungry for the lips of my desire:  
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

---

LIONEL JOHNSON

---

*Bagley Wood*

THE night is full of stars, full of magnificence:  
Nightingales hold the wood, and fragrance loads the dark.  
Behold, what fires august, what lights eternal! Hark,  
What passionate music poured in passionate love's defence!  
Breathe but the wafting wind's nocturnal frankincense!  
Only to feel this night's great heart, only to mark  
The splendours and the glooms, brings back the patriarch,  
Who on Chaldean wastes found God through reverence.

Could we but live at will upon this perfect height,  
Could we but always keep the passion of this peace,  
Could we but face unshamed the look of this pure light,  
Could we but win earth's heart, and give desire release:  
Then were we all divine, and then were ours by right  
These stars, these nightingales, these scents. then shame would cease.

---

LAURENCE BINYON

---

*For the Fallen*

WITH proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,  
England mourns for her dead across the sea,  
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,  
Fallen in the cause of the free.

Solemn the drums thrill: Death august and royal  
 Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres,  
 There is music in the midst of desolation  
 And a glory that shines upon our tears.  
 They went with songs to the battle, they were young,  
 Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.  
 They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted,  
 They fell with their faces to the foe.

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:  
 Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.  
 At the going down of the sun and in the morning  
 We will remember them.

They mingle not with their laughing comrades again;  
 They sit no more at familiar tables of home;  
 They have no lot in our labour of the day-time.  
 They sleep beyond England's foam.

But where our desires are and our hopes profound,  
 Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight,  
 To the innermost heart of their own land they are known  
 As the stars are known to the Night,

As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust  
 Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain,  
 As the stars that are starry in the time of our darkness,  
 To the end, to the end, they remain

### *A Glimpse of Time*

IN the shadow of a broken house,  
 Down a deserted street,  
 Propt walls, cold hearths, and phantom stairs,  
 And the silence of dead feet—  
 Locked wildly in one another's arms  
 I saw two lovers meet.

And over the hearthless house aghast  
 Rose from the mind's abyss  
 Lost stars and ruined, peering moons,

Worlds overshadowing this,—  
Time's stony palace crumbled down  
Before that instant kiss.

---

W. H. DAVIES

---

*Leisure*

WHAT is this life, if, full of care,  
We have no time to stand and stare.

No time to stand beneath the boughs  
And stare as long as sheep or cows.

No time to see, when woods we pass,  
Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass.

No time to see, in broad daylight,  
Streams full of stars, like skies at night.

No time to turn at Beauty's glance,  
And watch her feet, how they can dance.

No time to wait till her mouth can  
Enrich that smile her eyes began.

A poor life this if, full of care,  
We have no time to stand and stare.

*The Sleepers*

AS I walked down the waterside  
This silent morning, wet and dark;  
Before the cocks in farmyards crowed,  
Before the dogs began to bark;  
Before the hour of five was struck  
By old Westminster's mighty clock.



## ENGLISH POETRY

As I walked down the waterside  
This morning, in the cold damp air,  
I saw a hundred women and men  
Huddled in rags and sleeping there:  
These people have no work, thought I,  
And long before their time they die.

That moment, on the waterside,  
A lighted car came at a bound;  
I looked inside, and saw a score  
Of pale and weary men that frowned;  
Each man sat in a huddled heap,  
Carried to work while fast asleep.

Ten cars rushed down the waterside,  
Like lighted coffins in the dark,  
With twenty dead men in each car,  
That must be brought alive by work:  
These people work too hard, thought I,  
And long before their time they die.

*The Example*

HERE'S an example from  
A Butterfly;  
That on a rough, hard rock  
Happy can lie;  
Friendless and all alone  
On this unsweetened stone.

Now let my bed be hard,  
No care take I;  
I'll make my joy like this  
Small Butterfly;  
Whose happy heart has power  
To make a stone a flower.

*A Great Time*

SWEET Chance, that led my steps abroad,  
 Beyond the town, where wild flowers grow—  
 A rainbow and a cuckoo, Lord!  
 How rich and great the times are now!  
 Know, all ye sheep  
 And cows that keep  
 On staring that I stand so long  
 In grass that's wet from heavy rain—  
 A rainbow and a cuckoo's song  
 May never come together again;  
 May never come  
 This side the tomb.

---

T. STURGE MOORE

---

*The Faun Tells of the Rout of the Amazons*

IT was for beauty like a fleet at sea,  
 Or like an hundred swans  
 Sailing before the breeze across a lake!  
 Their vests of daffodil, or pallid pink  
 Or milky violet! their saffron caps  
 And hoods like birds for sudden wing-like flaps!  
 Their white and piebald mounts! the rich green sward,  
 The morning light, the blossoming hawthorn trees!  
 The zephyr's music in the holts that crown  
 With delicate fern-like trees, each soft knoll's top!  
 I thought the night had borne me heavenward  
 And in Olympus I had waked from sleep;  
 And when their war-song rose  
 Long tears of rapture ran across my face:  
 Apollo made it, or, if 'twas not he,  
 Why, Marsyas died for nought.

Then heard I shouts, male voices,  
 And turning round I saw them come,

The men of Attica;  
With archers on the hills  
In bands of twenty strong,  
And horsemen in the plain,  
And infantry drawn up in branching glens  
Which sloped from either side down to the meads;  
I knew their stations had been ta'en with care;  
And soon the women would have turned the range,  
And both those armies in each other's view  
Must stand opposed.

In the boughs of an oak I have quaked, where four roads met,  
To watch upon either hand draw near to the cross  
A boy and a girl both lovely and light of foot,  
With life escaping out of unhindering eyes;  
My heart has ached for fear that they should not laugh,  
Not utter the kindly word when they met, but withstand  
The power of either's beauty, and shamefac'd pass,  
Fighting desire in their breasts for lack of a heart  
Gallant with daring and sense; my pulse stood still.  
But, for fearing the thing that those nearing armies might do,  
When they met in the widening meads at the foot of the hills,  
My blood it grew cold, so long a time it stood still  
For now a silence settled on both their hosts,  
As a wistness fell on those children, when they heard,  
Each unseen, the other's approaching step on the road;  
For scouts had sighted and made to both sides report.  
Ah, that hush was like a December night in my soul,  
And dull the sound of the hooves as the dismal sound  
In the winter forest that wakes one upon a thaw.

Ahi, ahi, ahi, it was shrewd pain!  
And not with a radiant welcome and hearty laugh  
Each fronted each; but with a shout like a curse,  
With a yell that had stricken a lion's heart with fear,  
They on to each other rushed.  
Ah! the eyes, that saw it, bleed;  
And my ear is a wounded sense!  
These were men, that their terrible spears  
Hurl'd at the female breast:  
These were men, who the well-aimed arrow  
Let fly in the eyes of a girl.

---

RALPH HODGSON

---

*Eve*

EVE, with her basket, was  
Deep in the bells and grass,  
Wading in bells and grass  
Up to her knees,  
Picking a dish of sweet  
Berries and plums to eat,  
Down in the bells and grass  
Under the trees.

Mute as a mouse in a  
Corner the cobra lay,  
Curled round a bough of the  
Cinnamon tall. . . .  
Now to get even and  
Humble proud heaven and  
Now was the moment or  
Never at all.

"Eva!" Each syllable  
Light as a flower fell;  
"Eva!" he whispered the  
Wondering maid;  
Soft as a bubble sung  
Out of a linnet's lung,  
Soft and most silverly  
"Eva!" he said.

Picture that orchard sprite,  
Eve, with her body white,  
Supple and smooth to her  
Slim finger tips,  
Wondering, listening,  
Listening, wondering,  
Eve with a berry  
Half-way to her lips.

## ENGLISH POETRY

Oh, had our simple Eve  
Seen through the make-believe!  
Had she but known the  
Pretender he was!  
Out of the boughs he came,  
Whispering still her name,  
Tumbling in twenty rings  
Into the grass.

Here was the strangest pair  
In the world anywhere,  
Eve in the bells and grass  
Kneeling, and he  
Telling his story low. . . .  
Singing birds saw them go  
Down the dark path to  
The Blasphemous Tree.

Oh, what a clatter when  
Titmouse and Jenny Wren  
Saw him successful and  
Taking his leave!  
How the birds rated him,  
How they all hated him!  
How they all pitied  
Poor motherless Eve!

Picture her crying  
Outside in the lane,  
Eve, with no dish of sweet  
Berries and plums to eat,  
Haunting the gate of the  
Orchard in vain. . . .  
Picture the lewd delight  
Under the hill to-night—  
"Eva!" the toast goes round,  
"Eva!" again.

*The Bull*

SEE an old unhappy bull,  
Sick in soul and body both,  
Slouching in the undergrowth  
Of the forest beautiful,  
Banished from the herd he led,  
Bulls and cows a thousand head.

Cranes and gaudy parrots go  
Up and down the burning sky;  
Tree-top cats purr drowsily  
In the dim-day green below;  
And troops of monkeys, nutting, some,  
All disputing, go and come;

And things abominable sit  
Picking offal buck or swine,  
On the mess and over it  
Burnished flies and beetles shine,  
And spiders big as bladders lie  
Under hemlocks ten foot high;

And a dotted serpent curled  
Round and round and round a tree,  
Yellowing its greenery,  
Keeps a watch on all the world,  
All the world and this old bull  
In the forest beautiful.

Bravely by his fall he came:  
One he led, a bull of blood  
Newly come to lusthood,  
Fought and put his prince to shame,  
Snuffed and pawed the prostrate head  
Tameless even while it bled.

There they left him, every one,  
Left him there without a lick,  
Left him for the birds to pick,

Left him there for carrion,  
Vilely from their bosom cast  
Wisdom, worth and love at last.

When the lion left his lair  
And roared his beauty through the hills,  
And the vultures pecked their quills  
And flew into the middle air,  
Then this prince no more to reign  
Came to life and lived again.

He snuffed the herd in far retreat,  
He saw the blood upon the ground,  
And snuffed the burning airs around  
Still with beevish odours sweet,  
While the blood ran down his head  
And his mouth ran slaver red.

Pity him, this fallen chief,  
All his splendour, all his strength,  
All his body's breadth and length  
Dwindled down with shame and grief,  
Half the bull he was before,  
Bones and leather, nothing more.

See him standing dewlap-deep  
In the rushes at the lake,  
Surly, stupid, half asleep,  
Waiting for his heart to break  
And the birds to join the flies  
Feasting at his bloodshot eyes;

Standing with his head hung down  
In a stupor, dreaming things  
Green savannas, jungles brown,  
Battlefields and bellowings,  
Bulls undone and lions dead  
And vultures flapping overhead.

Dreaming things: of days he spent  
With his mother gaunt and lean  
In the valley warm and green,

Full of baby wonderment,  
Blinking out of silly eyes  
At a hundred mysteries;

Dreaming over once again  
How he wandered with a throng  
Of bulls and cows a thousand strong,  
Wandered on from plain to plain,  
Up the hill and down the dale,  
Always at his mother's tail;

How he lagged behind the herd,  
Lagged and tottered, weak of limb,  
And she turned and ran to him  
Blaring at the loathly bird  
Stationed always in the skies,  
Waiting for the flesh that dies.

Dreaming maybe of a day  
When her drained and drying paps  
Turned him to the sweets and saps,  
Richer fountains by the way,  
And she left the bull she bore  
And he looked to her no more;

And his little frame grew stout,  
And his little legs grew strong,  
And the way was not so long;  
And his little horns came out,  
And he played at butting trees  
And boulder-stones and tortoises,

Joined a game of knobby skulls  
With the youngsters of his year,  
All the other little bulls,  
Learning both to bruise and bear,  
Learning how to stand a shock  
Like a little bull of rock.

Dreaming of a day less dim,  
Dreaming of a time less far,  
When the faint but certain star



Of destiny burned clear for him,  
And a fierce and wild unrest  
Broke the quiet of his breast,

And the gristles of his youth  
Hardened in his comely pow,  
And he came to fighting growth,  
Beat his bull and won his cow,  
And flew his tail and trampled off  
Past the tallest, vain enough,

And curved about in splendour full  
And curved again and snuffed the airs  
As who should say Come out who dares!  
And all beheld a bull, a Bull,  
And knew that here was surely one  
That backed for no bull, fearing none.

And the leader of the herd  
Looked and saw, and beat the ground,  
And shook the forest with his sound,  
Bellowed at the loathly bird  
Stationed always in the skies,  
Waiting for the flesh that dies.

Dreaming, this old bull forlorn,  
Surely dreaming of the hour  
When he came to sultan power,  
And they owned him master-horn,  
Chiefest bull of all among  
Bulls and cows a thousand strong;

And in all the tramping herd  
Not a bull that barred his way,  
Not a cow that said him nay,  
Not a bull or cow that erred  
In the furnace of his look  
Dared a second, worse rebuke;

Not in all the forest wide,  
Jungle, thicket, pasture, fen,  
Not another dared him then,

Dared him and again defied;  
Not a sovereign buck or boar  
Came a second time for more;

Not a serpent that survived  
Once the terrors of his hoof  
Risked a second time reproof,  
Came a second time and lived,  
Not a serpent in its skin  
Came again for discipline;

Not a leopard bright as flame,  
Flashing fingerhooks of steel  
That a wooden tree might feel,  
Met his fury once and came  
For a second reprimand,  
Not a leopard in the land;

Not a lion of them all,  
Not a lion of the hills,  
Hero of a thousand kills,  
Dared a second fight and fall,  
Dared that ram terrific twice,  
Paid a second time the price.

Pity him, this dupe of dream,  
Leader of the herd again  
Only in his daft old brain,  
Once again the bull supreme  
And bull enough to bear the part  
Only in his tameless heart.

Pity him that he must wake;  
Even now the swarm of flies  
Blackening his bloodshot eyes  
Bursts and blusters round the lake.  
Scattered from the feast half-fed,  
By great shadows overhead;

And the dreamer turns away  
From his visionary herds  
And his splendid yesterday,

Turns to meet the loathly birds  
 Flocking round him from the skies,  
 Waiting for the flesh that dies.

---

WALTER DE LA MARE

---

*The Listeners*

IS there anybody there?" said the Traveller,  
 Knocking on the moonlit door;  
 And his horse in the silence champed the grasses  
 Of the forest's ferny floor.  
 And a bird flew up out of the turret,  
 Above the Traveller's head  
 And he smote upon the door again a second time;  
 "Is there anybody there?" he said  
 But no one descended to the Traveller;  
 No head from the leaf-fringed sill  
 Leaned over and looked into his grey eyes,  
 Where he stood perplexed and still.  
 But only a host of phantom listeners  
 That dwelt in the lone house then  
 Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight  
 To that voice from the world of men  
 Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair,  
 That goes down to the empty hall,  
 Harkening in an air stirred and shaken  
 By the lonely Traveller's call  
 And he felt in his heart their strangeness,  
 Their stillness answering his cry,  
 While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,  
 'Neath the starred and leafy sky;  
 For he suddenly smote on the door, even  
 Louder, and lifted his head —  
 "Tell them I came, and no one answered.  
 That I kept my word," he said.

Never the least stir made the listeners,  
Though every word he spake  
Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house  
From the one man left awake:  
Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,  
And the sound of iron on stone,  
And how the silence surged softly backward,  
When the plunging hoofs were gone.

*All That's Past*

VERY old are the woods;  
And the buds that break  
Out of the brier's boughs,  
When March winds wake,  
So old with their beauty are—  
Oh, no man knows  
Through what wild centuries  
Roves back the rose.  
Very old are the brooks;  
And the rills that rise  
Where snow sleeps cold beneath  
The azure skies  
Sing such a history  
Of come and gone,  
Their every drop is as wise  
As Solomon.

Very old are we men;  
Our dreams are tales  
Told in dim Eden  
By Eve's nightingales;  
We wake and whisper awhile,  
But, the day gone by,  
Silence and sleep like fields  
Of amaranth lie.

*The Scribe*

WHAT lovely things  
 Thy hand hath made:  
 The smooth-plumed bird  
   In its emerald shade,  
 The seed of the grass,  
   The speck of stone  
 Which the wayfaring ant  
   Stirs—and hastes on!

Though I should sit  
 By some tarn in thy hills,  
 Using its ink  
   As the spirit wills  
 To write of Earth's wonders,  
   Its live, willed things,  
 Flit would the ages  
   On soundless wings  
 Ere unto Z  
   My pen drew nigh;  
 Leviathan told,  
   And the honey-fly:

And still would remain  
   My wit to try—  
 My worn reeds broken,  
   The dark tarn dry,  
 All words forgotten—  
   Thou, Lord, and I.

*An Epitaph*

HERE lies a most beautiful lady,  
 Light of step and heart was she;  
 I think she was the most beautiful lady  
 That ever was in the West Country.  
 But beauty vanishes; beauty passes;  
 However rare—rare it be;  
 And when I crumble, who will remember  
 This lady of the West Country?

---

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON

---

*Lepanto*

WHITE founts falling in the courts of the sun,  
And the Soldan of Byzantium is smiling as they run;  
There is laughter like the fountains in that face of all men feared,  
It stirs the forest darkness, the darkness of his beard,  
It curls the blood-red crescent, the crescent of his lips,  
For the inmost sea of all the earth is shaken with his ships.  
They have dared the white republics up the capes of Italy,  
They have dashed the Adriatic round the Lion of the Sea,  
And the Pope has cast his arms abroad for agony and loss,  
And called the kings of Christendom for swords about the Cross,  
The cold queen of England is looking in the glass;  
The shadow of the Valois is yawning at the Mass;  
From evening isles fantastical rings faint the Spanish gun,  
And the Lord upon the Golden Horn is laughing in the sun.  
Dim drums throbbing, in the hills half heard,  
Where only on a nameless throne a crownless prince has stirred,  
Where, risen from a doubtful seat and half-attainted stall,  
The last knight of Europe takes weapons from the wall,  
The last and lingering troubadour to whom the bird has sung,  
That once went singing southward when all the world was young,  
In that enormous silence, tiny and unafraid,  
Comes up along a winding road the noise of the Crusade.  
Strong gongs groaning as the guns boom far,  
Don John of Austria is going to the war,  
Stiff flags straining in the night-blasts cold  
In the gloom black-purple, in the glint old-gold,  
Torchlight crimson on the copper kettle-drums,  
Then the tuckets, then the trumpets, then the cannon, and he comes,  
Don John laughing in the brave beard curled,  
Spurning of his stirrups like the thrones of all the world,  
Holding his head up for a flag of all the free.  
Love-light of Spain—hurrah!  
Death-light of Africa!

Don John of Austria  
Is riding to the sea.

Mahound is in his paradise above the evening star,  
(*Don John of Austria is going to the war*)  
He moves a mighty turban on the timeless hour's knees,  
His turban that is woven of the sunset and the seas.  
He shakes the peacock gardens as he rises from his ease,  
And he strides among the tree-tops and is taller than the trees,  
And his voice through all the garden is a thunder sent to bring  
Black Azrael and Ariel and Ammon on the wing.  
Giants and the Genii,  
Multiplex of wing and eye,  
Whose strong obedience broke the sky  
When Solomon was king

They rush in red and purple from the red clouds of the morn,  
From temples where the yellow gods shut up their eyes in scorn;  
They rise in green robes roaring from the green hells of the sea  
Where fallen skies and evil hues and eyeless creatures be;  
On them the sea-valves cluster and the grey sea-forests curl,  
Splashed with a splendid sickness, the sickness of the pearl;  
They swell in sapphire smoke out of the blue cracks to the ground,—  
They gather and they wonder and give worship to Mahound  
And he saith, "Break up the mountains where the hermit-folk may  
hide,

And sift the red and silver sands lest bone of saint abide,  
And chase the Giaours flying night and day, not giving rest,  
For that which was our trouble comes again out of the west.  
We have set the seal of Solomon on all things under sun,  
Of knowledge and of sorrow and endurance of things done,  
But a noise is in the mountains, in the mountains, and I know  
The voice that shook our palaces—four hundred years ago  
It is he that saith not "Kismet"; it is he that knows not Fate;  
It is Richard, it is Raymond, it is Godfrey in the gate!  
It is he whose loss is laughter when he counts the wager worth.  
Put down your feet upon him, that our peace be on the earth."  
For he heard drums groaning and he heard guns jar,  
(*Don John of Austria is going to the war.*)  
Sudden and still—hurrah!  
Bolt from Iberia!

Don John of Austria  
Is gone by Alcalar.

St. Michael's on his Mountain in the sea-roads of the north  
(*Don John of Austria is girt and going forth.*)

Where the grey seas glitter and the sharp tides shift  
And the sea folk labour and the red sails lift.

He shakes his lance of iron and he claps his wings of stone;

The noise is gone through Normandy; the noise is gone alone;

The North is full of tangled things and texts and aching eyes

And dead is all the innocence of anger and surprise,

And Christian killeth Christian in a narrow dusty room,

And Christian dreadeth Christ that hath a newer face of doom,

And Christian hateth Mary that God kissed in Galilee,

But Don John of Austria is riding to the sea.

Don John calling through the blast and the eclipse

Crying with the trumpet, with the trumpet of his lips,

Trumpet that sayeth ha!

*Domino gloria!*

Don John of Austria

Is shouting to the ships.

King Philip's in his closet with the Fleece about his neck

(*Don John of Austria is armed upon the deck.*)

The walls are hung with velvet that is black and soft as sin,

And little dwarfs creep out of it and little dwarfs creep in.

He holds a crystal phial that has colours like the moon,

He touches, and it tangles, and he trembles very soon,

And his face is as a fungus of a leprous white and grey

Like plants in the high houses that are shuttered from the day,

And death is in the phial, and the end of noble work,

But Don John of Austria has fired upon the Turk.

Don John's hunting, and his hounds have bayed—

Booms away past Italy the rumour of his raid.

Gun upon gun, ha! ha!

Gun upon gun, hurrah!

Don John of Austria

Has loosed the cannonade

The Pope was in his chapel before day or battle broke,

(*Don John of Austria is hidden in the smoke.*)



The hidden room in a man's house where God sits all the year,  
 The secret window whence the world looks small and very dear.  
 He sees as in a mirror on the monstrous twilight sea  
 The crescent of his cruel ships whose name is mystery;  
 They fling great shadows foe-wards, making Cross and Castle dark,  
 They veil the plumèd lions on the galleys of St. Mark;  
 And above the ships are palaces of brown, black-bearded chiefs,  
 And below the ships are prisons, where with multitudinous griefs,  
 Christian captives sick and sunless, all a labouring race repines  
 Like a race in sunken cities, like a nation in the mines  
 They are lost like slaves that swat, and in the skies of morning hung  
 The stairways of the tallest gods when tyranny was young  
 They are countless, voiceless, hopeless as those fallen or fleeing on  
 Before the high Kings' horses in the granite of Babylon.  
 And many a one grows witless in his quiet room in hell  
 Where a yellow face looks inward through the lattice of his cell,  
 And he finds his God forgotten, and he seeks no more a sign—  
*(But Don John of Austria has burst the battle-line!)*  
 Don John pounding from the slaughter-painted poop,  
 Purpling all the ocean like a bloody pirate's sloop,  
 Scarlet running over on the silvers and the golds,  
 Breaking of the hatches up and bursting of the holds,  
 Thronging of the thousands up that labour under sea  
 White for bliss and blind for sun and stunned for liberty.  
*Vivat Hispania!*  
*Domino Gloria!*  
 Don John of Austria  
 Has set his people free!

Cervantes on his galley sets the sword back in the sheath  
*(Don John of Austria rides homeward with a wreath.)*  
 And he sees across a weary land a straggling road in Spain,  
 Up which a lean and foolish knight forever rides in vain,  
 And he smiles, but not as Sultans smile, and settles back the  
 blade. . .  
*(But Don John of Austria rides home from the Crusade.)*

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EDWARD THOMAS

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*Haymaking*

AFTER night's thunder far away had rolled  
The fiery day had a kernel sweet of cold,  
And in the perfect blue the clouds uncurled,  
Like the first gods before they made the world  
And misery, swimming the stormless sea  
In beauty and in divine gaiety.  
The smooth white empty road was lightly strewn  
With leaves—the holly's Autumn falls in June—  
And fir cones standing stiff up in the heat.  
The mill-foot water tumbled white and lit  
With tossing crystals, happier than any crowd  
Of children pouring out of school aloud.  
And in the little thickets where a sleeper  
For ever might lie lost, the nettle-creeper  
And garden warbler sang unceasingly;  
While over them shrill shrieked in his fierce glee  
The swift with wings and tail as sharp and narrow  
As if the bow had flown off with the arrow.  
Only the scent of woodbine and hay new-mown  
Travelled the road. In the field sloping down,  
Park-like, to where its willows showed the brook,  
Haymakers rested. The tosser lay forsook  
Out in the sun. and the long waggon stood  
Without its team, it seemed it never would  
Move from the shadow of that single yew.  
The team, as still, until their task was due,  
Beside the labourers enjoyed the shade  
That three squat oaks mid-field together made  
Upon a circle of grass and weed uncut,  
And on the hollow, once a chalk-pit, but  
Now brimmed with nut and elder-flower so clean.  
The men leaned on their rakes, about to begin,  
But still. And all were silent. All was old,  
This morning time, with a great age untold,

Older than Clare and Cobbett. Morland and Crome,  
 Than, at the field's far edge, the farmer's home,  
 A white house crouched at the foot of a great tree.  
 Under the heavens that know not what years be  
 The men, the beasts, the trees, the implements  
 Uttered even what they will in times far hence—  
 All of us gone out of the reach of change—  
 Immortal in a picture of an old grange.

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JOHN MASEFIELD

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From *Dauber*

(SECTION VI)

ALL through the windless night the clipper rolled  
 In a great swell with oily gradual heaves  
 Which rolled her down until her time-bells toiled,  
 Clang, and the weltering water moaned like bees,  
 The thundering rattle of slatting shook the sheaves,  
 Startles of water made the swing ports gush,  
 The sea was moaning and sighing and saying "Hush!"

It was all black and starless. Peering down  
 Into the water, trying to pierce the gloom,  
 One saw a dim, smooth, oily glitter of brown  
 Heaving and dying away and leaving room  
 For yet another. Like the march of doom  
 Came those great powers of marching silences;  
 Then fog came down, dead-cold, and hid the seas.

They set the Dauber to the foghorn. There  
 He stood upon the poop, making to sound  
 Out of the pump the sailor's nasal blare,  
 Listening lest ice should make the note resound.  
 She bayed there like a solitary hound  
 Lost in a covert; all the watch she bayed.  
 The fog, come closer down, no answer made.

Denser it grew, until the ship was lost.  
The elemental hid her; she was merged  
In muffings of dark death, like a man's ghost,  
New to the change of death, yet thither urged.  
Then from the hidden waters something surged—  
Mournful, despairing, great, greater than speech,  
A noise like one slow wave on a still beach.

Mournful, and then again mournful, and still  
Out of the night that mighty voice arose;  
The Dauber at his foghorn felt the thrill.  
Who rode that desolate sea? What forms were those?  
Mournful, from things defeated, in the throes  
Of memory of some conquered hunting-ground,  
Out of the night of death arose the sound.

"Whales!" said the Mate. They stayed there all night long  
Answering the horn. Out of the night they spoke,  
Defeated creatures who had suffered wrong,  
But were still noble underneath the stroke.  
They filled the darkness when the Dauber woke;  
The men came peering to the rail to hear,  
And the sea sighed, and the fog rose up sheer.

A wall of nothing at the world's last edge,  
Where no life came except defeated life.  
The Dauber felt shut in within a hedge,  
Behind which form was hidden and thought was rife,  
And that a blinding flash, a thrust, a knife  
Would sweep the hedge away and make all plain,  
Brilliant beyond all words, blinding the brain.

So the night passed, but then no morning broke—  
Only a something showed that night was dead.  
A sea-bird, cackling like a devil, spoke,  
And the fog drew away and hung like lead.  
Like mighty cliffs it shaped, sullen and red;  
Like glowering gods at watch it did appear,  
And sometimes drew away, and then drew near.

Then came the cry of "Call all hands on deck!"  
The Dauber knew its meaning; it was come:

Cape Horn, that tramples beauty into wreck,  
And crumples steel and smites the strong man dumb.  
Down clattered flying kites and staysails: some  
Sang out in quick, high calls: the fair-leads skirled,  
And from the south-west came the end of the world.

"Caught in her ball-dress," said the Bosun, hauling;  
"Lee-ay, lee-ay!" quick, high, come the men's call;  
It was all wallop of sails and startled calling.  
"Let fly!" "Let go!" "Clew up!" and "Let go all!"  
"Now up and make them fast!" "Here, give us a haul!"  
"Now up and stow them! Quick! By God! we're done!"  
The blackness crunched all memory of the sun.

"Up!" said the Mate. "Mizen top-gallants. Hurry!"  
The Dauber ran, the others ran, the sails  
Slatted and shook; out of the black a flurry  
Whirled in fine lines, tattering the edge to trails.  
Painting and art and England were old tales  
Told in some other life to that pale man,  
Who struggled with white fear and gulped and ran.

He struck a ringbolt in his haste and fell—  
Rose, sick with pain, half-lamed in his left knee,  
He reached the shrouds where clambering men pell-mell  
Hustled each other up and cursed him, he  
Hurried aloft with them: then from the sea  
Came a cold, sudden breath that made the hair  
Stiff on the neck, as though Death whispered there.

A man below him punched him in the side.  
"Get up, you Dauber, or let me get past."  
He saw the belly of the skysail skied,  
Gulped, and clutched tight, and tried to go more fast.  
Sometimes he missed his ratline and was grassed,  
Scraped his shin raw against the rigid line;  
The clamberers reached the futtock-shrouds' incline.

Cursing they came; one, kicking out behind,  
Kicked Dauber in the mouth, and one below  
Punched at his calves; the futtock-shrouds inclined;  
It was a perilous path for one to go.

"Up, Dauber, up!" A curse followed a blow.  
He reached the top and gasped, then on, then on.  
And one voice yelled "Let go!" and one "All gone!"

Fierce clamberers, some in oilskins, some in rags,  
Hustling and hurrying up, up the steep stairs.  
Before the windless sails, were blown to flags,  
And whirled like dirty birds athwart great airs,  
Ten men in all, to get this mast of theirs  
Snugged to the gale in time. "Up! Damn you, run!"  
The mizzen topmast head was safely won.

"Lay out!" the Bosun yelled. The Dauber laid  
Out on the yard, gripping the yard and feeling  
Sick at the mighty space of air displayed  
Below his feet, where mewing birds were wheeling.  
A giddy fear was on him; he was reeling.  
He bit his lip half through, clutching the jack.  
A cold sweat glued the shirt upon his back.

The yard was shaking, for a brace was loose.  
He felt that he would fall; he clutched, he bent,  
Clammy with natural terror to the shoes  
While idiotic promptings came and went.  
Snow fluttered on a wind-flaw and was spent;  
He saw the water darken. Someone yelled,  
"Frap it; don't stay to furl! Hold on!" He held.

Darkness came down—half darkness—in a whirl;  
The sky went out, the waters disappeared.  
He felt a shocking pressure of blowing hurl  
The ship upon her side. The darkness speared  
At her with wind; she staggered, she careered,  
Then down she lay. The Dauber felt her go;  
He saw his yard tilt downwards. Then the snow

Whirled all about—dense, multitudinous, cold—  
Mixed with the wind's one devilish thrust and shriek,  
Which whiffled out men's tears, deafened, took hold,  
Flattening the flying drift against the cheek.  
The yards buckled and bent, man could not speak.  
The ship lay on her broadside; the wind's sound  
Had devilish malice at having got her downed.

How long the gale had blown he could not tell,  
Only the world had changed, his life had died.  
A moment now was everlasting hell.  
Nature, an onslaught from the weather side,  
A withering rush of death, a frost that cried,  
Shrieked, till he withered at the heart; a hail  
Plastered his oilskins with an icy mail.

"Cut!" yelled his mate. He looked—the sail was gone,  
Blown into rags in the first furious squall;  
The tatters drummed the devil's tattoo. On  
The buckling yard a block thumped like a mall.  
The ship lay—the sea smote her, the wind's bawl  
Came, "loo, loo, loo!" The devil cried his hounds  
On to the poor spent stag strayed in his bounds.

"Cut! Ease her!" yelled his mate; the Dauber heard.  
His mate wormed up the tilted yard and slashed,  
A rag of canvas skimmed like a darting bird.  
The snow whirled, the ship bowed to it, the gear lashed,  
The sea-tops were cut off and flung down smashed;  
Tatters of shouts were flung, the rags of yells—  
And clang, clang, clang, below beat the two bells.

"O God!" the Dauber moaned. A roaring rang,  
Blasting the royals like a cannonade;  
The backstays parted with a crackling clang,  
The upper spars were snapped like twigs decayed—  
Snapped at their heels, their jagged splinters splayed,  
Like white and ghastly hairs erect with fear.  
The Mate yelled, "Gone, by God, and pitched them clear!"

"Up!" yelled the Bosun; "up and clear the wreck!"  
The Dauber followed where he led: below  
He caught one giddy glimpsing of the deck  
Filled with white water, as though heaped with snow.  
He saw the streamers of the rigging blow  
Straight out like pennons from the splintered mast,  
Then, all sense dimmed, all was an icy blast,

Roaring from nether hell and filled with ice,  
Roaring and crashing on the jerking stage,

An utter bridle given to utter vice,  
Limitless power mad with endless rage  
Withering the soul; a minute seemed an age.  
He clutched and hacked at ropes, at rags of sail,  
Thinking that comfort was a fairy-tale

Told long ago—long, long ago—long since  
Heard of in other lives—imagined, dreamed—  
There where the basest beggar was a prince  
To him in torment where the tempest screamed.  
Comfort and warmth and ease no longer seemed  
Things that a man could know: soul, body, brain,  
Knew nothing but the wind, the cold, the pain.

### *The Passing Strange*

OUT of the earth to rest or range  
Perpetual in perpetual change  
The unknown passing through the strange.

Water and saltness held together  
To tread the dust and stand the weather  
And plough the field and stretch the tether.

To pass the wine cup and be witty,  
Water the sands and build the city,  
Slaughter like devils and have pity;

Be red with rage and pale with lust,  
Make beauty come, make peace, make trust,  
Water and saltness mixed with dust;

Drive over earth, swim under sea,  
Fly in the eagle's secrecy,  
Guess where the hidden comets be;

Know all the deathly seeds that still  
Queen Helen's beauty, Cæsar's will,  
And slay them even as they kill;

Fashion an altar for a rood,  
Defile a continent with blood,  
And watch a brother starve for food;



Love like a madman, shaking, blind,  
Till self is burnt into a kind  
Possession of another mind;

Brood upon beauty till the grace  
Of beauty with the holy face  
Brings peace into the bitter place;

Probe in the lifeless granites, scan  
The stars for hope, for guide, for plan,  
Live as a woman or a man;

Fasten to lover or to friend  
Until the heart break at the end  
The break of death that cannot mend.

Then to lie useless, helpless, still  
Down in the earth, in dark, to fill  
The roots of grass or daffodil.

Down in the earth, in dark, alone,  
A mockery of the ghost in bone,  
The strangeness, passing the unknown.

Time will go by, that outlasts clocks,  
Dawn in the thorps will rouse the cocks  
Sunset be glory on the rocks.

But it, the thing, will never heed  
Even the rootling from the seed  
Thrusting to suck it for its need.

Since moons decay and suns decline  
How else should end this life of mine?  
Water and saltness are not wine.

But in the darkest hour of night  
When even the foxes peer for sight  
The byre-cock crows; he feels the light.

So, in this water mixed with dust,  
The byre-cock spirit crows from trust

That death will change because it must,

For all things change, the darkness changes,  
The wandering spirits change their ranges,  
The corn is gathered to the granges.

The corn is sown again, it grows;  
The stars burn out, the darkness goes.  
The rhythms change, they do not close.

They change, and we, who pass like foam,  
Like dust blown through the streets of Rome,  
Change ever, too; we have no home,

Only a beauty, only a power,  
Sad in the fruit, bright in the flower,  
Endlessly erring for its hour

But gathering, as we stray, a sense  
Of Life, so lovely and intense,  
It lingers when we wander hence.

That those who follow feel behind  
Their backs, when all before is blind,  
Our joy, a rampart to the mind.

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## WILFRED WILSON GIBSON

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### *The Vindictive Staircase*

OR

### *The Reward of Industry*

I N a doomed and empty house in Houndsditch  
All night long I lie awake and listen,  
While all night the ghost of Mrs. Murphy  
Tiptoes up and down the wheezy staircase,  
Sweeping ghostly grease of quaking candles.

Mrs. Murphy, timidest of spectres,  
 You who were the cheeriest of charers,  
 With the heart of innocence and only  
 Torn between a zest for priests and porter,  
 Mrs. Murphy of the ample bosom—  
 Suckler of a score or so of children  
 ("Children? Bless you! Why, I've buried six, sir.")  
 Who in forty years wore out three husbands,  
 And one everlasting, shameless bonnet,  
 Which I've little doubt was confined with you—  
 Mrs. Murphy, wherefor do you wander,  
 Sweeling ghostly grease of quaking candles,  
 Up and down the stairs you scrubbed so sorely,  
 Scrubbed till they were naked, dank, and aching?

Now that you are dead, is this their vengeance?  
 Recollecting all you made them suffer  
 With your bristled brush and soapy water  
 When you scrubbed them naked, dank, and aching,  
 Have they power to hold your ghostly footsteps  
 Chained as to an everlasting treadmill?

Mrs. Murphy, think you 'twould appease them  
 If I rose now in my shivering nightshirt,  
 Rose and told them how you, too, had suffered—  
 You, their seeming tyrant, but their bonds slave—  
 Toiling uncomplaining in their service  
 Till your knuckles and your knees were knotted  
 Into writhing fires of red rheumatics,  
 And how, in the end, 'twas they who killed you?

Even should their knots still harden to you,  
 Bow your one and all-enduring bonnet  
 Till your ear is level with my keyhole,  
 While I whisper ghostly consolation:  
 Know this house is marked out for the spoiler,  
 Doomed to fall to Hobnails with his pickaxe;  
 And its crazy staircase chopped to firewood,  
 Splintered, bundled, burned to smoke and ashes,  
 Soon shall perish, scattered to the four winds.  
 Then, God rest your spirit, Mrs. Murphy!

Yet, who knows! A staircase . . . Mrs. Murphy,  
 God forbid that you be doomed to tiptoe  
 Through eternity, a timid spectre,  
 Sweeling ghostly grease of quaking candles,  
 Up and down the spectre of a staircase,  
 While all night I lie awake and listen  
 In a damned and ghostly house in Houndsditch!

### *A Catch for Singing*

**S**AIID the Old Young Man to the Young Old Man—  
*Alack and well-a-day!*  
 Said the Young Old Man to the Old Young Man—  
*The cherry tree's in flourish!*

Said the Old Young Man to the Young Old Man—  
*The world is growing gray.*  
 Said the Young Old Man to the Old Young Man—  
*The cherry tree's in flourish!*

Said the Old Young Man to the Young Old Man—  
*Both flower and fruit decay.*  
 Said the Young Old Man to the Old Young Man—  
*The cherry tree's in flourish!*

Said the Old Young Man to the Young Old Man—  
*Alack and well-a-day!*  
*The world is growing grey,*  
*And flower and fruit decay.*  
*Beware Old Man, beware Old Man!*  
*For the end of life is nearing*  
*And the grave yawns by the way. . . .*  
 Said the Young Old Man to the Old Young Man—  
*I'm a trifle hard of hearing*  
*And can't catch a word you say . . .*  
*But the cherry tree's in flourish!*

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 ALFRED NOYES
 

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*Forty Singing Seamen*

*"In our lands be Beeres and Lyons of dyvers colours as ye redd, grene, black, and white. And in our land be also unicornes and these Unicornes slee many Lyons. . . Also there dare no man make a lye in our lande, for if he dyde he sholde incontynent be sleyn"*

Mediaeval Epistle, of Pope Prester John

## I

**A**CROSS the seas of Wonderland to Mogadore we plodded,  
 Forty singing seamen in an old black barque,  
 And we landed in the twilight where a Polyphemus nodded  
 With his battered moon-eye winking red and yellow through the  
 dark!

For his eye was growing mellow,

Rich and ripe and red and yellow,

As was time, since old Ulysses made him bellow in the dark!

CHO.—Since Ulysses bunged his eye up with a pine-torch in the dark!

## II

*Were* they mountains in the gloaming or the giant's ugly shoulders  
 Just beneath the rolling eyeball, with its bleared and vinous glow,

Red and yellow o'er the purple of the pines among the boulders

And the shaggy horror brooding on the sullen slopes below,

*Were* they pines among the boulders

Or the hair upon his shoulders?

We were only simple seamen, so of course we didn't know.

CHO.—We were simple singing seamen, so of course we couldn't know.

## III

But we crossed a plain of poppies, and we came upon a fountain

Not of water, but of jewels, like a spray of leaping fire;

And behind it, in an emerald glade, beneath a golden mountain  
 There stood a crystal palace, for a sailor to admire;  
 For a troop of ghosts came round us,  
 Which with leaves of bay they crowned us,  
 Then with grog they well nigh drowned us, to the depth of our  
 desire!

CHO.—And 'twas very friendly of them, as a sailor can admire!

## IV

There was music all about us, we were growing quite forgetful  
 We were only singing seamen from the dirt of London-town,  
 Though the nectar that we swallowed seemed to vanish half regretful  
 As if we wasn't good enough to take such vittles down,  
 When we saw a sudden figure,  
 Tall and black as any nigger,  
 Like the devil—only bigger—drawing near us with a frown!  
 CHO.—Like the devil—but much bigger—and he wore a golden  
 crown!

## V

And "What's all this?" he growls at us! With dignity we chaunted,  
 "Forty singing seamen, sir, as won't be put upon!"  
 "What? Englishmen?" he cries, "Well, if ye don't mind being  
 haunted,  
 Faith you're welcome to my palace; I'm the famous Prester John!  
 Will ye walk into my palace?  
 I don't bear 'ee any malice!  
 One and all ye shall be welcome in the halls of Prester John!"  
 CHO.—So we walked into the palace and the halls of Prester John!

## VI

Now the door was one great diamond and the hall a hollow ruby—  
 Big as Beachy Head, my lads, nay bigger by a half!  
 And I sees the mate wi' mouth agape, a-staring like a booby,  
 And the skipper close behind him, with his tongue out like a calf!  
 Now the way to take it rightly  
 Was to walk along politely  
 Just as if you didn't notice—so I couldn't help but laugh!  
 CHO.—For they both forgot their manners and the crew was bound to  
 laugh!

## VII

But he took us through his palace and, my lads, as I'm a sinner,  
 We walked into an opal like a sunset-colored cloud—  
 "My dining-room," he says, and, quick as light we saw a dinner  
 Spread before us by the fingers of a hidden fairy crowd;  
 And the skipper, swaying gently  
 After dinner, murmurs faintly,  
 "I looks to-wards you, Prester John, you've done us very proud!"  
 CHO.—And we drank his health with honors, for he *done* us *very*  
 proud!

## VIII

Then he walks us to his garden where we sees a feathered demon  
 Very splendid and important on a sort of spicy tree!  
 "That's the Phoenix," whispers Prester, "which all eddicated seamen  
 Knows the only one existent, and *he's* waiting for to flee!  
 When his hundred years expire  
 Then he'll set hisself a-fire  
 And another from his ashes rise most beautiful to see!"  
 CHO.—With wings of rose and emerald most beautiful to see!

## IX

Then he says, "In younder forest there's a little silver river,  
 And whosoever drinks of it, his youth shall never die!  
 The centuries go by, but Prester John endures for ever  
 With his music in the mountains and his magic on the sky!  
 While *your* hearts are growing colder,  
 While your world is growing older,  
 There's a magic in the distance, where the sea-line meets the sky."  
 CHO.—It shall call to singing seamen till the fount o' song is dry!

## X

So we thought we'd up and seek it, but that forest fair defied us,—  
 First a crimson leopard laughs at us most horrible to see,  
 Then a sea-green lion came and sniffed and licked his chops and eyed  
 us,  
 While a red and yellow unicorn was dancing round a tree!  
 We was trying to look thinner,  
 Which was hard, because our dinner  
 Must ha' made us very tempting to a cat o' high degree!  
 CHO.—Must ha' made us very tempting to the whole menarjeree!

## XI

So we scuttled from that forest and across the poppy meadows  
 Where the awful shaggy horror brooded o'er us in the dark!  
 And we pushes out from shore again a-jumping at our shadows,  
 And pulls away most joyful to the old black barque!  
 And home again we plodded  
 While the Polyphemus nodded  
 With his battered moon-eye winking red and yellow through the  
 dark.  
 CHO.—Oh, the moon above the mountains, red and yellow through  
 the dark!

## XII

Across the seas of Wonderland to London-town we blundered,  
 Forty singing seamen as was puzzled for to know  
 If the visions that we saw was caused by—here again we pondered—  
 A tiple in a vision forty thousand years ago.  
 Could the grog we *dreamt* we swallowed  
 Make us *dream* of all that followed?  
 We were only simple seamen, so of course we didn't know!  
 CHO.—We were simple singing seamen, so of course we could not  
 know!

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 PADRAIC COLUM
 

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*The Plougher*

SUNSET and silence! A man around him earth savage, earth  
 broken;  
 Beside him two horses—a plough!

Earth savage, earth broken, the brutes, the dawn man there in the  
 sunset,  
 And the Plough that is twin to the Sword, that is founder of cities!

'Brute-tamer, plough-maker, earth-breaker! Can'st hear? There are  
 ages between us.  
 Is it praying you are as you stand there alone in the sunset?



"Surely our sky-born gods can be naught to you, earth child and earth master?

Surely your thoughts are of Pan, or of Wotan, or Dana?

"Yet why give thought to the gods? Has Pan led your brutes where they stumble?

Has Dana numbed pain of the child-bed, or Wotan put hands to your plough?

"What matter your foolish reply! O, man, standing lone and bowed earthward,

Your task is a day near its close. Give thanks to the night-giving God."

Slowly the darkness falls, the broken lands blend with the savage;  
The brute-tamer stands by the brutes, a head's breadth only above them.

A head's breadth? Ay, but therein is hell's depth, and the height up to heaven,

And the thrones of the gods and their halls, their chariots, purples and splendors.

### *Shall I Go Bound and You Go Free?*

SHALL I go bound and you go free,  
And love one so removed from me?  
Not so; the falcon o'er my brow  
Hath better quest, I dare avow!

And must I run where you will ride,  
And must I stay where you abide?  
Not so; the feather that I wear  
Is from an eyrie in the air!

And must I climb a broken stair,  
And must I pace a chamber bare?  
Not so; the Brenny plains are wide  
And there are banners where I ride!

*No Child*

I HEARD in the night the pigeons  
Stirring within their nest:  
The wild pigeons' stir was tender,  
Like a child's hand at the breast.

I cried "O stir no more!  
(My breast was touched with tears).  
O pigeons, make no stir—  
A childless woman hears."

*Monkeys*

TWO little creatures  
With faces the size of  
A pair of pennies  
Are clasping each other.  
"Ah, do not leave me,"  
One says to the other,  
In the high monkey-  
Cage in the beast-shop.

There are no people  
To gape at them now,  
For people are loth to  
Peer in the dimness;  
Have they not builded  
Streets and playhouses,  
Sky-signs and bars,  
To lose the loneliness  
Shaking the hearts  
Of the two little Monkeys?

Yes. But who watches  
The penny-small faces  
Can hear the voices:  
"Ah, do not leave me;

## ENGLISH POETRY

Suck I will give you,  
 Warmth and clasping,  
 And if you slip from  
 This beam I can never  
 Find you again."

Dim is the evening,  
 And chill is the weather;  
 There, drawn from their coloured  
 Hemisphere,  
 The apes lilliputian  
 With faces the size of  
 A pair of pennies,  
 And voices as low as  
 The flow of my blood.

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 LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE
 

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*Epilogue*

FROM EMBLEMS OF LOVE

WHAT shall we do for Love these days?  
 How shall we make an altar-blaze  
 To smite the horny eyes of men  
 With the renown of our Heaven,  
 And to the unbelievers prove  
 Our service to our dear god, Love?  
 What torches shall we lift above  
 The crowd that pushes through the mire,  
 To amaze the dark heads with strange fire?  
 I should think I were much to blame,  
 If never I held some fragrant flame  
 Above the noises of the world,  
 And openly 'mid men's hurrying stares,  
 Worshipped before the sacred fears  
 That are like flashing curtains furled  
 Across the presence of our lord Love.

Nay, would that I could fill the gaze  
Of the whole earth with some great praise  
Made in a marvel for men's eyes,  
Some tower of glittering masonries,  
Therein such a spirit flourishing  
Men should see what my heart can sing:  
All that Love hath done to me  
Built into stone, a visible glee;  
Marble carried to gleaming height  
As moved aloft by inward delight;  
Not as with toil of chisels hewn,  
But seeming poised in a mighty tune.  
For of all those who have been known  
To lodge with our kind host, the sun,  
I envy one for just one thing.  
In Cordova of the Moors  
There dwelt a passion-minded King,  
Who set great bands of marble-hewers  
To fashion his heart's thanksgiving  
In a tall palace, shapen so  
All the wondering world might know  
The joy he had of his Moorish lass.  
His love, that brighter and larger was  
Than the starry places, into firm stone  
He sent, as if the stone were glass  
Fired and into beauty blown.

Solemn and invented gravely  
In its bulk the fabric stood,  
Even as Love, that trusteth bravely  
In its own exceeding good  
To be better than the waste  
Of time's devices; grandly spaced,  
Seriously the fabric stood.  
But over it all a pleasure went  
Of carven delicate ornament,  
Wreathing up like ravishment,  
Mentioning in sculptures twined  
The blitheness Love hath in his mind;  
And like delighted senses were  
The windows, and the columns there  
Made the following sight to ache  
As the heart that did them make.

Well I can see that shining song  
Flowering there, the upward throng  
Of porches, pillars and windowed walls,  
Spires like piercing panpipe calls,  
Up to the roof's snow-cloud flight;  
All glancing in the Spanish light  
White as water of arctic tides,  
Save an amber dazzle on sunny sides.  
You had said, the radiant sheen  
Of that palace might have been  
A young god's fantasy, ere he came  
His serious worlds and suns to frame;  
Such an immortal passion  
Quivered among the slim hewn stone.  
And in the nights it seemed a jar  
Cut in the substance of a star,  
Wherein a wine, that will be poured  
Some time for feasting Heaven, was stored.

But within this fretted shell,  
The wonder of Love made visible,  
The King a private gentle mood  
There placed, of pleasant quietude.  
For right amidst there was a court,  
Where always muskèd silences  
Listened to water and to trees;  
And herbage of all fragrant sort,—  
Lavender, lad's-love, rosemary,  
Basil, tansy, centaury,—  
Was the grass of that orchard, hid  
Love's amazements all amid.  
Jarring the air with rumour cool,  
Small fountains played into a pool  
With sound as soft as the barley's hiss  
When its beard just sprouting is;  
Whence a young stream, that trod on moss,  
Prettily rimpled the court across.  
And in the pool's clear idleness,  
Moving like dreams through happiness,  
Shoals of small bright fishes were;  
In and out weed-thickets bent  
Perch and carp, and sauntering went  
With mounching jaws and eyes a-stare;

Or on a lotus leaf would crawl  
A brindled loach to bask and sprawl,  
Tasting the warm sun ere it dipped  
Into the water; but quick as fear  
Back his shining brown head slipped  
To crouch on the gravel of his lair,  
Where the cooled sunbeams, broke in wrack,  
Spilt shattered gold about his back.

So within that green-veiled air,  
Within that white-walled quiet, where  
Innocent water thought aloud,—  
Childish prattle that must make  
The wise sunlight with laughter shake  
On the leafage overbowed,—  
Often the King and his love-lass  
Let the delicious hours pass.  
All the outer world could see  
Graved and sawn amazingly  
Their love's delighted riotise,  
Fixed in marble for all men's eyes;  
But only these twain could abide  
In the cool peace that withinside  
Thrilling desire and passion dwelt;  
They only knew the still meaning spelt  
By Love's flaming script, which is  
God's word written in ecstasies.

And where is now that palace gone,  
All the magical skilled stone,  
All the dreaming towers wrought  
By Love as if no more than thought  
The unresisting marble was?  
How could such a wonder pass?  
Ah, it was but built in vain  
Against the stupid horns of Rome,  
That pushed down into the common loam  
The loveliness that shone in Spain.  
But we have raised it up again!  
A loftier palace, fairer far,  
Is ours, and one that fears no war.  
Safe in marvellous walls we are;  
Wondering sense like builded fires,  
High amazement of desires,

Delight and certainty of love,  
 Closing around, roofing above  
 Our unapproached and perfect hour  
 Within the splendours of love's power.

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JAMES STEPHENS

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*What Tomas an Buile Said in a Pub*

I SAW God! Do you doubt it?  
 Do you dare to doubt it?  
 I saw the Almighty Man! His hand  
 Was resting on a mountain! And  
 He looked upon the World, and all about it:  
 I saw Him plainer than you see me now  
 —You mustn't doubt it!

He was not satisfied;  
 His look was all dissatisfied!  
 His beard swung on a wind, far out of sight  
 Behind the world's curve! And there was light  
 Most fearful from His forehead! And he sighed  
 —That star went always wrong, and from the start  
 I was dissatisfied!—

He lifted up His hand!  
 I say He heaved a dreadful hand  
 Over the spinning earth! Then I said,—Stay,  
 You must not strike it, God! I'm in the way!  
 And I will never move from where I stand!—  
 He said,—Dear child, I feared that you were dead,—  
 . . . And stayed His hand!

*On a Lonely Spray*

UNDER a lonely sky a lonely tree  
Is beautiful! All that is loneliness  
Is beautiful! A feather, lost at sea;  
A staring owl; a moth; a yellow tress  
Of seaweed on a rock, is beautiful!

The night-lit moon, wide-wandering in sky!  
A blue-bright spark, where ne'er a cloud is up!  
A wing, where no wing is, it is so high!  
A bee in winter! and a buttercup,  
Late blown! are lonely, and are beautiful!

She, whom you saw but once, and saw no more!  
That he, who startled you, and went away!  
The eye that watched you from a cottage door!  
The first leaf, and the last! The break of day!  
The mouse, the cuckoo, and the cloud, are beautiful!

For all that is, is lonely! All that may  
Will be as lonely as is that you see!  
The lonely heart sings on a lonely spray!  
The lonely soul swings lonely in the sea;  
And all that loneliness is beautiful!

All: all alone: and all without a part  
Is beautiful! for beauty is all where!  
Where is an eye, is beauty! Where an heart,  
Is beauty, brooding out, on empty air,  
All that is lonely, and is beautiful!

*The Pit of Bliss*

WHEN I was young  
I dared to sing  
Of everything,  
And anything!  
Of joy, and woe, and fate, and God!



Of dreaming cloud, and teeming sod!  
 Of hill, that thrust an amber spear  
 Into the sunset! And the sheer  
 Precipice that shakes the soul  
 To its black gape—I sang the whole  
 Of God and Man, nor sought to know  
 Man, or God, or Joy, or Woe!  
 And, though an older wight I be,  
 My soul hath still such Ecstasy  
 That, on a pulse, I sing and sing  
 Of Everything, and Anything!

There is a Light  
 Shines in the head:  
 It is not gold,  
 It is not red,  
 But, as the lightning's blinding light,  
 It is a stare of silver white  
 That one surmise might fancy blue!  
 On that mind-blinding hue I gaze  
 An instant, and am in a maze  
 Of thinking—could one call it so?  
 It is no thinking that I know!  
 —An hurricane of Knowing, that  
 Could whelm the soul that was not pat  
 To flinch, and lose the deadly thing;  
 —And Sing, and Sing again, and Sing  
 Of Everything, and Anything!

An Eagle  
 Whirling up the sky;  
 Sunblind! Dizzy!  
 Urging high,  
 And higher beating yet a wing,  
 Until he can no longer cling,  
 Or hold; or do a thing, but fall,  
 And sink, and whirl, and scream, through all  
 His dizzy, heaven-hell of Pit,  
 In mile-a-minute flight from It  
 That he had dared! From height of height,  
 So the Poet takes his flight  
 And tumble in the Pit of Bliss!

And, in the roar of that Abyss,  
And falling, he will Sing and Sing  
Of Everything, and Anything!  
What is Knowing?  
'Tis to see!  
What is Feeling?  
'Tis to be!  
What is Love? But, more and more,  
To See and Be! To be a Pour  
And Avalanche of Being, till  
Being ceases, and is still  
For very motion—What is Joy?  
—Being, past all earthly cloy  
And intermixture! Being spun  
Of Itself is Being won  
That is Joy—And this is God,  
To be That, in cloud and clod!  
And, in cloud, and clod, to Sing  
Of Everything, and Anything!

### *A Glass of Beer*

THE lanky hank of a she in the inn over there  
Nearly killed me for asking the loan of a glass of beer;  
May the devil grip the whey-faced slut by the hair,  
And beat bad manners out of her skin for a year.

That parboiled ape, with the toughest jaw you will see  
On virtue's path, and a voice that would rasp the dead,  
Came roaring and raging the minute she looked at me,  
And threw me out of the house on the back of my head!

If I asked her master he'd give me a cask a day;  
But she, with the beer at hand, not a gill would arrange!  
May she marry a ghost and bear him a kitten, and may  
The High King of Glory permit her to get the mangle.

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 JAMES ELROY FLECKER
 

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*The Old Ships*

I HAVE seen old ships sail like swans asleep  
 Beyond the village which men still call Tyre,  
 With leaden age o'ercargoed, dipping deep  
 For Famagusta and the hidden sun  
 That rings black Cyprus with a lake of fire;  
 And all those ships were certainly so old  
 Who knows how oft with squat and noisy gun,  
 Questing brown slaves or Syrian oranges,  
 The pirate Genoese  
 Hell-raked them till they rolled  
 Blood, water, fruit and corpses up the hold.  
 But now through friendly seas they softly run,  
 Painted the mid-sea blue or shore-sea green,  
 Still patterned with the vine and grapes in gold.

But I have seen,  
 Pointing her shapely shadows from the dawn  
 And image tumbled on a rose-swept bay,  
 A drowsy ship of some yet older day;  
 And, wonder's breath indrawn,  
 Thought I—who knows—who knows—but in that same  
 (Fished up beyond Ææa, patched up new  
 —Stern painted brighter blue—)  
 That talkative, bald-headed seaman came  
 (Twelve patient comrades sweating at the oar)  
 From Troy's doom-crimson shore,  
 And with great lies about his wooden horse  
 Set the crew laughing, and forgot his course.

It was so old a ship—who knows, who knows?  
 —And yet so beautiful, I watched in vain  
 To see the mast burst open with a rose,  
 And the whole deck put on its leaves again.

*Gates of Damascus*

FOUR great gates has the city of Damascus,  
And four Grand Wardens, on their spears reclining,  
All day long stand like tall stone men  
And sleep on the towers when the moon is shining.

*This is the song of the East Gate Warden  
When he locks the great gate and smokes in his garden.*

Postern of Fate, the Desert Gate, Disaster's Cavern, Fort of Fear,  
The Portal of Bagdad am I, the Doorway of Diarbekir.

The Persian Dawn with new desires may net the flushing mountain  
spires:  
But my gaunt buttress still rejects the suppliance of those mellow  
fires.

Pass not beneath, O Caravan, or pass not singing. Have you heard  
That silence where the birds are dead yet something pipeth like a  
bird?

Pass not beneath! Men say there blows in stony deserts still a rose  
But with no scarlet to her leaf—and from whose heart no perfume  
flows.

Wilt thou bloom red where she buds pale, thy sister rose? Wilt thou  
not fail  
When noonday flashes like a flail? Leave nightingale the caravan!

Pass then, pass all! "Bagdad!" ye cry, and down the billows of blue  
sky  
Ye beat the bell that beats to hell, and who shall thrust ye back?  
Not I.

The Sun who flashes through the head and paints the shadows green  
and red,—  
The Sun shall eat thy fleshless dead, O Caravan, O Caravan!

And one who licks his lips for thirst with fevered eyes shall face in  
fear

The palms that wave, the streams that burst, his last mirage, O  
Caravan!

And one—the bird-voiced Singing-man—shall fall behind thee,  
Caravan!

And God shall meet him in the night, and he shall sing as best  
he can.

And one the Bedouin shall slay, and one, sand-stricken on the way  
Go dark and blind; and one shall say—"How lonely is the Caravan!"

Pass out beneath, O Caravan, Doom's Caravan, Death's Caravan!  
I had not told ye, fools, so much, save that I heard your Singing-  
man.

*This was sung by the West Gate's keeper  
When heaven's hollow dome grew deeper.*

I am the gate toward the sea: O sailor men, pass out from me!  
I hear you high on Lebanon, singing the marvels of the sea.

The dragon-green, the luminous, the dark, the serpent-haunted sea,  
The snow-besprinkled wine of earth, the white-and-blue-flower  
foaming sea.

Beyond the sea are towns with towers, carved with lions and lily  
flowers,  
And not a soul in all those lonely streets to while away the hours.

Beyond the towns, an isle where, bound, a naked giant bites the  
ground.  
The shadow of a monstrous wing looms on his back: and still no  
sound.

Beyond the isle a rock that screams like madmen shouting in their  
dreams,  
From whose dark issues night and day blood crashes in a thousand  
streams.

Beyond the rock is Restful Bay, where no wind breathes or ripple  
stirs,  
And there on Roman ships, they say, stand rows of metal mariners.

Beyond the bay in utmost West old Solomon the Jewish King  
Sits with his beard upon his breast, and grips and guards his magic  
ring:

And when that ring is stolen, he will rise in outraged majesty,  
And take the World upon his back, and fling the World beyond the  
sea.

*This is the song of the North Gate's master,  
Who singeth fast, but drinketh faster.*

I am the gay Aleppo Gate: a dawn, a dawn and thou art there:  
Eat not thy heart with fear and care, O brother of the beast we  
hate!

Thou hast not many mules to tread, nor other foes than fleas to  
dread;  
Horns shall behold thy morning meal and Hama see thee safe in  
bed.

Take to Aleppo filigrane, and take them paste of apricots,  
And coffee tables botched with pearl, and little beaten brassware  
pots:

And thou shalt sell thy wares for thrice the Damascene retailers'  
price,  
And buy a fat Armenian slave who smelleth odorous and nice.

Some men of noble stock were made: some glory in the murder-  
blade:  
Some praise a Science or an Art, but I like honourable Trade!

Sell them the rotten, buy the ripe! Their heads are weak; their  
pockets burn.  
Aleppo men are mighty fools. Salaam Aleikum! Safe return!

*This is the song of the South Gate Holder,  
A silver man, but his song is older.*

I am the Gate that fears no fall: the Mihrab of Damascus wall,  
The bridge of booming Sinai: the Arch of Allah all in all.

O spiritual pilgrim rise: the night has grown her single horn:  
The voices of the souls unborn are half adream with Paradise.

To Meccah thou hast turned in prayer with aching heart and eyes  
that burn:

Ah Hajji, whither wilt thou turn when thou art there, when thou art  
there?

God be thy guide from camp to camp: God be thy shade from well  
to well;

God grant beneath the desert stars thou hear the Prophet's camel  
bell.

And God shall make thy body pure, and give thee knowledge to  
endure

This ghost-life's piercing phantom-pain, and bring thee out to Life  
again.

And God shall make thy soul a Glass where eighteen thousand  
Æons pass,

And thou shalt see the gleaming Worlds as men see dew upon the  
grass.

And son of Islam, it may be that thou shalt learn at journey's end  
Who walks thy garden eve on eve, and bows his head, and calls thee  
Friend.

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### SIEGFRIED SASSOON

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#### *Everyone Sang*

EVERYONE suddenly burst out singing;  
And I was filled with such delight  
As prisoned birds must find in freedom,  
Winging wildly across the white  
Orchards and dark-green fields; on—on—and out of sight.

Everyone's voice was suddenly lifted;  
 And beauty came like the setting sun:  
 My heart was shaken with tears; and horror  
 Drifted away . . . O, but Everyone  
 Was a bird; and the song was wordless; the singing will never be  
 done.

### *Aftermath*

**H**AVE you forgotten yet? . . .  
 For the world's events have rumbled on since those gagged  
 days,  
 Like traffic checked awhile at the crossing of city ways  
 And the haunted gap in your mind has filled with thoughts that  
 flow  
 Like clouds in the lit heavens of life; and you're a man reprieved  
 to go  
 Taking your peaceful share of Time, with joy to spare.  
*But the past is just the same,—and War's a bloody game. . . .*  
*Have you forgotten yet? . . .*  
*Look down, and swear by the slain of the War that you'll never*  
*forget.*

Do you remember the dark months you held the sector at Mametz,—  
 The nights you watched and wired and dug and piled sandbags on  
 parapets?

Do you remember the rats; and the stench  
 Of corpses rotting in front of the front-line trench,—  
 And dawn coming dirty-white, and chill with a hopeless rain?  
 Do you ever stop and ask, "Is it all going to happen again?"

Do you remember that hour of din before the attack,—  
 And the anger, the blind compassion that seized and shook you  
 then

As you peered at the doomed and haggard faces of your men?  
 Do you remember the stretcher-cases lurching back  
 With dying eyes and lolling heads, those ashen-gray  
 Masks of the lads who once were keen and kind and gay?

*Have you forgotten yet? . . .*  
*Look up, and swear by the green of the Spring that you'll never*  
*forget!*



*Grandeur of Ghosts*

WHEN I have heard small talk about great men  
 I climb to bed; light my two candles; then  
 Consider what was said; and put aside  
 What Such-a-one remarked and Someone-else replied.

They have spoken lightly of my deathless friends,  
 (Lamps for my gloom, hands guiding where I stumble,)  
 Quoting, for shallow conversational ends,  
 What Shelley shrilled, what Blake once wildly muttered. . . .

How can they use such names and be not humble?  
 I have sat silent; angry at what they uttered.  
 The dead bequeathed them life; the dead have said  
 What these can only memorize and mumble.

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RUPERT BROOKE

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*The Soldier*

IF I should die, think only this of me;  
 That there's some corner of a foreign field  
 That is for ever England. There shall be  
 In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;  
 A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,  
 Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,  
 A body of England's breathing English air,  
 Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,  
 A pulse in the eternal mind, no less  
 Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;  
 Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;  
 And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,  
 In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

*The Dead*

THESE hearts were woven of human joys and cares,  
Washed marvellously with sorrow, swift to mirth.  
The years had given them kindness. Dawn was theirs,  
And sunset, and the colours of the earth  
These had seen movement, and heard music; known  
Slumber and waking; loved; gone proudly friended;  
Felt the quick stir of wonder; sat alone;  
Touched flowers and furs and cheeks. All this is ended.  
There are waters blown by changing winds to laughter  
And lit by the rich skies, all day. And after,  
Frost, with a gesture, stays the waves that dance  
And wandering loveliness. He leaves a white  
Unbroken glory, a gathered radiance,  
A width, a shining peace, under the night.

*Heaven*

FISH (fly-replete, in depth of June  
Dawdling away their wat'ry noon)  
Ponder deep Wisdom, dark or clear,  
Each secret fishy hope or fear.  
Fish say, they have their Stream and Pond:  
But is there anything Beyond?  
This life cannot be All, they swear,  
For how unpleasant, if it were!  
One may not doubt that, somehow, good  
Shall come of Water and of Mud:  
And, sure, the reverent eye must see  
A Purpose in Liquidity.  
We darkly know, by Faith we cry,  
The future is not Wholly Dry.  
Mud unto Mud!—Death eddies near—  
Not here the appointed End, not here!  
But somewhere, beyond Space and Time,  
Is wetter water, slimier slime!  
And there (they trust) there swimmeth One  
Who swam ere rivers were begun,

Immense, of fishy form and mind,  
 Squamous, omnipotent and kind:  
 And under that Almighty Fin  
 The littlest fish may enter in.  
 Oh! never fly conceals a hook,  
 Fish say, in the Eternal Brook,  
 But more than mundane weeds are there,  
 And mud, celestially fair;  
 Fat caterpillars drift around,  
 And Paradisal grubs are found;  
 Unfading moths, immortal flies,  
 And the worm that never dies.  
 And in that Heaven of all their wish,  
 There shall be no more land, say fish.

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 EDITH SITWELL
 

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*Colonel Fantock*

THUS spoke the lady underneath the trees:  
 I was a member of a family  
 Whose legend was of hunting—(all the rare  
 And unattainable brightness of the air)—  
 A race whose fabled skill in falconry  
 Was used on the small song-birds and a winged  
 And blinded Destiny. . . . I think that only  
 Winged ones know the highest eyrie is so lonely.  
 There in a land, austere and elegant,  
 The castle seemed an arabesque in music;  
 We moved in an hallucination born  
 Of silence, which like music gave us lotus  
 To eat, perfuming lips and our long eyelids  
 As we trailed over the sad summer grass,  
 Or sat beneath a smooth and mournful tree.

And Time passed, suavely, imperceptibly.

But Dagobert and Peregrine and I  
 Were children then; we walked like shy gazelles

Among the music of the thin flower-bells.  
And life still held some promise,—never ask  
Of what,—but life seemed less a stranger, then,  
Than ever after in this cold existence.  
I always was a little outside life,—  
And so the things we touch could comfort me;  
I loved the shy dreams we could hear and see—  
For I was like one dead, like a small ghost,  
A little cold air wandering and lost.  
All day within the straw-roofed arabesque  
Of the towered castle and the sleepy gardens wandered  
We; those delicate paladins the waves  
Told us fantastic legends that we pondered.

And the soft leaves were breasted like a dove,  
Crooning old mournful tales of untrue love.  
When night came, sounding like the growth of trees,  
My great-grandmother bent to say good night,  
And the enchanted moonlight seemed transformed  
Into the silvery tinkling of an old  
And gentle music-box that played a tune  
Of Circean enchantments and far seas;  
Her voice was lulling like the splash of these.  
When she had given me her good-night kiss,  
There, in her lengthened shadow, I saw this  
Old military ghost with mayfly whiskers,—  
Poor harmless creature, blown by the cold wind,  
Boasting of unseen unreal victories  
To a harsh unbelieving world unkind,—  
For all the battles that this warrior fought  
Were with cold poverty and helpless age—  
His spoils were shelters from the winter's rage.  
And so for ever through his braggart voice,  
Through all that martial trumpet's sound, his soul  
Wept with a little sound so pitiful,  
Knowing that he is outside life for ever  
With no one that will warm or comfort him. . . .  
He is not even dead, but Death's buffoon  
On a bare stage, a shrunken pantaloon.  
His military banner never fell,  
Nor his account of victories, the stories  
Of old apocryphal misfortunes, glories

Which comforted his heart in later life  
When he was the Napoleon of the schoolroom  
And all the victories he gained were over  
Little boys who would not learn to spell.

All day within the sweet and ancient gardens  
He had my childish self for audience—  
Whose body flat and strange, whose pale straight hair  
Made me appear as though I had been drowned—  
(We all have the remote air of a legend)—  
And Dagobert my brother whose large strength,  
Great body and grave beauty still reflect  
The Angevin dead kings from whom we spring;  
And sweet as the young tender winds that stir  
In thickets when the earliest flower-bells sing  
Upon the boughs, was his just character;  
And Peregrine the youngest with a naive  
Shy grace like a faun's, whose slant eyes seemed  
The warm green light beneath eternal boughs.  
His hair was like the fronds of feathers, life  
In him was changing ever, springing fresh  
As the dark songs of birds . . . the furry warmth  
And purring sound of fires was in his voice  
Which never failed to warm and comfort me.

And there were haunted summers in Troy Park  
When all the stillness budded into leaves;  
We listened, like Ophelia drowned in blond  
And fluid hair, beneath stag-antlered trees;  
Then, in the ancient park the country-pleasant  
Shadows fell as brown as any pheasant,  
And Colonel Fantock seemed like one of these.  
Sometimes for comfort in the castle kitchen  
He drowsed, where with a sweet and velvet lip  
The snapdragons within the fire  
Of their red summer never tire.  
And Colonel Fantock liked our company;  
For us he wandered over each old lie,  
Changing the flowering hawthorn, full of bees,  
Into the silver helm of Hercules,  
For us defended Troy from the top stair  
Outside the nursery, when the calm full moon

Was like the sound within the growth of trees.  
 But then came one cruel day in deepest June,  
 When pink flowers seemed a sweet Mozartian tune,  
 And Colonel Fantock pondered o'er a book.  
 A gay voice like a honeysuckle nook,—  
 So sweet,—said, "It is Colonel Fantock's age  
 Which makes him babble." . . . Blown by winter's rage  
 The poor old man then knew his creeping fate,  
 The darkening shadow that would take his sight  
 And hearing; and he thought of his saved pence  
 Which scarce would rent a grave . . . that youthful voice  
 Was a dark bell which ever clanged "Too late"—  
 A creeping shadow that would steal from him  
 Even the little boys who would not spell,—  
 His only prisoners. . . . On that June day  
 Cold Death had taken his first citadel.

---

 OSBERT SITWELL
 

---

*Elegy for Mr. Goodbeare*

DO you remember Mr. Goodbeare, the carpenter,  
 Godfearing and bearded Mr. Goodbeare,  
 Who worked all day  
 At his carpenter's tray,  
 Do you remember Mr. Goodbeare?  
 Mr. Goodbeare, that Golconda of gleaming fable,  
 Lived thin-ground between orchard and stable,  
 Pressed thus close against Alfred, his rival—  
 Mr. Goodbeare, who had never been away.

Do you remember Mr. Goodbeare,  
 Mr. Goodbeare, who never touched a cup?  
 Do you remember Mr. Goodbeare,  
 Who remembered a lot?  
 Mr. Goodbeare could remember  
 When things were properly kept up:

Mr. Goodbeare could remember  
 The christening and the coming-of-age:  
 Mr. Goodbeare could remember  
 The entire and roasted ox:  
 Mr. Goodbeare could remember  
 When the horses filled the stable,  
 And the port-wine-coloured gentry rode after the tawny fox,  
 Mr. Goodbeare could remember  
 The old lady in her eagle rage,  
 Which knew no bounds:  
 Mr. Goodbeare could remember  
 When the escaped and hungering tiger  
 Flickered lithe and fierce through Foxton Wood,  
 When old Sir Nigel took his red-tongued, clamouring hounds,  
 And hunted it then and there,  
 As a Gentleman should.

Do you remember Mr. Goodbeare,  
 Mr. Goodbeare who never forgot?  
 Do you remember Mr. Goodbeare,  
 That wrinkled and golden apricot,  
 Dear, bearded, godfearing Mr. Goodbeare  
 Who remembered remembering such a lot?

Oh, do you remember, do you remember,  
 As *I* remember and deplore,  
 That day in drear and far-away December  
 When dear, godfearing, bearded Mr. Goodbeare  
 Could remember  
 No more?

---

WILFRED OWEN

---

*Strange Meeting*

IT seemed that out of the battle I escaped  
Down some profound dull tunnel, long since scooped  
Through granites which Titanic wars had groined.  
Yet also there encumbered sleepers groaned,  
Too fast in thought or death to be bestirred.  
Then, as I probed them, one sprang up and stared  
With piteous recognition in fixed eyes,  
Lifting distressful hands as if to bless.  
And by his smile I knew that sullen hall:  
With a thousand fears that vision's face was grained;  
Yet no blood reached there from the upper ground,  
And no guns thumped, or down the flues made moan.  
"Strange friend," I said, "here is no cause to mourn."  
"None," said the other, "but the undone years,  
The hopelessness. Whatever hope is yours  
Was my life also; I went hunting wild  
After the wildest beauty in the world,  
Which lies not calm in eyes, or braided hair,  
But mocks the steady running of the hour,  
And if it grieves, grieves richlier than here.  
For by my glee might many men have laughed,  
And of my weeping something has been left  
Which must die now. I mean the truth untold,  
The pity of war, the pity war distilled.  
Now men will go content with what we spoiled,  
Or, discontent, boil bloody, and be spilled.  
They will be swift with swiftness of the tigress,  
None will break ranks, though nations trek from progress.  
Courage was mine, and I had mystery;  
Wisdom was mine, and I had mastery;  
To miss the march of this retreating world  
Into vain citadels that are not walled.  
Then, when much blood had clogged their chariot-wheels,



I would go up and wash them from sweet wells,  
 Even with truths that lie too deep for taint.  
 I would have poured my spirit without stint,  
 But not through wounds; not on the cess of war.  
 Foreheads of men have bled where no wounds were.  
 I am the enemy you killed, my friend.  
 I knew you in this dark; for so you frowned  
 Yesterday through me as you jabbed and killed.  
 I parried; but my hands were loath and cold.  
 Let us sleep now. . . ."

*Dulce et Decorum Est*

**B**ENT double, like old beggars under sacks,  
 Knock-kneed, coughing like hags, we cursed through sludge,  
 Till on the haunting flares we turned our backs,  
 And towards our distant rest began to trudge.  
 Men marched asleep. Many had lost their boots,  
 But limped on, blood-shod. All went lame, all blind;  
 Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hoots  
 Of gas-shells dropping softly behind.

Gas! Gas! Quick, boys!—An ecstasy of fumbling,  
 Fitting the clumsy helmets just in time,  
 But some one still was yelling out and stumbling  
 And flound'ring like a man in fire or lime.  
 Dim through the misty panes and thick green light,  
 As under a green sea, I saw him drowning.

In all my dreams before my helpless sight  
 He plunges at me, guttering, choking, drowning.

If in some smothering dreams, you too could pace  
 Behind the wagon that we flung him in,  
 And watch the white eyes wilting in his face,  
 His hanging face, like a devil's sick of sin,  
 If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood  
 Come gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs  
 Bitten as the cud  
 Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues,—

My friend, you would not tell with such high zest  
To children ardent for some desperate glory,  
The old Lie: *Dulce et decorum est*  
*Pro patria mori.*

### *Anthem for Doomed Youth*

WHAT passing-bells for these who die as cattle?  
Only the monstrous anger of the guns.  
Only the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle  
Can patter out their hasty orisons.  
No mockeries for them; no prayers nor bells,  
Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs,—  
The shrill, demented choirs of wailing shells;  
And bugles calling for them from sad shires.  
What candles may be held to speed them all?  
Not in the hands of boys, but in their eyes  
Shall shine the holy glimmers of good-bys.  
The pallor of girls' brows shall be their pall;  
Their flowers the tenderness of patient minds,  
And each slow dusk a drawing-down of blinds.

---

EDMUND BLUNDEN

---

### *The Waggoner*

THE old waggon drudges through the miry lane  
By the skulking pond where the pollards frown,  
Notched dumb surly images of pain;  
On a dulled earth the night droops down.

Wincing to slow and wistful airs,  
The leaves on the shrubbed oaks know their hour,  
And the unknown wandering spoiler bares  
The thorned black hedge of a mournful shower.

Small bodies fluster in the dead brown wrack  
 As the stumbling shaft-horse jingles past,  
 And the waggoner flicks his whip a crack;  
 The odd light flares on shadows vast

Over the lodges and oasts and byres  
 Of the darkened farm; the moment hangs wan  
 As though nature flagged and all desires.  
 But in the dim court the ghost is gone

From the hug-secret yew to the penthouse wall,  
 And stooping there seems to listen to  
 The waggoner leading the gray to stall,  
 As centuries past itself would do.

### *Thiepval Wood*

THE tired air groans as the heavies swing over, the river-hollows  
 boom;  
 The shell-fountains leap from the swamps, and with wildfire and  
 fume  
 The shoulder of the chalkdown convulses.  
 Then jabbering echoes stampede in the slatting wood,  
 Ember-black the gibbet trees like bones or thorns protrude  
 From the poisonous smoke—past all impulses.  
 To them these silvery dewes can never again be dear,  
 Nor the blue javelin-flame of thunderous noons strike fear.

### *The Pike*

FROM shadows of rich oaks outpeer  
 The moss-green bastions of the weir,  
 Where the quick dipper forages  
 In elver-peopled crevices.  
 And a small runlet trickling down the sluice  
 Gossamer music tires not to unloose

Else round the broad pool's hush  
 Nothing stirs.  
 Unless sometime a straggling heifer crush

Through the thronged spinny whence the pheasant whirs;  
Or martins in a flash  
Come with wild mirth to dip their magical wings,  
While in the shallow some doomed bulrush swings  
At whose hid root the diver vole's teeth gnash.

And nigh this toppling reed, still as the dead  
The great pike lies, the murderous patriarch,  
Watching the waterpit shelving and dark  
Where through the plash his lithe bright vassals thread.

The rose-finned roach and bluish bream  
And staring ruffe steal up the stream  
Hard by their glutton tyrant, now  
Still as a sunken bough.

He on the sandbank lies,  
Sunning himself long hours  
With stony gorgon eyes:  
Westward the hot sun lowers.

Sudden the gray pike changes, and quivering poises for slaughter;  
Intense terror wakens around him, the shoals scud awry, but there  
chances  
A chub unsuspecting; the prowling fins quicken, in fury he lances;  
And the miller that opens the hatch stands amazed at the whirl in  
the water.

---

RUTH PITTER

---

*Digdog*

ROOTING in packing case of  
dirty straw hurling  
lumps of it overboard moaning desire  
moaning desire of vermin lovely rat  
ineffable mouse attar of felicity  
BUT there is nothing

nothing but dirt and darkness  
 but strawdirt chaffdust smellillusion ALAS.  
 BRAVE CHIEN ANGLAIS  
 NOBLE RENARDEARTH  
 DIGDOG

Alas I also  
 root in earth desiring  
 something for nothing digging down to peace.  
 Follow the mole and not the lark  
 bet with the bloke who knows  
 peace lies there whence from the dark  
 arise the lily and the rose,  
 peace rains down in rivers of gold  
 and there great nuggets of sleep  
 wait for the seeker, ever been sold  
 sit on your tail and weep  
 for there is nothing  
 nothing but dust and darkness  
 but strawdirt chaffdust smellillusion ALAS.  
 LACHE ESPRIT ANGLAIS  
 POLTRON DE RENARDEARTH  
 DIGDOG

### *O Come Out of the Lily*

O COME out of the lily to me,  
 Come out of the morning-glory's bell,  
 Out of the rose and the peony,  
 You that made them, made so well  
 Leaf and flower and the spiral shell,  
 And the weed that waves in coves of the sea.

O look out of the ermine's eye,  
 And look down with the eye of the bird,  
 And ride the air with the butterfly  
 Whose wings are written with many a word,  
 Read and beloved but never heard,  
 The secret message, the silent cry.

O leap out of another's mind,  
Come from the toils of the terrible brain:  
Sleep no longer, nor lurk behind  
Hate and anger and woeful pain:  
As once in the garden, walk again,  
Centre and spirit of human kind.

---

ROY CAMPBELL

---

*Mazeppa*

HELPLESS, condemned, yet still for mercy croaking  
Like a trussed rooster swinging by the claws,  
They hoisted him: they racked his joints asunder;  
They lashed his belly to a thing of thunder—  
A tameless brute, with hate and terror smoking,  
That never felt the bit between its jaws.

So when his last vain struggle had subsided,  
His gleeful butchers wearied of the fun:  
Looping the knots about his thighs and back,  
With lewd guffaws they heard his sinews crack,  
And laughed to see his lips with foam divided,  
His eyes too glazed with blood to know the sun.

A whip cracked, they were gone: alone they followed  
The endless plain: the long day volleyed past  
With only the white clouds above them speeding  
And the grey steppe into itself receding,  
Where each horizon, by a vaster swallowed,  
Repeated but the bareness of the last.

Out of his trance he wakened: on they flew:  
The blood ran thumping down into his brain:  
With skull a-dangle, facing to the sky  
That like a great black wind went howling by,

Foaming, he strove to gnash the tethers through  
That screwed his flesh into a knot of pain.

To him the earth and sky were drunken things—  
Bucked from his senses, jolted to and fro,  
He only saw them reeling hugely past,  
As sees a sailor soaring at the mast,  
Who retches as his sickening orbit swings  
The sea above him and the sky below.

Into his swelling veins and open scars  
The pythin cords bit deeper than before,  
And the great beast, to feel their sharpened sting,  
Looping his body in a thundrous sling  
As if to jolt his burden to the stars,  
Recoiled, and reared, and plunged ahead once more.

Three days had passed, yet could not check nor tire  
That cyclone whirling in its spire of sand;  
Charged with resounding cordite, as they broke  
In sudden flashes through the flying smoke,  
The fusillading hoofs in rapid fire  
Rumbled a dreary volley through the land.

Now the dark sky with gathering ravens hums:  
And vultures, swooping down on his despair,  
Struck at the loose and lolling head whereunder  
The flying coffin sped, the hearse of thunder  
Whose hoof-beats with the roll of muffled drums  
Led on the black processions of the air.

The fourth sun saw the great black wings descending  
Where crashed in blood and spume the charger lay:  
From the snapped cords a shapeless bundle falls—  
Scarce human now, like a cut worm he crawls  
Still with a shattered arm his face defending  
As inch by inch he drags himself away.

Who'd give a penny for that strip of leather?  
Go, set him flapping in a field of wheat,  
Or take him as a pull-through for your gun,  
Or hang him up to kipper in the sun,

Or leave him here, a strop to hone the weather  
And whet the edges of the wind and sleet.

Who on that brow foresees the gems aglow?  
Who, in that shrivelled hand, the sword that swings  
Wide as a moonbeam through the farthest regions,  
To crop the blood-red harvest of the legions,  
Making amends to every cheated crow  
And feasting vultures on the fat of kings?

This is that Tartar prince, superbly pearled,  
Whose glory soon on every wind shall fly,  
Whose arm shall wheel the nations into battle,  
Whose warcry, rounding up the tribes like cattle,  
Shall hurl his cossacks rumbling through the world  
As thunder hurls the hail-storm through the sky.

And so it is whenever some new god,  
Boastful, and young, and avid of renown,  
Would make his presence known upon the earth—  
Choosing some wretch from those of mortal birth,  
He takes his body like a helpless clod  
And on the croup of genius straps it down.

With unseen hand he knots the cord of pain,  
Unseen the winged courser strains for flight.  
He leads it forth into some peopled space  
Where the dull eyes of those who throng the place  
See not the wings that wave, the thews that strain,  
But only mark the victim of their might.

Left for the passing rabble to admire,  
He fights for breath, he chokes, and rolls his eyes:  
They mime his agonies with loud guffaws,  
They pelt him from the place with muddy paws,  
Nor do they hear the sudden snort of fire  
To which the tether snaps, the great wings rise. . . .

Vertiginously through the heavens rearing,  
Plunging through chasms of eternal pain,  
Splendours and horrors open on his view,  
And winged fiends like fiercer kites pursue,



With hateful patience at his side careering,  
To hook their claws of iron on his brain.

Beyond the limits of the world we know  
He sees what none have ever dared to dream—  
Glories that have no name in mortal breath  
And terrors starker than the self of death,  
Heavens of song, and hells of endless woe—  
And Solitude, above all else supreme.

Out of his pain, perhaps, some god-like thing  
Is born. A god has touched him, though with whips:  
We only know that, hooted from our walls,  
He hurtles on his way, he reels, he falls,  
And staggers up to find himself a king  
With truth a silver trumpet at his lips.

### *The Zebras*

FROM the dark woods that breathe of fallen showers,  
Harnessed with level rays in golden reins,  
The zebras draw the dawn across the plains  
Wading knee-deep among the scarlet flowers.  
The sunlight, zithering their flanks with fire,  
Flashes between the shadows as they pass  
Barred with electric tremors through the grass  
Like wind along the gold strings of a lyre.

Into the flushed air snorting rosy plumes  
That smoulder round their feet in drifting fumes,  
With dove-like voices call the distant fillies,  
While round the herds the stallion wheels his flight,  
Engine of beauty volted with delight,  
To roll his mare among the trampled lilies.

### *On Some South African Novelists*

YOU praise the firm restraint with which they write—  
I'm with you there, of course:  
They use the snaffle and the curb all right,  
But where's the bloody horse?

---

LOUIS MACNEICE

---

*The Glacier*

JUST as those who gaze get higher than those who climb  
A paradox unfolds on any who can tamper with time  
Where bus encumbers upon bus and fills its slot  
Speed up the traffic in a quick motion film of thought  
Till bus succeeds bus so identically sliding through  
That you cannot catch the fraction of a chink between the two;  
But they all go so fast, bus after bus, day after day,  
Year after year, that you cannot mark any headway,  
But the whole stream of traffic seems to crawl  
Carrying its dead boulders down a glacier wall  
And we who have always been haunted by the fear of becoming stone  
Cannot bear to watch that catafalque creep down.  
Therefore turn we away to seemingly slower things  
And rejoice there to have found the speed of fins and wings  
In the minnow-twistings of the latinist who alone  
Nibbles and darts through the shallows of the lexicon  
Or among plate-glass cases in sombre rooms where  
Eyes appraise the glazen life of majolica ware  
Or where a gardener with trowel and rheumatic pains  
Pumps up the roaring sap of vegetables through their veins.

*The Death-Wish*

IT being in this life forbidden to move  
Too lightly, people, over-cautious, contrive  
To save their lives by weighting them with dead  
Habits, hopes, beliefs, anything not alive,  
Till all this ballast of unreality sinks  
The boat and all our thinking gurgles down  
Into the deep sea that never thinks.

Which being so, it is not surprising that  
Some in their impatience jump the rails,

Refusing to wait the communal failure, preferring  
The way the madman or the meteor fails,  
Deceiving themselves to think their death uncommon,  
Avid to possess the unpossessable sea  
As a man in spring desires to die in woman.

---

W. H. AUDEN

---

*O What Is That Sound*

O WHAT is that sound which so thrills the ear  
Down in the valley drumming, drumming?  
Only the scarlet soldiers, dear,  
The soldiers coming.

O what is that light I see flashing so clear  
Over the distance brightly, brightly?  
Only the sun on their weapons, dear,  
As they step lightly.

O what are they doing with all that gear;  
What are they doing this morning, this morning?  
Only the usual manoeuvres, dear,  
Or perhaps a warning.

O why have they left the road down there;  
Why are they suddenly wheeling, wheeling?  
Perhaps a change in the orders, dear;  
Why are you kneeling?

O haven't they stopped for the doctor's care;  
Haven't they reined their horses, their horses?  
Why, they are none of them wounded, dear,  
None of these forces.

O is it the parson they want with white hair;  
Is it the parson, is it, is it?  
No, they are passing his gateway, dear,  
Without a visit.

O it must be the farmer who lives so near;  
It must be the farmer so cunning, so cunning?  
They have passed the farm already, dear,  
And now they are running.

O where are you going? stay with me here!  
Were the vows you swore me deceiving, deceiving?  
No, I promised to love you, dear,  
But I must be leaving.

O it's broken the lock and splintered the door,  
O it's the gate where they're turning, turning;  
Their feet are heavy on the floor  
And their eyes are burning.

### *Song*

(TUNE: FRANKIE & JOHNNY)

VICTOR was a little baby,  
Into this world he came;  
His father took him on his knee and said:  
"Don't dishonour the family name."

Victor looked up at his father  
Looked up with big round eyes:  
His father said; "Victor, my only son,  
Don't you ever ever tell lies."

Victor and his father went riding  
Out in a little dog-cart;  
His father took a Bible from his pocket and read;  
"Blessed are the pure in heart."

It was a frosty December,  
It wasn't the season for fruits;  
His father fell dead of heart disease  
While lacing up his boots.

It was a frosty December  
When into his grave he sank;

His uncle found Victor a post as cashier  
In the Midland Counties Bank.

It was a frosty December  
Victor was only eighteen,  
But his figures were neat and his margins straight  
And his cuffs were always clean.

He took a room at the Peveril,  
A respectable boarding-house;  
And Time watched Victor day after day  
As a cat will watch a mouse.

The clerks slapped Victor on the shoulder;  
"Have you ever had a woman?" they said,  
"Come down town with us on Saturday night."  
Victor smiled and shook his head.

The manager sat in his office,  
Smoked a Corona cigar:  
Said, "Victor's a decent fellow but  
He's too mousey to go far."

Victor went up to his bedroom,  
Set the alarum bell;  
Climbed into bed, took his Bible and read  
Of what happened to Jezebel.

It was the First of April,  
Anna to the Peveril came;  
Her eyes, her lips, her breasts, her hips  
And her smile set men aflame.

She looked as pure as a schoolgirl  
On her First Communion day,  
But her kisses were like the best champagne  
When she gave herself away.

It was the Second of April,  
She was wearing a coat of fur;  
Victor met her upon the stairs  
And he fell in love with her.

The first time he made his proposal,  
She laughed, said; "I'll never wed";  
The second time there was a pause;  
Then she smiled and shook her head.

Anna looked into her mirror,  
Pouted and gave a frown:  
Said; "Victor's as dull as a wet afternoon  
But I've got to settle down."

The third time he made his proposal,  
As they walked by the Reservoir:  
She gave him a kiss like a blow on the head,  
Said; "You are my heart's desire."

They were married early in August,  
She said; "Kiss me, you funny boy":  
Victor took her in his arms and said;  
"O my Helen of Troy."

It was the middle of September,  
Victor came to the office one day;  
He was wearing a flower in his buttonhole,  
He was late but he was gay.

The clerks were talking of Anna,  
The door was just ajar:  
One said, "Poor old Victor, but where ignorance  
Is bliss, etcetera."

Victor stood still as a statue,  
The door was just ajar:  
One said; "God, what fun I had with her  
In that Baby Austin car."

Victor walked out into the High Street,  
He walked to the edge of the town;  
He came to the allotments and the rubbish heaps  
And his tears came tumbling down.

Victor looked up at the sunset  
As he stood there all alone;

Cried: "Are you in Heaven, Father?"  
But the sky said "Address not known."

Victor looked up at the mountains,  
The mountains all covered with snow:  
Cried; "Are you pleased with me, Father?"  
And the answer came back, "No."

Victor came to the forest,  
Cried: "Father, will she ever be true?"  
And the oaks and the beeches shook their heads  
And they answered: "Not to you "

Victor came to the meadow  
Where the wind went sweeping by:  
Cried; "O Father, I love her so,"  
But the wind said, "She must die."

Victor came to the river  
Running so deep and so still:  
Crying; "O Father, what shall I do?"  
And the river answered, "Kill."

Anna was sitting at table,  
Drawing cards from a pack;  
Anna was sitting at table  
Waiting for her husband to come back.

It wasn't the Jack of Diamonds  
Nor the Joker she drew at first;  
It wasn't the King or the Queen of Hearts  
But the Ace of Spades reversed.

Victor stood in the doorway,  
He didn't utter a word:  
She said; "What's the matter, darling?"  
He behaved as if he hadn't heard

There was a voice in his left ear,  
There was a voice in his right,  
There was a voice at the base of his skull  
Saying, "She must die tonight."

Victor picked up a carving-knife,  
His features were set and drawn,  
Said; "Anna, it would have been better for you  
If you had not been born."

Anna jumped up from the table,  
Anna started to scream,  
But Victor came slowly after her  
Like a horror in a dream.

She dodged behind the sofa,  
She tore down a curtain rod,  
But Victor came slowly after her:  
Said; "Prepare to meet thy God."

She managed to wrench the door open,  
She ran and she didn't stop.  
But Victor followed her up the stairs  
And he caught her at the top.

He stood there above the body,  
He stood there holding the knife;  
And the blood ran down the stairs and sang,  
"I'm the Resurrection and the Life."

They tapped Victor on the shoulder,  
They took him away in a van;  
He sat as quiet as a lump of moss  
Saying, "I am the Son of Man."

Victor sat in a corner  
Making a woman of clay:  
Saying; "I am Alpha and Omega, I shall come  
To judge the earth one day."

### *Chorus*

FROM "FOR THE TIME BEING"

**H**E is the Way.  
Follow Him through the Land of Unlikeness;  
You will see rare beasts, and have unique adventures.



He is the Truth.

Seek Him in the Kingdom of Anxiety;

You will come to a great city that has expected your return for years.

He is the Life.

Love Him in the World of the Flesh;

And at your marriage all its occasions shall dance for joy.

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STEPHEN SPENDER

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*The Express*

AFTER the first powerful plain manifesto  
The black statement of pistons, without more fuss  
But gliding like a queen, she leaves the station.  
Without bowing and with restrained unconcern  
She passes the houses which humbly crowd outside,  
The gasworks and at last the heavy page  
Of death, printed by gravestones in the cemetery.  
Beyond the town there lies the open country  
Where, gathering speed, she acquires mystery,  
The luminous self-possession of ships on ocean.  
It is now she begins to sing—at first quite low  
Then loud, and at last with a jazzy madness—  
The song of her whistle screaming at curves,  
Of deafening tunnels, brakes, innumerable bolts.  
And always light, aerial, underneath  
Goes the elate metre of her wheels.  
Steaming through metal landscape on her lines  
She plunges new eras of wild happiness  
Where speed throws up strange shapes, broad curves  
And parallels clean like the steel of guns.  
At last, further than Edinburgh or Rome,  
Beyond the crest of the world, she reaches night  
Where only a low streamline brightness  
Of phosphorous on the tossing hills is white.

Ah, like a comet through flame she moves entranced  
Wrapt in her music no bird song, no, nor bough  
Breaking with honey buds, shall never equal.

I THINK continually of those who were truly great.  
Who, from the womb, remembered the soul's history  
Through corridors of light where the hours are suns  
Endless and singing. Whose lovely ambition  
Was that their lips, still touched with fire,  
Should tell of the Spirit clothed from head to foot in song.  
And who hoarded from the Spring branches  
The desires falling across their bodies like blossoms.

What is precious is never to forget  
The essential delight of the blood drawn from ageless springs  
Breaking through rocks in worlds before our earth.  
Never to deny its pleasure in the morning simple light  
Nor its grave evening demand for love.  
Never to allow gradually the traffic to smother  
With noise and fog the flowering of the spirit.

Near the snow, near the sun, in the highest fields  
See how these names are fêted by the waving grass  
And by the streamers of white cloud  
And whispers of wind in the listening sky.  
The names of those who in their lives fought for life  
Who wore at their hearts the fire's centre.  
Born of the sun they travelled a short while towards the sun,  
And left the vivid air signed with their honour.

### *Landscape Near an Aerodrome*

MORE beautiful and soft than any moth  
With burring furred antennae feeling its huge path  
Through dusk, the air-liner with shut-off engines  
Glides over suburbs and the sleeves set trailing tall  
To point the wind. Gently, broadly, she falls  
Scarcely disturbing charted currents of air.

Lulled by descent, the travellers across sea  
 And across feminine land indulging its easy limbs  
 In miles of softness, now let their eyes trained by watching  
 Penetrate through dusk the outskirts of this town  
 Here where industry shows a fraying edge.  
 Here they may see what is being done.

Beyond the winking masthead light  
 And the landing-ground, they observe the outposts  
 Of work: chimneys like lank black fingers  
 Or figures frightening and mad. and squat buildings  
 With their strange air behind trees, like women's faces  
 Shattered by grief. Here where few houses  
 Moan with faint light behind their blinds  
 They remark the unhomely sense of complaint, like a dog  
 Shut out and shivering at the foreign moon.

In the last sweep of love, they pass over fields  
 Behind the aerodrome, where boys play all day  
 Hacking dead grass: whose cries, like wild birds,  
 Settle upon the nearest roofs  
 But soon are hid under the loud city.

Then, as they land, they hear the tolling bell  
 Reaching across the landscape of hysteria  
 To where, larger than all the charcoaled batteries  
 And imaged towers against that dying sky,  
 Religion stands, the church blocking the sun

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C. DAY LEWIS

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### *Tempt Me No More*

TEMPT me no more; for I  
 Have known the lightning's hour,  
 The poet's inward pride,  
 The certainty of power.

Bayonets are closing round.  
I shrink; yet I must wring  
A living from despair  
And out of steel a song.

Though song, though breath be short,  
I'll share not the disgrace  
Of those that ran away  
Or never left the base.

Comrades, my tongue can speak  
No comfortable words,  
Calls to a forlorn hope,  
Gives work and not rewards.

Oh keep the sickle sharp  
And follow still the plough:  
Others may reap, though some  
See not the winter through.

Father, who endest all,  
Pity our broken sleep;  
For we lie down with tears  
And waken but to weep.

And if our blood alone  
Will melt this iron earth,  
Take it. It is well spent  
Easing a saviour's birth.

### *In Me Two Worlds*

I **N** me two worlds at war  
Trample the patient flesh,  
This lighted ring of sense where clinch  
Heir and ancestor.

This moving point of dust  
Where past and future meet  
Traces their battle-line and shows  
Each thrust and counterthrust.

The armies of the dead  
Are trenched within my bones,  
My blood's their semaphore, their wings  
Are watchers overhead.

Their captains stand at ease  
As on familiar ground;  
The veteran longings of the heart  
Serve them for mercenaries.

Conscious of power and pride  
Imperially they move  
To pacify an unsettled zone—  
The life for which they died.

But see, from vision's height  
March down the men to come,  
And in my body rebel cells  
Look forward to the fight.

The insolence of the dead  
Breaks on their solid front:  
They tap my nerves for power, my veins  
To stain their banners red.

These have the spirit's range,  
The measure of the mind.  
Out of the dawn their fire comes fast  
To conquer and to change.

So heir and ancestor  
Pursue the inveterate feud,  
Making my senses' darkened fields  
A theatre of war.

*American Poetry*



## INTRODUCTION

AMERICAN POETRY has been extensively anthologized; but so far as I am aware there has been no attempt hitherto to present a selection which shall represent the whole range of it, from its beginnings down to the present day. In a few textbooks, it is true, one may find, along with prose selections also, a fairly adequate survey. But for some curious reason the notion of a compact and comprehensive anthology of the verse alone has not found expression. That such a thing should be useful goes without saying. That it should be difficult is obvious, too—almost as obvious as that the editor who undertakes it will inevitably make mistakes in judgment and will inevitably be reproached for them. At the very outset he faces the formidable question of proportion. How much space shall he give to “early” American poetry—the poetry of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries? How much, in this regard, shall he allow himself to be weighed upon by purely historical considerations? Should the Connecticut wits—for example—be represented, simply on the ground that they existed, and that they enjoyed for a time a kind of popularity? Or should he frankly admit to himself that their work was almost wholly without esthetic value, and ruthlessly exclude them?

The present editor has felt that the esthetic judgment (whatever that may be, and however we may define it) is the only sound basis for procedure; and if now and then he has momentarily compromised with this principle, admitting here and there a poem merely because it has achieved an immense popularity, he has, on the whole, done this reluctantly and seldom. American poetry, if one takes it as a whole, is not yet a great or rich poetry, though it has shown not infrequently the elements of greatness and richness; it has been provincial, uneven, tentative, brilliant; but if one cannot as yet say that it takes a very high place in the poetry of the world, as the expression of a national soul or culture, one can at least say emphatically that the time has come for a firm revision of our critical attitude toward it. We are too much accustomed, I fear, to what one might term a high protective tariff in this matter. We are a little too willing



to suspend or modify judgment, on the ground that too much was not to be expected of a pioneer people in a new continent. Insensibly, we have got into the habit of accepting the second-best; and by closing our eyes to the best—by which I mean the best poetry of the world—have found it not too difficult to persuade ourselves of the excellence of the native product.

It is time, I think, to give up this rather childish habit, and to regard American poetry as severely as we would regard Greek or Chinese or English poetry. For if American poetry is not yet great, it has at least reached that point at which one may say that it is mature. It has a history of nearly three hundred years. In sheer quantity, if one keeps in mind all the minor poets and poetasters of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, it is enormous. Few people, unless we except librarians, can have any idea of it. And if we admit cheerfully enough that the first two-thirds of its history is pretty barren, nevertheless one can also say with some assurance that it now comprises names of which no country need be ashamed, and that it is beginning to wear the dignity that goes with a tradition.

In view of this, it has been the present editor's intention to be somewhat severer with his material than his predecessors have been, in order that the process of clarification of this tradition might take a step forward. He has been rather hard on certain national favorites; it will be thought by some that he has been too drastic with Longfellow and Holmes and Whittier and Lowell and Lanier; that he has been too generous with Poe and Whitman and Dickinson; and that he has perhaps erred in proportion by giving to the poetry of the last twenty years so much more space than has been given to that of any preceding era. To such an objection he can only reply that in his opinion the poetry which begins, roughly, with Emily Dickinson has been the richest which America has produced; and that our so-called classics have been very seriously overestimated. If he can disturb prevailing notions about these things, and set in motion a revaluation of American poetry, which will find perhaps a higher place for comparatively unknown poets like Anne Bradstreet or Thomas Chivers or Trumbull Stickney than for Longfellow or Lowell or Bryant—not, be it understood, in point of range, but in point of sheer excellence or intensity—he will consider that he has been of some small service to American criticism. He has tried to eliminate, as far as possible, those things which embody the faults which so cursed American poetry in the nineteenth century—excessive sentimentality, sententiousness, easy dactylic exoticism—in order that the present movement in American poetry toward severer outline, both

in idea and expression, might be more visible. If he has at all succeeded in this, he will have made one degree easier the ultimate compilation of a first-rate anthology by his successors.

Almost a literary generation has passed since this anthology was first published in another format; but in now revising and amplifying it, and bringing it up to date, I have cast back even further than that. Perspective changes; the critic's eye changes; poetry changes too. One finds that one had too much of X, too little of Y, none at all of Z—nor is it even as simple as that. For there arises also the question of the relation of X with Y, and then, further, the relation of each with the whole mass and current of his day. One's own view of the mass and current, meanwhile, has been imperceptibly changing with the changing times; the shadows and lights fall now in other places; what seemed formerly only a tendency, and the vaguest and most tentative at that, now reveals itself as a quite definite and accomplished direction; what formerly seemed to be a direction has now become vestigial, stopped off one of Nature's little experiments which, alas, has failed.

But in adding (and to a very small extent subtracting) I believe I have only sharpened, not changed, the character of this collection. The aim has been to be rid of excess baggage, particularly of the more sentimental sort, even if (such are one's bad habits) one cannot hope to be wholly successful. I have been blamed by some anthologists for being too "abstract" in my taste; if by this it is meant that I have tried to avoid the pretty, on the one hand, or the oratorical and politically tendentious, on the other, I take it as a compliment. Sentiment, whether it is for privileged classes, or for the flowers that bloom in the spring, can never excuse inadequacy of statement. For if poetry can very nearly do without meaning (witness the miracles of nonsense verse) it plainly cannot do without excellence of statement. The "greatness" of a poet will, of course, in the end, always depend, and precisely, on his range and richness of meaning. do we perceive him as an island, a peninsula, a continent? But without that *first* prerequisite of poetry, clarity and excellence of statement, he will never have been perceived by us at all, even as an islet.

It remains to add that every anthology, and this is no exception, is a collaboration, a collaboration between the anthologist, the poets and the public. It is also, however, a collaboration in experiment. Which way will taste go? Which way will poetry go? Will these yellows keep their luminosity, the reds turn gray? Even now new poets are working at this, competitively, and for survival; new ideas and fashions are competing too, if more bloodlessly, for a share in

the evolving consciousness of man. The anthologist is an interpreter in all this, with perhaps a little, just a *little*, unconscious *parti pris*, and the public, the public awareness, itself grinding out its own conflicting complex of wants and fears, is the slow-working arbiter and perpetuator. The whole fascinating confusion, with its involved differentials, is simply a process of communal growing. . . . And no doubt, in another twenty years, we shall know into what.

CONRAD AIKEN

*Brewster, Massachusetts*

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ANNE BRADSTREET

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*The Flesh and the Spirit*

IN secret place where once I stood,  
Close by the banks of lacrym flood,  
I heard two sisters reason on  
Things that are past and things to come.  
One Flesh was called, who had her eye  
On worldly wealth and vanity;  
The other Spirit, who did rear  
Her thoughts unto a higher sphere.  
"Sister," quoth Flesh, "what livest thou on—  
Nothing but meditation?  
Dost contemplation feed thee, so  
Regardlessly to let earth go?  
Can speculation satisfy  
Notion without reality?  
Dost dream of things beyond the moon,  
And dost thou hope to dwell there soon?  
Hast treasures there laid up in store  
That all in the world thou countest poor?  
Art fancy sick, or turned a sot,  
To catch at shadows which are not?  
Come, come, I'll show unto thy sense  
Industry hath its recompense.  
What canst desire but thou mayst see  
True substance in variety?  
Dost honor like? Acquire the same,  
As some to their immortal fame,  
And trophies to thy name erect  
Which wearing time shall ne'er deject.  
For riches dost thou long full sore?  
Behold enough of precious store;  
Earth hath more silver, pearls, and gold  
Than eyes can see or hands can hold.  
Affectest thou pleasure? Take thy fill;  
Earth hath enough of what you will.

Then let not go what thou mayst find  
For things unknown, only in mind."

## SPIRIT

"Be still, thou unregenerate part;  
Disturb no more my settled heart,  
For I have vowed, and so will do,  
Thee as a foe still to pursue,  
And combat with thee will and must  
Until I see thee laid in the dust.  
Sisters we are, yea, twins we be,  
Yet deadly feud 'twixt thee and me;  
For from one father are we not.  
Thou by old Adam was begot,  
But my arise is from above,  
Whence my dear Father I do love.  
Thou speakest me fair, but hatest me sore;  
Thy flattering shows I'll trust no more.  
How oft thy slave hast thou me made  
When I believed what thou hast said,  
And never had more cause of woe  
Than when I did what thou bad'st do.  
I'll stop mine ears at these thy charms,  
And count them for my deadly harms.  
Thy sinful pleasures I do hate,  
Thy riches are to me no bait,  
Thine honors do nor will I love,  
For my ambition lies above.  
My greatest honor it shall be  
When I am victor over thee,  
And triumph shall, with laurel head,  
When thou my captive shalt be led.  
How I do live thou needst not scoff,  
For I have meat thou knowst not of:  
The hidden manna I do eat,  
The word of life it is my meat.  
My thoughts do yield me more content  
Than can thy hours in pleasure spent  
Nor are they shadows which I catch,  
Nor fancies vain at which I snatch,  
But reach at things that are so high  
Beyond thy dull capacity.

Eternal substance I do see,  
With which enrichéd I would be;  
Mine eye doth pierce the heavens, and see  
What is invisible to thee.  
My garments are not silk or gold,  
Nor such like trash which earth doth hold,  
But royal robes I shall have on,  
More glorious than the glistening sun.  
My crown not diamonds, pearls, and gold,  
But such as angels' heads enfold.  
The city where I hope to dwell  
There's none on earth can parallel:  
The stately walls, both high and strong,  
Are made of precious jasper stone;  
The gates of pearl both rich and clear,  
And angels are for porters there;  
The streets thereof transparent gold,  
Such as no eye did e'er behold;  
A crystal river there doth run,  
Which doth proceed from the Lamb's throne;  
Of life there are the waters sure,  
Which shall remain for ever pure;  
Of sun or moon they have no need,  
For glory doth from God proceed—  
No candle there, nor yet torch-light,  
For there shall be no darksome night.  
From sickness and infirmity  
For evermore they shall be free,  
Nor withering age shall e'er come there,  
But beauty shall be bright and clear.  
This city pure is not for thee,  
For things unclean there shall not be.  
If I of Heaven may have my fill,  
Take thou the world, and all that will."

### *Contemplations*

SOME time now past in the Autumnal Tide,  
When *Phæbus* wanted but one hour to bed,  
The trees all richly clad, yet void of pride,  
Were gilded o'er by his rich golden head;

Their leaves & fruits seem'd painted, but was true  
Of green, of red, of yellow, mixed hew;  
Rapt were my senses at this delectable view.

I wist not what to wish; "yet sure," thought I,  
"If so much excellence abide below,  
How excellent is he that dwells on high,  
Whose power and beauty by his works we know!  
Sure he is goodness, wisdom, glory, light,  
That hath this under-world so richly dight."  
More Heaven than Earth was here, no winter & no night.

Then on a stately Oak I cast mine Eye,  
Whose ruffling top the Clouds seem'd to aspire.  
"How long since thou wast in thine Infancy?  
Thy strength and stature, more thy years admire.  
Hath hundred winters past since thou wast born,  
Or thousand since thou brakest thy shell of horn?  
If so, all these as nought Eternity doth scorn."

Then higher on the glistening Sun I gaz'd,  
Whose beams was shaded by the leavie Tree.  
The more I look'd the more I grew amaz'd,  
And softly said: "What glory 's like to thee,  
Soul of this world, this Universes Eye?  
No wonder some made thee a Deity:  
Had I not better known, alas, the same had I.

"Thou as a Bridegroom from thy Chamber rushes,  
And as a strong man joyes to run a race;  
The morn doth usher thee with smiles & blushes,  
The Earth reflects her glances in thy face;  
Birds, insects, Animals, with Vegative,  
Thy heart from death and dulness doth revive,  
And in the darksome womb of fruitful nature dive.

"Thy swift Annual and diurnal Course,  
Thy daily streight and yearly oblique path,  
Thy pleasing fervor and thy scorching force,  
All mortals here the feeling knowledge hath.  
Thy presence makes it day, thy absence night;

Quaternal Seasons caused by thy might.  
Hail, Creature full of sweetness, beauty, & delight!

"Art thou so full of glory that no Eye  
Hath strength thy shining Rayes once to behold?  
And is thy splendid Throne erect so high  
As to approach it can no earthly mould?  
How full of glory, then, must thy Creator be  
Who gave this bright light luster unto thee:  
Admir'd, ador'd for ever be that Majesty!"

Silent, alone, where none or saw or heard,  
In pathless paths I lead my wandering feet,  
My humble Eyes to lofty Skyes I rear'd:  
To sing some Song my mazed Muse thought meet;  
My great Creator I would magnifie,  
That nature had thus decked liberally;  
But Ah, and Ah again, my imbecility!

I heard the merry grasshopper then sing,  
The black-clad Cricket bear a second part;  
They kept one tune and plaid on the same string  
Seeming to glory in their little Art.  
Shall Creatures abject thus their voices raise,  
And in their kind resound their makers praise,  
Whilst I as mute can warble forth no higher layes!

When present times look back to Ages past,  
And men in being fancy those are dead,  
It makes things gone perpetually to last,  
And calls back moneths and years that long since fled;  
It makes a man more aged in conceit  
Then was *Methuselah* or 's grand-sire great,  
While of their persons & their acts his mind doth treat.

Sométimes in *Eden* fair he seems to be;  
Sees glorious *Adam* there made Lord of all;  
Fancies the Apple dangle on the Tree,  
That turn'd his Sovereign to a naked thral,  
Who like a miscreant's driven from that place,  
To get his bread with pain and sweat of face,  
A penalty impos'd on his backsliding Race.



Here sits our Grandame in retired place,  
And in her lap her bloody *Cain* new born;  
The weeping Imp oft looks her in the face,  
Bewails his unknown hap and fate forlorn:  
His Mother sighs to think of Paradise,  
And how she lost her bliss to be more wise,  
Believing him that was and is Father of lyes.

Here *Cain* and *Abel* come to sacrifice;  
Fruits of the Earth and Fatlings each do bring:  
On *Abel's* gift the fire descends from Skies,  
But no such sign on false *Cain's* offering.  
With sullen hateful looks he goes his wayes,  
Hath thousand thoughts to end his brother's dayes,  
Upon whose blood his future good he hopes to raise.

There *Abel* keeps his sheep, no ill he thinks;  
His brother comes, then acts his fratricide:  
The Virgin Earth of blood her first draught drinks,  
But since that time she often hath been cloy'd.  
The wretch, with ghastly face and dreadful mind,  
Thinks each he sees will serve him in his kind,  
Though none on Earth but kindred near then could he find.

Who fancyes not his looks now at the Barr?  
His face like death, his heart with horror fraught,  
Nor Male-factor ever felt like warr  
When deep despair with wish of life hath fought.  
Branded with guilt and crusht with treble woes,  
A Vagabond to Land of *Nod* he goes;  
A City builds, that wals might him secure from foes.

Who thinks not oft upon the Fathers' ages?  
Their long descent; how nephews sons they saw;  
The starry observations of those Sages,  
And how their precepts to their sons were law;  
How Adam sigh'd to see his Progeny  
Cloath'd all in his black sinfull Livery,  
Who neither guilt nor yet the punishment could fly.

Our Life compare we with their length of dayes;  
Who to the tenth of theirs doth now arrive?

And though thus short, we shorten many wayes,  
Living so little while we are alive:  
In eating, drinking, sleeping, vain delight,  
So unawares comes on perpetual night,  
And puts all pleasures vain unto eternal flight.

When I behold the heavens as in their prime,  
And then the earth, though old, stil clad in green  
The stones and trees insensible of time,  
Nor age nor wrinkle on their front are seen;  
If winter come and greenness then do fade,  
A Spring returns and they more youthfull made;  
But Man grows old, lies down, remains where once he's laid.

By birth more noble then those creatures all,  
Yet seems by nature and by custome curs'd:  
No sooner born but grief and care makes fall,  
That state obliterate he had at first;  
Nor youth nor strength nor wisdom spring again,  
Nor habitations long their names retain,  
But in oblivion to the final day remain.

Shall I, then, praise the heavens, the trees, the earth,  
Because their beauty and their strength last longer?  
Shall I wish there or never to had birth,  
Because they 're bigger, & their bodyes stronger?  
Nay, they shall darken, perish, fade, and dye,  
And when unmade so ever shall they lye;  
But man was made for endless immortality.

Under the cooling shadow of a stately Elm,  
Cose sate I by a goodly River's side,  
Where gliding streams the Rocks did overwhelm;  
A lonely place, with pleasures dignifi'd.  
I once that lov'd the shady woods so well  
Now thought the rivers did the trees excel;  
And if the sun would ever shine, there would I dwell.

While on the stealing stream I fixt mine eye,  
Which to the long'd for Ocean held its course,  
I markt nor crooks nor rubs that there did lye  
Could hinder ought, but still augment its force:

"Oh happy Flood," quoth I, "that holds thy race  
Till thou arrive at thy beloved place,  
Nor is it rocks or shoals that can obstruct thy pace.

"Nor is 't enough that thou alone may'st slide,  
But hundred brooks in thy cleer waves do meet;  
So hand in hand along with thee they glide  
To *Thetis* house, where all imbrace and greet:  
Thou Emblem true of what I count the best,  
O could I lead my Rivolets to rest,  
So may we press to that vast mansion ever blest!

"Ye Fish which in this liquid Region 'bide,  
That for each season have your habitation,  
Now salt, now fresh, where you think best to glide  
To unknown coasts to give a visitation,  
In Lakes and ponds you leave your numerous fry;  
So nature taught, and yet you know not why,  
You watry folk that know not your felicity.

"Look how the wantons frisk to tast the air,  
Then to the colder bottome streight they dive;  
Eftsoon to *Neptune's* glassie Hall repair,  
To see what trade they great ones there do drive,  
Who forage o'er the spacious sea-green field  
And take the trembling prey before it yield,  
Whose armour is their scales, their spreading fins their shield."

While musing thus, with contemplation fed,  
And thousand fancies buzzing in my brain,  
The sweet-tongu'd Philomel percht ore my head,  
And chanted forth a most melodious strain;  
Which rapt me so with wonder and delight  
I judg'd my hearing better then my sight,  
And wisht me wings with her a while to take my flight.

"O merry Bird," said I, "that fears no snares,  
That neither toyles nor hoards up in thy barn,  
Feels no sad thoughts, nor cruciating cares  
To gain more good or shun what might thee harm;  
Thy cloaths ne're wear, thy meat is every where,

Thy bed a bough, thy drink the water cleer;  
Reminds not what is past, nor what's to come dost fear.

"The dawning morn with songs thou dost prevent,  
Sets hundred notes unto thy feathered crew,  
So each one tunes his pretty instrument  
And, warbling out the old, begin anew;  
And thus they pass their youth in summer season,  
Then follow thee into a better Region,  
Where winter 's never felt by that sweet airy legion."

Man at the best a creature frail and vain,  
In knowledg ignorant, in strength but weak,  
Subject to sorrows, losses, sickness, pain,  
Each storm his state, his mind, his body break;  
From some of these he never finds cessation,  
But day or night, within, without, vexation,  
Troubles from foes from friends, from dearest, near'st Relation.

And yet this sinfull creature, frail and vain,  
This lump of wretchedness, of sin and sorrow,  
This weather-beaten vessel wrackt with pain,  
Joyes not in hope of an eternal morrow;  
Nor all his losses, crosses, and vexation,  
In weight, in frequency and long duration,  
Can make him deeply groan for that divine Translation.

The Mariner that on smooth waves doth glide  
Sings merrily and steers his Barque with ease,  
As if he had command of wind and tide,  
And now become great Master of the seas;  
But suddenly a storm spoiles all the sport,  
And makes him long for a more quiet port,  
Which 'gainst all adverse winds may serve for fort.

So he that saileth in this world of pleasure,  
Feeding on sweets, that never bit of th' sowre,  
That 's full of friends, of honour, and of treasure,  
Fond fool, he takes this earth ev'n for heav'ns bower.  
But sad affliction comes & makes him see  
Here's neither honour, wealth, nor safety:  
Only above is found all with security.

O Time, the fatal wrack of mortal things,  
 That draws oblivion's curtains over kings,  
 Their sumptuous monuments, men know them not,  
 Their names without a Record are forgot,  
 Their parts, their ports, their pomp's all laid in th' dust,  
 Nor wit nor gold nor guildings scape times rust:  
 But he whose name is grav'd in the white stone  
 Shall last and shine when all of these are gone.

*A Letter to Her Husband*

PHÆBUS, make haste: the day 's too long; be gone;  
 The silent night 's the fittest time for moan  
 But stay this once, unto my suit give ear,  
 And tell my griefs in either Hemisphere;  
 And if the whirling of thy wheels don't drown'd  
 The woful accents of my doleful sound,  
 If in thy swift Carrier thou canst make stay,  
 I crave this boon, this Errand by the way:  
 Commend me to the man more lov'd then life;  
 Shew him the sorrows of his widdowed wife,  
 My dumpish thoughts, my groans, my brakish tears,  
 My sobs, my longing hopes, my doubting fears;  
 And if he love, how can he there abide?  
 My interest 's more then all the world beside.  
 He that can tell the starrs or Ocean sand,  
 Or all the grass that in the Meads do stand,  
 The leaves in th' woods, the hail or drops of rain,  
 Or in a corn-field number every grain,  
 Or every mote that in the sun-shine hops,  
 May count my sighs and number all my drops.  
 Tell him the countless steps that thou dost trace  
 That once a day thy Spouse thou mayst imbrace;  
 And when thou canst not treat by loving mouth,  
 Thy rayes afar salute her from the south.  
 But for one moneth I see no day, poor soul,  
 Like those far scituate under the pole,  
 Which day by day long wait for thy arise:  
 O how they joy when thou dost light the skyes.  
 O Phæbus, hadst thou but thus long from thine  
 Restrain'd the beams of thy beloved shine,

At thy return, if so thou could'st or durst,  
 Behold a Chaos blacker then the first.  
 Tell him here 's worse than a confused matter—  
 His little world 's a fathom under water;  
 Nought but the fervor of his ardent beams  
 Hath power to dry the torrent of these streams.  
 Tell him I would say more, but cannot well:  
 Oppressed minds abruptest tales do tell.  
 Now post with double speed, mark what I say;  
 By all our loves conjure him not to stay.

*Longing for Heaven*

AS weary pilgrim now at rest  
 Hugs with delight his silent nest,  
 His wasted limbes now lye full soft  
 That myrie steps have troden oft,  
 Blesses himself to think upon  
 his dangers past and travailes done;  
 The burning sun no more shall heat,  
 Nor stormy raines on him shall beat;  
 The bryars and thornes no more shall scratch,  
 nor hungry wolves at him shall catch;  
 He erring pathes no more shall tread,  
 nor wild fruits eate in stead of bread;  
 For waters cold he doth not long,  
 for thirst no more shall parch his tongue;  
 No rugged stones his feet shall gaule,  
 nor stumps nor rocks cause him to fall;  
 All cares and feares he bids farwell,  
 and meanes in safity now to dwell:  
 A pilgrim I on earth perplexed,  
 with sinns, with cares and sorrows vext,  
 By age and paines brought to decay,  
 and my Clay house mouldring away,  
 Oh how I long to be at rest  
 and soare on high among the blest!  
 This body shall in silence sleep,  
 Mine eyes no more shall ever weep,  
 No fainting fits shall me assaile,  
 nor grinding paines my body fraile,

With cares and fears ne'r cumbred be,  
 Nor losses know nor sorrowes see.  
 What tho my flesh shall there consume?  
   it is the bed Christ did perfume;  
 And when a few years shall be gone,  
   this mortall shall be cloth'd upon:  
 A Corrupt Carcasse downe it lyes,  
   a glorious body it shall rise;  
 In weakness and dishonour sowne,  
   in power 't is rais'd by Christ alone.  
 Then soule and body shall unite,  
   and of their maker have the sight.  
 Such lasting joyes shall there behold  
   as eare ne'r heard nor tongue e'er told.  
 Lord, make me ready for that day:  
   then Come, deare bridgrome, Come away!

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 THOMAS GODFREY
 

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*The Invitation*

DAMON. Haste, Sylvia, haste, my charming maid!  
 Let 's leave these fashionable toys:  
 Let's seek the shelter of some shade,  
   And revel in ne'er fading joys.  
 See, *Spring* in liv'ry gay appears,  
   And winter's chilly blasts are fled;  
 Each grove its leafy honours rears,  
   And meads their lovely verdure spread.

SYLVIA. Yes, Damon, glad I'll quit the town:  
 Its gaities now languid seem:  
 Then sweets to luxury unknown  
   We'll taste, and sip th' untainted stream.  
 In *Summer's* sultry noon-tide heat  
   I'll lead thee to the shady grove,  
 There hush thy cares, or pleas'd repeat  
   Those vows that won my soul to love.

DAMON. When o'er the mountain peeps the dawn,  
 And round her ruddy beauties play,  
 I'll wake my love to view the lawn,  
 Or hear the warblers hail the day.  
 But without thee the rising morn  
 In vain awakes the cooling breeze;  
 In vain does nature's face adorn—  
 Without my Sylvia nought can please.

SYLVIA. At night, when universal gloom  
 Hides the bright prospects from our view,  
 When the gay groves give up their bloom  
 And verdant meads their lovely hue,  
 Tho' fleeting spectres round me move,  
 When in thy circling arms I 'm prest,  
 I 'll hush my rising fears with love,  
 And sink in slumber on thy Breast.

DAMON. The new-blown rose, whilst on its leaves  
 Yet the bright scented dew-drop 's found,  
 Pleas'd on thy bosom whilst it heaves,  
 Shall shake its heav'nly fragrance round.  
 Then mingled sweets the sense shall raise,  
 Then mingled beauties catch the eye:  
 What pleasure on such charms to gaze,  
 What rapture 'mid such sweets to lie!

SYLVIA. How sweet thy words! But, Damon, cease,  
 Nor strive to fix me ever here;  
 Too well you know these accents please,  
 That oft have fill'd my ravish'd ear.  
 Come, lead me to these promis'd joys  
 That dwelt so lately on thy tongue;  
 Direct me by thy well-known voice,  
 And calm my transports with thy song!



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PHILIP FRENEAU

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FROM "THE HOUSE OF NIGHT"

TREMBLING I write my dream, and recollect  
A fearful vision at the midnight hour;  
So late, death o'er me spreads his signal wings,  
Painted with fancies of malignant power!

Such was the dream the sage Chaldean saw  
Disclos'd to him that felt heaven's vengeful rod,  
Such was the ghost, who through deep silence cry'd,  
*Shall mortal man—be juster than his God?*

Let others draw from smiling skies their theme,  
And tell of climes that boast unfading light,  
I draw a darker scene, replete with gloom,  
I sing the horrors of the *House of Night*.

Stranger, believe the truth experience tells,  
Poetic dreams are of a finer cast  
Than those which o'er the sober brain diffused,  
Are but a repetition of some action past.

Fancy, I own thy power—when sunk in sleep  
Thou play'st thy wild delusive part so well  
You lift me into immortality,  
Depict new heavens, or draw the scenes of hell.

By some sad means, when Reason holds no sway,  
Lonely I rov'd at midnight o'er a plain  
Where murmuring streams and mingling rivers flow  
Far to their springs or seek the sea again.

Sweet vernal May! tho' then thy woods in bloom  
Flourish'd, yet nought of this could Fancy see;  
No wild pinks bless'd the meads, no green the fields,  
And naked seem'd to stand each lifeless tree.

Dark was the sky, and not one friendly star  
Shone from the zenith or horizon, clear;  
Mist sate upon the woods, and darkness rode  
In her black chariot with a wild career.

And from the woods the late-resounding note  
Issued of the loquacious *Whip-poor-will*,  
Hoarse, howling dogs and nightly roving wolves  
Clamour'd from far-off cliffs invisible.

Rude from the wide-extended *Chesapeake*  
I heard the winds the dashing waves assail,  
And saw from far, by picturing fancy form'd,  
The black ship travelling through the noisy gale.

At last, by chance and guardian fancy led,  
I reach'd a noble dome rais'd fair and high,  
And saw the light from upper windows flame,  
Presage of mirth and hospitality.

And by that light around the dome appear'd  
A mournful garden of autumnal hue;  
Its lately pleasing flowers all drooping stood  
Amidst high weeds that in rank plenty grew.

The Primrose there, the violet darkly blue,  
Daisies and fair Narcissus ceas'd to rise;  
Gay spotted pinks their charming bloom withdrew,  
And Polyanthus quench'd its thousand dyes.

No pleasant fruit or blossom gaily smil'd;  
Nought but unhappy plants and trees were seen:  
The yew, the myrtle, and the church-yard elm,  
The cypress with its melancholy green.

There cedars dark, the osier, and the pine,  
Shorn tamarisks, and weeping willows grew,  
The poplar tall, the lotos, and the lime;  
And pyracantha did her leaves renew.

The poppy there, companion to repose,  
Display'd her blossoms that began to fall;

And here the purple amaranthus rose,  
With mint strong-scented, for the funeral.

And here and there, with laurel shrubs between,  
A tombstone lay, inscrib'd with strains of woe;  
And stanzas sad, throughout the dismal green,  
Lamented for the dead that slept below.

*Peace to this awful dome!*—when strait I heard  
The voice of men in a secluded room;  
Much did they talk of death and much of life,  
Of coffins, shrouds, and horrors of a tomb. . . .

Then up three winding stairs my feet were brought  
To a high chamber, hung with mourning sad;  
The unsnuff'd candles glar'd with visage dim,  
'Midst grief in ecstasy of woe run mad.

A wide-leaf'd table stood on either side,  
Well fraught with phials, half their liquids spent;  
And from a couch behind the curtain's veil  
I heard a hollow voice of loud lament.

Turning to view the object whence it came,  
My frighted eyes a horrid form survey'd  
(*Fancy, I own thy power*): Death on the couch,  
With fleshless limbs, at rueful length, was laid.

And o'er his head flew jealousies and cares,  
Ghosts, imps, and half the black Tartarian crew,  
Arch-angels damn'd; nor was their Prince remote,  
Borne on the vaporous wings of Stygian dew.

Around his bed, by the dull flambeaux' glare,  
I saw pale phantoms: Rage to madness vext,  
Wan, wasting grief, and ever-musing care,  
Distressful pain, and poverty perplex.

Sad was his countenance—if we can call  
That *countenance* where only bones were seen—  
And eyes sunk in their sockets, dark and low,  
And teeth that only show'd themselves to grin.

Reft was his scull of hair, and no fresh bloom  
Of chearful mirth sate on his visage hoar:  
Sometimes he rais'd his head, while deep-drawn groans  
Were mixt with words that did his fate deplore.

Oft did he wish to see the daylight spring;  
And often toward the window lean'd to hear,  
Fore-runner of the scarlet-mantled morn,  
The early note of wakeful *Chanticleer*. . . .

Then with a hollow voice thus went he on:  
"Get up and search, and bring, when found, to me  
Some cordial, potion, or some pleasant draught,  
Sweet, slumb'rous poppy or the mild Bohea.

"But hark, my pitying friend!—and if you can,  
Deceive the grim physician at the door—  
Bring half the mountain springs—ah, hither bring  
The cold rock-water from the shady bower;

"For till this night such thirst did ne'er invade,  
A thirst provok'd by heav'n's avenging hand:  
Hence bear me, friends, to quaff and quaff again  
The cool wave bubbling from the yellow sand.

"To these dark walls with stately step I came,  
Prepar'd your drugs and doses to defy;  
Smit with the love of never-dying fame,  
I came, alas! to conquer—not to die!"

Glad, from his side I sprang and fetch'd the draught,  
Which down his greedy throat he quickly swills;  
Then on a second errand sent me strait,  
To search in some dark corner for his pills.

Quoth he, "These pills have have long compounded been  
Of dead men's bones and bitter roots, I trow;  
But that I may to wonted health return  
Throughout my lank veins shall their substance go."

So down they went.—He rais'd his fainting head,  
And oft in feeble tone essay'd to talk:

Quoth he, "Since remedies have small avail,  
Assist unhappy Death once more to walk."

Then, slowly rising from his loathsome bed,  
On wasted legs the meagre monster stood,  
Gap'd wide, and foam'd, and hungry seem'd to ask,  
Tho' sick, an endless quantity of food.

Said he, "The sweet melodious flute prepare,  
The anthem, and the organ's solemn sound,  
Such as may strike my soul with ecstasy,  
Such as may from yon' lofty walls rebound.

'Sweet music can the fiercest pains assuage:  
She bids the soul to heav'n's blest mansions rise;  
She calms despair, controuls infernal rage;  
And deepest anguish, when it hears her, dies.

"And see, the mizzling, misty midnight reigns,  
And no soft dews are on my eye-lids sent:  
Here, stranger, lend thy hand, assist me, pray,  
To walk a circuit of no large extent."

On my prest shoulders leaning, round he went,  
And could have made the boldest spectre flee  
I led him up stairs, and I led him down,  
But not one moment's rest from pain got he. . . .

Up rush'd a band, with compasses and scales  
To measure his slim carcase, long and lean.  
"Be sure," said he, "to frame my coffin strong,  
You, master workman, and your men, I mean;

"For if the Devil, so late my trusty friend,  
Should get one hint where I am laid, from you,  
Not with my soul content, he 'd seek to find  
That mouldering mass of bones, my body, tool

"Of hardest ebon let the plank be found,  
With clamps and ponderous bars secur'd around,  
That if the box by Satan should be storm'd  
It may be able for resistance found."

"Yes," said the master workman, "noble Death,  
Your coffin shall be strong—that leave to me;  
But who shall these your funeral dues discharge?  
Nor friends nor pence you have, that I can see."

To this said Death, "You might have ask'd me, too,  
Base caitiff, who are my executors,  
Where my estate, and who the men that shall  
Partake my substance and be call'd my heirs.

"Know, then, that hell is my inheritance;  
The devil himself my funeral dues must pay:  
Go—since you must be paid—go ask of him,  
For he has gold, as fabling poets say."

Strait they retir'd—when thus he gave me charge,  
Pointing from the light window to the west:  
"Go three miles o'er the plain, and you shall see  
A burying-yard of sinners dead, unblest.

"Amid the graves a spiry building stands,  
Whose solemn knell resounding through the gloom  
Shall call thee o'er the circumjacent lands  
To the dull mansion destin'd for my tomb.

"There, since 't is dark, I 'll plant a glimmering light  
Just snatch'd from hell, by whose reflected beams  
Thou shalt behold a tomb-stone, full eight feet,  
Fast by a grave replete with ghosts and dreams.

"And on that stone engrave this epitaph,  
Since Death, it seems, must die like mortal men;  
Yes, on that stone engrave this epitaph,  
Though all hell's furies aim to snatch the pen:—

*"Death in this tomb his weary bones hath laid,  
Sick of dominion o'er the human kind:  
Behold what devastations he hath made;  
Survey the millions by his arm confin'd.*

*"Six thousand years has sovereign sway been mine;  
None but myself can real glory claim:*

*Great Regent of the world I reign'd alone,  
And princes trembled when my mandate came.*

*"Vast and unmatched throughout the world, my fame  
Takes place of gods, and asks no mortal date—  
No, by myself and by the heavens I swear  
Not Alexander's name is half so great.*

*"Nor swords nor darts my prowess could withstand;  
All quit their arms and bow'd to my decree:  
Even mighty JULIUS died beneath my hand,  
For slaves and Cæsars were the same to me.*

*"Traveller, wouldst thou his noblest trophies seek,  
Search in no narrow spot obscure for those;  
The sea profound, the surface of all land,  
Is moulded with the myriads of his foes." . . .*

*O'er a dark field I held my dubious way,  
Where Jack-a-lantern walk'd his lonely round;  
Beneath my feet substantial darkness lay,  
And screams were heard from the distemper'd ground.*

*Nor look'd I back, till to a far-off wood,  
Trembling with fear, my weary feet had sped:  
Dark was the night, but at the enchanted dome  
I saw the infernal windows flaming red.*

*And from within the howls of Death I heard,  
Cursing the dismal night that gave him birth,  
Damning his ancient sire and mother sin,  
Who at the gates of hell, accursed, brought him forth.*

*(For fancy gave to my enraptur'd soul  
An eagle's eye, with keenest glance to see;  
And bade those distant sounds distinctly roll,  
Which, waking, never had affected me.)*

*Oft his pale breast with cruel hand he smote,  
And, tearing from his limbs a winding-sheet,  
Roar'd to the black skies, while the woods around,  
As wicked as himself, his words repeat.*

'Thrice tow'rd the skies his meagre arms he rear'd,  
Invok'd all hell and thunders on his head,  
Bid light'nings fly, earth yawn, and tempests roar,  
And the sea wrap him in its oozy bed.

"My life for one cool draught! O, fetch your springs!  
Can one unfeeling to my woes be found?  
No friendly visage comes to my relief,  
But ghosts impend and spectres hover round.

"Though humbled now, dishearten'd, and distressed,  
Yet, when admitted to the peaceful ground,  
With heroes, kings, and conquerors I shall rest,  
Shall sleep as safely and perhaps as sound."

Dim burnt the lamp; and now the phantom Death  
Gave his last groans in horror and despair:  
"All hell demands me hence!" he said, and threw  
The red lamp hissing through the midnight air.

Trembling, across the plain my course I held,  
And found the grave-yard, loitering through the gloom,  
And in the midst a hell-red, wandering light,  
Walking in fiery circles round the tomb. . . .

At distance far, approaching to the tomb,  
By lamps and lanterns guided through the shade,  
A coal-black chariot hurried through the gloom,  
Spectres attending, in black weeds array'd,

Whose woeful forms yet chill my soul with dread:  
Each wore a vest in Stygian chambers wove,  
Death's kindred all—Death's horses they bestrode,  
And gallop'd fiercely, as the chariot drove.

Each horrid face a grizly mask conceal'd;  
Their busy eyes shot terror to my soul  
As now and then, by the pale lanthorn's glare,  
I saw them for their parted friend condole.

Before the herse Death's chaplain seem'd to go,  
Who strove to comfort, what he could, the dead;



Talk'd much of *Satan* and the land of woe,  
And many a chapter from the scriptures read.

At last he rais'd the swelling anthem high;  
In dismal numbers seem'd he to complain:  
The captive tribes that by *Euphrates* wept,  
Their song was jovial to his dreary strain.

That done, they plac'd the carcase in the tomb,  
To dust and dull oblivion now resign'd;  
Then turn'd the chariot tow'rd the House of Night,  
Which soon flew off and left no trace behind.

### *The Indian Burying Ground*

IN spite of all the learned have said,  
I still my old opinion keep:  
The *posture* that *we* give the dead  
Points out the soul's eternal sleep.

Not so the ancients of these lands:  
The Indian, when from life released,  
Again is seated with his friends,  
And shares again the joyous feast.

His imaged birds and painted bowl,  
And venison for a journey dressed,  
Bespeak the nature of the soul—  
Activity that knows no rest.

His bow for action ready bent,  
And arrows with a head of stone,  
Can only mean that life is spent,  
And not the old ideas gone.

Thou, stranger, that shalt come this way,  
No fraud upon the dead commit:  
Observe the swelling turf, and say,  
"They do not *lie*, but here they *sit*."

Here still a lofty rock remains,  
On which the curious eye may trace

(Now wasted, half, by wearing rains)  
The fancies of a ruder race.

Here still an aged elm aspires,  
Beneath whose far-projecting shade  
(And which the shepherd still admires)  
The children of the forest played.

There oft a restless Indian queen,  
Pale *Shebah*, with her braided hair,  
And many a barbarous form is seen,  
To chide the man that lingers there.

By midnight moons, o'er moistening dews,  
In habit for the chase arrayed,  
The hunter still the deer pursues,  
The hunter and the deer a shade.

And long shall tumorous fancy see  
The painted chief and pointed spear,  
And Reason's self shall bow the knee  
To shadows and delusions here.

### *Song of Thyrsis*

THE turtle on yon withered bough,  
That lately mourned her murdered mate,  
Has found another comrade now—  
Such changes all await!  
Again her drooping plume is drest,  
Again she's willing to be blest  
And takes her lover to her nest.

If nature has decreed it so  
With all above, and all below,  
Let us like them forget our woe,  
And not be killed with sorrow.  
If I should quit your arms tonight  
And chance to die before 't was light,  
I would advise you—and you might—  
Love again tomorrow.

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RICHARD HENRY DANA

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*The Little Beach-Bird*

THOU little bird, thou dweller by the sea,  
Why takest thou its melancholy voice,  
And with that boding cry  
Why o'er the waves dost fly?

O, rather, bird, with me  
Through the fair land rejoice!

Thy flitting form comes ghostly dim and pale,  
As driven by a beating storm at sea;  
Thy cry is weak and scared,  
As if thy mates had shared

The doom of us. Thy wail,—  
What doth it bring to me?

Thou call'st along the sand, and haunt'st the surge  
Restless and sad; as if, in strange accord  
With the motion and the roar  
Of waves that drive to shore,

One spirit did ye urge—  
The Mystery—the Word.

Of thousands, thou, both sepulcher and pall,  
Old Ocean! A requiem o'er the dead,  
From out thy gloomy cells,  
A tale of mourning tells,—

Tells of man's woe and fall,  
His sinless glory fled.

Then turn thee, little bird, and take thy flight  
Where the complaining sea shall sadness bring  
Thy spirit nevermore.

Come, quit with me the shore,  
For gladness and the light,  
Where birds of summer sing.

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WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

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*To a Waterfowl*

W HITHER, midst falling dew,  
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,  
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue  
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye  
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,  
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,  
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink  
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,  
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink  
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care  
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—  
The desert and illimitable air,—  
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned  
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,  
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,  
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;  
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,  
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend  
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven  
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart  
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,  
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,  
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,  
In the long way that I must tread alone,  
Will lead my steps aright.

### *Thanatopsis*

TO him who in the love of nature holds  
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks  
A various language; for his gayer hours  
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile  
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides  
Into his darker musings, with a mild  
And healing sympathy, that steals away  
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts  
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight  
Over thy spirit, and sad images  
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,  
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,  
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart;—  
Go forth, under the open sky, and list  
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—  
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—  
Comes a still voice:—

Yet a few days, and thee  
The all-beholding sun shall see no more  
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,  
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,  
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist  
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim  
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,  
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up  
Thine individual being, shalt thou go  
To mix forever with the elements,  
To be a brother to the insensible rock  
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain  
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak  
Shall send his roots abroad and pierce thy mold.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place  
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish  
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down  
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,  
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,  
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,  
All in one mighty sepulcher. The hills,  
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales  
Stretching in pensive quietness between;  
The venerable woods—rivers that move  
In majesty, and the complaining brooks  
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,  
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—  
Are but the solemn decorations all  
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,  
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,  
Are shining on the sad abodes of death  
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread  
The globe are but a handful to the tribes  
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings  
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,  
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods  
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound  
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there:  
And millions in those solitudes, since first  
The flight of years began, have laid them down  
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.

So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw  
In silence from the living, and no friend  
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe  
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh  
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care  
Plod on, and each one as before will chase  
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave  
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come  
And make their bed with thee. As the long train  
Of ages glides away, the sons of men—  
The youth in life's fresh spring, and he who goes  
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,  
The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man—

Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,  
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan, which moves  
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

*"Oh Fairest of the Rural Maids"*

OH fairest of the rural maids!  
Thy birth was in the forest shades;  
Green boughs, and glimpses of the sky,  
Were all that met thine infant eye.

Thy sports, thy wanderings, when a child,  
Were ever in the sylvan wild;  
And all the beauty of the place  
Is in thy heart and on thy face.

The twilight of the trees and rocks  
Is in the light shade of thy locks;  
Thy step is as the wind, that weaves  
Its playful way among the leaves.

Thine eyes are springs, in whose serene  
And silent waters heaven is seen;  
Their lashes are the herbs that look  
On their young figures in the brook.

The forest depths, by foot unpressed,  
Are not more sinless than thy breast;  
The holy peace, that fills the air  
Of those calm solitudes, is there.

*To the Fringed Gentian*

THOU blossom bright with autumn dew,  
And colored with the heaven's own blue,  
That openest when the quiet light  
Succeeds the keen and frosty night,

Thou comest not when violets lean  
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,  
Or columbines, in purple dressed,  
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late and com'st alone,  
When woods are bare and birds are flown,  
And frosts and shortening days portend  
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye  
Look through its fringes to the sky,  
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall  
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see  
The hour of death draw near to me,  
Hope, blossoming within my heart,  
May look to heaven as I depart.

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EDGAR ALLAN POE

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*Sonnet—To Science*

SCIENCE, true daughter of Old Time thou art!  
Who alterest all things with thy peering eyes.  
Why preyest thou thus upon the poet's heart,  
Vulture, whose wings are dull realities?  
How should he love thee, or how deem thee wise,  
Who wouldst not leave him in his wandering  
To seek for treasure in the jewelled skies,



Albeit he soared with an undaunted wing?  
 Hast thou not dragged Diana from her car,  
 And driven the Hamadryad from the wood  
 To seek a shelter in some happier star?  
 Hast thou not torn the Naiad from her flood,  
 The Elfin from the green grass, and from me  
 The summer dream beneath the tamarind tree?

*Song from "All Aaraaf"*

NEATH blue-bell or streamer,  
 Or tufted wild spray  
 That keeps from the dreamer  
 The moonbeam away,  
 Bright beings that ponder,  
 With half-closing eyes,  
 On the stars which your wonder  
 Hath drawn from the skies,  
 'Till they glance thro' the shade and  
 Come down to your brow  
 Like eyes of the maiden  
 Who calls on you now,—  
 Arise from your dreaming  
 In violet bowers,  
 To duty beseeching  
 These star-litten hours,  
 And shake from your tresses  
 Encumber'd with dew  
 The breath of those kisses  
 That cumber them too  
 (Oh, how, without you, Love,  
 Could angels be blest?)—  
 Those kisses of true love  
 That lull'd ye to rest!  
 Up! shake from your wing  
 Each hindering thing:  
 The dew of the night—  
 It would weigh down your flight;  
 And true-love caresses—  
 O, leave them apart;

They are light on the tresses,  
But lead on the heart.  
Ligeia! Ligeia!  
My beautiful one!  
Whose harshest idea  
Will to melody run,  
O, is it thy will  
On the breezes to toss?  
Or, capriciously still,  
Like the lone Albatross,  
Incumbent on night  
(As she on the air)  
To keep watch with delight  
On the harmony there?  
Ligeia, wherever  
Thy image may be,  
No magic shall sever  
Thy music from thee!  
Thou hast bound many eyes  
In a dreamy sleep;  
But the strains still arise  
Which *thy* vigilance keep:  
The sound of the rain  
Which leaps down to the flower,  
And dances again  
In the rhythm of the shower,  
The murmur that springs  
From the growing of grass,  
Are the music of things—  
But are modell'd, alas!  
Away, then, my dearest,  
O, hie thee away  
To springs that lie clearest  
Beneath the moon-ray;  
To lone lake that smiles,  
In its dream of deep rest,  
At the many star-isles  
That enjewel its breast.  
Where wild flowers, creeping,  
Have mingled their shade,  
On its margin is sleeping  
Full many a maid;

## AMERICAN POETRY

Some have left the cool glade, and  
 Have slept with the bee:  
 Arouse them, my maiden,  
 On the moorland and lea;  
 Go, breathe on their slumber,  
 All softly in ear,  
 The musical number  
 They slumber'd to hear;  
 For what can awaken  
 An angel so soon,  
 Whose sleep hath been taken  
 Beneath the cold moon,  
 As the spell which no slumber  
 Of witchery may test,  
 The rhythmical number  
 Which lull'd him to rest?

*To Helen*

HELEN, thy beauty is to me  
 Like those Nicean barks of yore,  
 That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,  
 The weary, way-worn wanderer bore  
 To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,  
 Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,  
 Thy Naiad airs have brought me home  
 To the glory that was Greece  
 And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo, in yon brilliant window-niche  
 How statue-like I see thee stand,  
 The agate lamp within thy hand!  
 Ah, Psyche, from the regions which  
 Are Holy Land!

*Israfel*

IN Heaven a spirit doth dwell  
 Whose heart-strings are a lute:  
 None sing so wildly well

As the angel Israfel,  
And the giddy stars (so legends tell),  
Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell  
Of his voice, all mute.

Tottering above  
In her highest noon,  
The enamoured moon  
Blushes with love,  
While, to listen, the red levin  
(With the rapid Pleiades, even,  
Which were seven)  
Pauses in Heaven.

And they say (the starry choir  
And the other listening things)  
That Israfel's fire  
Is owing to that lyre  
By which he sits and sings—  
The trembling living wire  
Of those unusual strings.

But the skies that angel trod,  
Where deep thoughts are a duty,  
Where Love 's a grown-up God,  
Where the Houris glances are  
Imbued with all the beauty  
Which we worship in a star.

Therefore thou art not wrong,  
Israfel, who despisest  
An unimpassioned song:  
To thee the laurels belong,  
Best bard because the wisest;  
Merrily live, and long!

The ecstasies above  
With thy burning measures suit—  
Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love,  
With the fervour of thy lute:  
Well may the stars be mute!

Yes, Heaven is thine; but this  
 Is a world of sweets and sour:  
 Our flowers are merely—flowers,  
 And the shadow of thy perfect bliss  
 Is the sunshine of ours.

If I could dwell  
 Where Israfel  
 Hath dwelt, and he where I,  
 He might not sing so wildly well  
 A mortal melody,  
 While a bolder note than this might swell  
 From my lyre within the sky.

### *The City in the Sea*

LO, Death has reared himself a throne  
 In a strange city lying alone  
 Far down within the dim West,  
 Where the good and the bad and the worst and the best  
 Have gone to their eternal rest.  
 There shrines and palaces and towers  
 ('Time-eaten towers that tremble not!')  
 Resemble nothing that is ours.  
 Around, by lifting winds forgot,  
 Resignedly beneath the sky  
 The melancholy waters lie.  
 No rays from the holy heaven come down  
 On the long night-time of that town;  
 But light from out the lurid sea  
 Streams up the turrets silently—  
 Gleams up the pinnacles far and free—  
 Up domes—up spires—up kingly halls—  
 Up fanes—up Babylon-like walls—  
 Up shadowy long-forgotten bowers  
 Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers—  
 Up many and many a marvellous shrine  
 Whose wreathèd friezes interwine  
 The viol, the violet, and the vine.  
 Resignedly beneath the sky  
 The melancholy waters lie.

So blend the turrets and shadows there  
That all seem pendulous in air,  
While from a proud tower in the town  
Death looks gigantically down.

There open fanes and gaping graves  
Yawn level with the luminous waves;  
But not the riches there that lie  
In each idol's diamond eye,  
Not the gaily-jewelled dead  
Tempt the waters from their bed:  
For no ripples curl, alas,  
Along that wilderness of glass;  
No swellings tell that winds may be  
Upon some far-off happier sea;  
No heavings hint that winds have been  
On scenes less hideously serene.

But, lo, a stir is in the air!  
The wave—there is a movement there,  
As if the towers had thrust aside,  
In slightly sinking, the dull tide,  
As if their tops had feebly given  
A void within the filmy Heaven!  
The waves have now a redder glow;  
The hours are breathing faint and low;  
And when, amid no earthly moans,  
Down, down that town shall settle hence,  
Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,  
Shall do it reverence.

### *The Sleeper*

AT midnight, in the month of June,  
I stand beneath the mystic moon.  
An opiate vapour, dewy, dim,  
Exhales from out her golden rim,  
And softly dripping, drop by drop,  
Upon the quiet mountain top,  
Steals drowsily and musically  
Into the universal valley.  
The rosemary nods upon the grave;  
The lily lolls upon the wave;

Wrapping the fog about its breast,  
The ruin moulders into rest;  
Looking like Lethe, see, the lake  
A conscious slumber seems to take,  
And would not, for the world, awake.  
All Beauty sleeps! And, lo, where lies  
Irene, with her Destinies!  
Oh, lady bright, can it be right—  
This window open to the night?  
The wanton airs, from the tree-top,  
Laughingly through the lattice drop—  
The bodiless airs, a wizard rout,  
Flit through thy chamber in and out,  
And wave the curtain canopy  
So fitfully—so fearfully—  
Above the closed and fringed lid  
'Neath which thy slumb'ring soul lies hid,  
That, o'er the floor and down the wall,  
Like ghosts the shadows rise and fall!  
Oh, lady dear, hast thou no fear?  
Why and what art thou dreaming here?  
Sure thou art come o'er far-off seas,  
A wonder to these garden trees!  
Strange is thy pallor! strange thy dress!  
Strange, above all, thy length of tress,  
And this all solemn silentness!  
The lady sleeps! Oh, may her sleep,  
Which is enduring, so be deep!  
Heaven have her in its sacred keep!  
This chamber changed for one more holy,  
This bed for one more melancholy,  
I pray to God that she may lie  
Forever with unopened eye,  
While the pale sheeted ghosts go by!  
My love, she sleeps! Oh, may her sleep,  
As it is lasting, so be deep!  
Soft may the worms about her creep!  
Far in the forest, dim and old,  
For her may some tall vault unfold—  
Some vault that oft hath flung its black  
And wingèd panels fluttering back,  
Triumphant, o'er the crested palls,

Of her grand family funerals—  
Some sepulchre, remote, alone,  
Against whose portal she hath thrown,  
In childhood, many an idle stone—  
Some tomb from out whose sounding door  
She ne'er shall force an echo more,  
Thrilling to think, poor child of sin,  
It was the dead who groaned within.

*To One in Paradise*

THOU wast all that to me, love,  
For which my soul did pine—  
A green isle in the sea, love,  
A fountain and a shrine,  
All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers,  
And all the flowers were mine.

Ah, dream too bright to last!  
Ah, starry Hope, that didst arise  
But to be overcast!  
A voice from out the Future cries,  
"On! on!"—but o'er the Past  
(Dim gulf!) my spirit hovering lies  
Mute, motionless, aghast!

For, alas, alas, with me  
The light of Life is o'er!  
"No more—no more—no more—"  
(Such language holds the solemn sea  
To the sands upon the shore)  
Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,  
Or the stricken eagle soar!

And all my days are trances,  
And all my nightly dreams  
Are where thy grey eye glances,  
And where thy footstep gleams—  
In what ethereal dances,  
By what eternal streams.



*The Haunted Palace*

IN the greenest of our valleys  
By good angels tenanted,  
Once a fair and stately palace—  
Radiant palace—reared its head.  
In the monarch Thought's dominion,  
It stood there;  
Never seraph spread a pinion  
Over fabric half so fair!

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,  
On its roof did float and flow  
(This—all this—was in the olden  
Time long ago);  
And every gentle air that dallied,  
In that sweet day,  
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,  
A wingèd odor went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley,  
Through two luminous windows, saw  
Spirits moving musically,  
To a lute's well-tuned law,  
Round about a throne where, sitting  
(Porphyrogenet!)  
In state his glory well befitting,  
The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing  
Was the fair palace door,  
Through which came flowing, flowing,  
flowing,  
And sparkling evermore,  
A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty  
Was but to sing,  
In voices of surpassing beauty,  
The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,  
Assailed the monarch's high estate.

(Ah, let us mourn! for never morrow  
Shall dawn upon him desolate!)  
And round about his home the glory  
That blushed and bloomed  
Is but a dim-remembered story  
Of the old time entombed.

And travellers now, within that valley,  
Through the red-litten windows see  
Vast forms, that move fantastically  
To a discordant melody;  
While, like a ghastly rapid river,  
Through the pale door  
A hideous throng rush out forever  
And laugh—but smile no more.

### *The Conqueror Worm*

LO, 'tis a gala night  
Within the lonesome latter years;  
An angel throng, bewinged, bedight  
In veils, and drowned in tears,  
Sit in a theater, to see  
A play of hopes and fears,  
While the orchestra breathes fitfully  
The music of the spheres.

Mimes, in the form of God on high,  
Mutter and mumble low,  
And hither and thither fly—  
Mere puppets they, who come and go  
At bidding of vast formless things  
That shift the scenery to and fro,  
Flapping from out their Condor wings  
Invisible woe!

That motley drama, oh, be sure  
It shall not be forgot!  
With its Phantom chased for evermore  
By a crowd that seize it not,  
Through a circle that ever returneth in  
To the self-same spot,

And much of Madness, and more of Sin,  
And Horror the soul of the plot.

But see, amid the mimic rout  
A crawling shape intrude!  
A blood-red thing that writhes from out  
The scenic solitude!  
It writhes! it writhes! with mortal pangs  
The mimes become its food,  
And seraphs sob at vermin fangs  
In human gore imbued.

Out, out are the lights—out all!  
And over each quivering form  
The curtain, a funeral pall,  
Comes down with the rush of a storm;  
While the angels, all pallid and wan,  
Uprising, unveiling, affirm  
That the play is the tragedy "Man,"  
And its hero the Conqueror Worm.

### *The Raven*

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,  
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,  
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,  
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.  
"T is some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—  
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,  
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.  
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow  
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore,  
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—  
Nameless *here* for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain  
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;  
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,

"T is some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—  
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—  
This it is and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger: hesitating then no longer,  
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;  
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,  
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,  
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door—  
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness, peering, long I stood there, wondering,  
fearing,  
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;  
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,  
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word "Le-  
nore!"  
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word "Lenore!"  
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,  
Soon again I heard a tapping, somewhat louder than before.  
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;  
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore,—  
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore—  
"T is the wind and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,  
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.  
Not the least obeisance made he, not a minute stopped or stayed he,  
But with mien of lord or lady perched above my chamber door—  
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—  
Perched and sat, and nothing more.

Then, this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling  
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,  
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no  
craven,  
Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from the Nightly  
shore:  
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"  
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."



Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!  
 Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!”  
 Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil! prophet still, if bird or devil  
 Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,  
 Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—  
 On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore,  
 Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!”  
 Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil! prophet still, if bird or devil  
 By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—  
 Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,  
 It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—  
 Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore.”  
 Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

“Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!” I shrieked, up  
 starting;  
 “Get thee back into the tempest and the Night’s Plutonian shore!  
 Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!  
 Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!  
 Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my  
 door!”

Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, *still* is sitting  
 On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;  
 And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon’s that is dreaming,  
 And the lamp-light o’er him streaming throws his shadow on the  
 floor;  
 And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor  
 Shall be lifted—nevermore!

### *Ulalume*

THE skies they were ashen and sober,  
 The leaves they were crispèd and sere—  
 The leaves they were withering and sere;  
 It was night in the lonesome October  
 Of my most immemorial year;

It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,  
In the misty mid region of Weir—  
It was down by the dank tarn of Auber,  
In the ghoulishaunted woodland of Weir.

Here once, through an alley Titanic  
Of cypress, I roamed with my Soul—  
Of cypress, with Psyche, my Soul  
These were days when my heart was volcanic  
As the scoriac rivers that roll—  
As the lavas that restlessly roll  
Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek,  
In the ultimate climes of the pole—  
That groan as they roll down Mount Yaanek,  
In the realms of the boreal pole.

Our talk had been serious and sober,  
But our thoughts they were palsied and sere—  
Our memories were treacherous and sere,—  
For we knew not the month was October,  
And we marked not the night of the year  
(Ah, night of all nights in the year!)—  
We noted not the dim lake of Auber  
(Though once we had journeyed down here)—  
Remembered not the dank tarn of Auber,  
Nor the ghoulishaunted woodland of Weir.

And now, as the night was senescent  
And star-dials pointed to morn—  
As the star-dials hinted of morn,—  
At the end of our path a liquescent  
And nebulous lustre was born,  
Out of which a miraculous crescent  
Arose with a duplicate horn—  
Astarte's bediamonded crescent  
Distinct with its duplicate horn.

And I said: "She is warmer than Dian:  
She rolls through an ether of sighs—  
She revels in a region of sighs;  
She has seen that the tears are not dry on  
These cheeks, where the worm never dies,

And has come past the stars of the Lion  
To point us the path to the skies—  
To the Lethean peace of the skies,—  
Come up, in despite of the Lion,  
To shine on us with her bright eyes—  
Come up through the lair of the Lion,  
With love in her luminous eyes.”

But Psyche, uplifting her finger,  
Said: “Sadly this star I mistrust—  
Her pallor I strangely mistrust:—  
Oh, hasten!—oh, let us not linger!  
Oh, fly! let us fly!—for we must.”  
In terror she spoke, letting sink her  
Wings until they trailed in the dust—  
In agony sobbed, letting sink her  
Plumes till they trailed in the dust—  
Till they sorrowfully trailed in the dust.

I replied: “This is nothing but dreaming:  
Let us on by this tremulous light!  
Let us bathe in this crystalline light!  
Its Sibyllic splendor is beaming  
With Hope and in Beauty tonight—  
See! it flickers up the sky through the night!  
Ah, we safely may trust to its gleaming,  
And be sure it will lead us aright—  
We safely may trust to a gleaming  
That cannot but guide us aright,  
Since it flickers up to Heaven through the night.”

Thus I pacified Psyche, and kissed her,  
And tempted her out of her gloom—  
And conquered her scruples and gloom;  
And we passed to the end of the vista,  
But were stopped by the door of a tomb—  
By the door of a legended tomb;  
And I said: “What is written, sweet sister,  
On the door of this legended tomb?”  
She replied: “Ulalume—Ulalume—  
’T is the vault of thy lost Ulalume!”



Then my heart it grew ashen and sober  
 As the leaves that were crispèd and sere—  
 As the leaves that were withering and sere;  
 And I cried: "It was surely October  
 On *this* very night of last year  
 That I journeyed—I journeyed down here,—  
 That I brought a dread burden down here:  
 On this night of all nights in the year,  
 Ah, what demon has tempted me here?  
 Well I know, now, this dim lake of Auber—  
 This misty mid region of Weir,—  
 Well I know, now, this dank tarn of Auber—  
 This ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir."

### *Annabel Lee*

IT was many and many a year ago,  
 In a kingdom by the sea,  
 That a maiden there lived whom you may know  
 By the name of ANNABEL LEE;  
 And this maiden she lived with no other thought  
 Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and *she* was a child,  
 In this kingdom by the sea;  
 But we loved with a love that was more than love—  
 I and my ANNABEL LEE—  
 With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven  
 Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,  
 In this kingdom by the sea,  
 A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling  
 My beautiful ANNABEL LEE;  
 So that her high-born kinsmen came  
 And bore her away from me,  
 To shut her up in a sepulchre  
 In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,  
 Went envying her and me—

Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,  
In this kingdom by the sea)  
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,  
Chilling and killing my ANNABEL LEE.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love  
Of those who were older than we—  
Of many far wiser than we;  
And neither the angels in heaven above,  
Nor the demons down under the sea,  
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul  
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE:

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams  
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE;  
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes  
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE;  
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side  
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,  
In the sepulchre there by the sea,  
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

### *Eldorado*

GAILY bedight,  
A gallant knight,  
In sunshine and in shadow,  
Had journeyed long,  
Singing a song,  
In search of Eldorado.

But he grew old—  
This knight so bold,—  
And o'er his heart a shadow  
Fell as he found  
No spot of ground  
That looked like Eldorado.

And, as his strength  
Failed him at length,  
He met a pilgrim shadow.

## AMERICAN POETRY

"Shadow," said he,  
 "Where can it be—  
 This land of Eldorado?"

"Over the mountains  
 Of the Moon,  
 Down the Valley of the Shadow,  
 Ride, boldly ride,"  
 The shade replied,  
 "If you seek for Eldorado!"

*Romance*

ROMANCE, who loves to nod and sing,  
 With drowsy head and folded wing,  
 Among the green leaves as they shake  
 Far down within some shadowy lake,  
 To me a painted paroquet  
 Hath been—a most familiar bird—  
 Taught me my alphabet to say—  
 To lisp my very earliest word  
 While in the wild wood I did lie,  
 A child—with a most knowing eye.

Of late, eternal Condor years  
 So shake the very Heaven on high  
 With tumult as they thunder by,  
 I have no time for idle cares  
 Through gazing on the unquiet sky.  
 And when an hour with calmer wings  
 Its down upon my spirit flings—  
 That little time with lyre and rhyme  
 To while away—forbidden things!  
 My heart would feel to be a crime  
 Unless it trembled with the strings.

*A Dream Within a Dream*

TAKE this kiss upon the brow!  
 And, in parting from you now,  
 This much let me avow—

You are not wrong, who deem  
 That my days have been a dream;  
 Yet if hope has flown away  
 In a night, or in a day,  
 In a vision, or in none,  
 Is it therefore the less *gone*?  
*All* that we see or seem  
 Is but a dream within a dream.

I stand amid the roar  
 Of a surf-tormented shore,  
 And I hold within my hand  
 Grains of the golden sand—  
 How few! yet how they creep  
 Through my fingers to the deep,  
 While I weep—while I weep!  
 O God! can I not grasp  
 Them with a tighter clasp?  
 O God! can I not save  
*One* from the pitiless wave?  
 Is *all* that we see or seem  
 But a dream within a dream?

### *Lenore*

AH, broken is the golden bowl! the spirit flown forever!  
 Let the bell toll!—a saintly soul floats on the Stygian river,  
 And, Guy De Vere, hast *thou* no tear?—weep now or never more!  
 See! on yon drear and rigid bier low lies thy love, Lenore!  
 Come! let the burial rite be read—the funeral song be sung!—  
 An anthem for the queenliest dead that ever died so young—  
 A dirge for her the doubly dead in that she died so young.

“Wretches! ye loved her for her wealth and hated her for her pride,  
 And when she fell in feeble health, ye blessed her—that she died!  
 How *shall* the ritual, then, be read?—the requiem how be sung  
 By you—by yours, the evil eye,—by yours, the slanderous tongue  
 That did to death the innocence that died, and died so young?”

*Peccavimus*; but rave not thus! and let a Sabbath song  
 Go up to God so solemnly the dead may feel no wrong!

The sweet Lenore hath "gone before," with Hope, that flew beside,  
Leaving thee wild for the dear child that should have been thy  
bride—

For her, the fair and *debonair*, that now so lowly lies,  
The life upon her yellow hair but not within her eyes—  
The life still there, upon her hair—the death upon her eyes.

"Avaunt! tonight my heart is light. No dirge will I upraise.  
But waft the angel on her flight with a psalm of old days!  
Let *no* bell toll!—lest her sweet soul, amid its hallowed mirth,  
Should catch the note, as it doth float up from the damnèd Earth.  
To friends above, from fiends below, the indignant ghost is riven—  
From Hell unto a high estate far up within the Heaven—  
From grief and groan, to a golden throne, beside the King of  
Heaven."

### *Dream-Land*

BY a route obscure and lonely,  
Haunted by ill angels only,  
Where an Eidolon, named NIGHT,  
On a black throne reigns upright,  
I have reached these lands but newly  
From an ultimate dim Thule—  
From a wild weird clime that lieth, sublime,  
Out of SPACE—out of TIME.

Bottomless vales and boundless floods,  
And chasms, and caves, and Titan woods,  
With forms that no man can discover  
For the tears that drip all over;  
Mountains toppling evermore  
Into seas without a shore;  
Seas that restlessly aspire,  
Surging, unto skies of fire;  
Lakes that endlessly outspread  
Their lone waters—lone and dead,—  
Their still waters—still and chilly  
With the snows of the lolling lily.

By the lakes that thus outspread  
Their lone waters, lone and dead,—

Their sad waters, sad and chilly  
With the snows of the lolling lily,—  
By the mountains—near the river  
Murmuring lowly, murmuring ever,—  
By the grey woods,—by the swamp  
Where the toad and the newt encamp,—  
By the dismal tarns and pools  
Where dwell the Ghouls,—  
By each spot the most unholy—  
In each nook most melancholy,—  
There the traveller meets, aghast,  
Sheeted Memories of the Past—  
Shrouded forms that start and sigh  
As they pass the wanderer by—  
White-robed forms of friends long given,  
In agony, to the Earth—and Heaven.

For the heart whose woes are legion  
'Tis a peaceful, soothing region—  
For the spirit that walks in shadow  
'Tis—oh 'tis an Eldorado!  
But the traveller, travelling through it,  
May not—dare not openly view it,  
Never its mysteries are exposed  
To the weak human eye unclosed;  
So wills its King, who hath forbid  
The uplifting of the fringed lid;  
And thus the sad Soul that here passes  
Beholds it but through darkened glasses.

By a route obscure and lonely,  
Haunted by ill angels only,  
Where an Eidolon, named NIGHT,  
On a black throne reigns upright,  
I have wandered home but newly  
From this ultimate dim Thule.

*For Annie*

THANK Heaven! the crisis—  
The danger is past,  
And the lingering illness  
Is over at last—  
And the fever called "Living"  
Is conquered at last.

Sadly, I know  
I am shorn of my strength,  
And no muscle I move  
As I lie at full length—  
But no matter!—I feel  
I am better at length.

And I rest so composedly  
Now, in my bed,  
That any beholder  
Might fancy me dead—  
Might start at beholding me,  
Thinking me dead.

The moaning and groaning,  
The sighing and sobbing,  
Are quieted now,  
With that horrible throbbing  
At heart.—ah that horrible,  
Horrible throbbing!

The sickness—the nausea—  
The pitiless pain—  
Have ceased with the fever  
That maddened my brain—  
With the fever called "Living"  
That burned in my brain.

And oh! of all tortures  
*That* torture the worst  
Has abated—the terrible  
Torture of thirst

For the naphthaline river  
Of Passion accurst:—  
I have drunk of a water  
That quenches all thirst:—

Of a water that flows,  
With a lullaby sound,  
From a spring but a very few  
Feet under ground—  
From a cavern not very far  
Down under ground.

And ah! let it never  
Be foolishly said  
That my room it is gloomy  
And narrow my bed;  
For a man never slept  
In a different bed—  
And, to sleep, you must slumber  
In just such a bed.

My tantalized spirit  
Here blandly reposes,  
Forgetting, or never  
Regretting, its roses—  
Its old agitations  
Of myrtles and roses:

For now, while so quietly  
Lying, it fancies  
A holier odor  
About it, of pansies—  
A rosemary odor,  
Commingled with pansies—  
With rue and the beautiful  
Puritan pansies.

And so it lies happily,  
Bathing in many  
A dream of the truth  
And the beauty of Annie—  
Drowned in a bath  
Of the tresses of Annie.



## AMERICAN POETRY

She tenderly kissed me,  
She fondly caressed,  
And then I fell gently  
To sleep on her breast—  
Deeply to sleep  
From the heaven of her breast.

When the light was extinguished,  
She covered me warm,  
And she prayed to the angels  
To keep me from harm—  
To the queen of the angels  
To shield me from harm.

And I lie so composedly,  
Now, in my bed,  
(Knowing her love)  
That you fancy me dead—  
And I rest so contentedly,  
Now, in my bed,  
(With her love at my breast)  
That you fancy me dead—  
That you shudder to look at me,  
Thinking me dead:—

But my heart it is brighter  
Than all of the many  
Stars of the sky,  
For it sparkles with Annie—  
It glows with the light  
Of the love of my Annie—  
With the thought of the light  
Of the eyes of my Annie.

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EDWARD COATE PINKNEY

---

*A Serenade*

LOOK out upon the stars, my love,  
And shame them with thine eyes,  
On which, than on the lights above,  
There hang more destinies.  
Night's beauty is the harmony  
Of blending shades and light;  
Then, lady, up,—look out, and be  
A sister to the night!

Sleep not! thine image wakes for aye  
Within my watching breast:  
Sleep not! from her soft sleep should fly  
Who robs all hearts of rest.  
Nay, lady, from thy slumbers break,  
And make this darkness gay  
With looks, whose brightness well might make  
Of darker nights a day.

*Votive Song*

BURN no incense, hang no wreath,  
On this thine early tomb:  
Such cannot cheer the place of death,  
But only mock its gloom.  
Here odorous smoke and breathing flower  
No grateful influence shed;  
They lose their perfume and their power,  
When offered to the dead.

And if, as is the Afghan's creed,  
The spirit may return,  
A disembodied sense to feed,  
On fragrance, near its urn,—

It is enough that she, whom thou  
 Didst love in living years,  
 Sits desolate beside it now,  
 And fall these heavy tears.

---

T. H. CHIVERS

---

*Avalon*

DEATH'S pale cold orb has turned to an eclipse  
 My Son of Love!  
 The worms are feeding on thy lily-lips,  
 My milk-white Dove!  
 Pale purple tinges thy soft finger-tips!  
 While nectar thy pure soul in glory sips,  
 As Death's cold frost mine own forever nips!  
     Where thou art lying  
     Beside the beautiful undying  
 In the Valley of the pausing of the Moon,  
 Oh! Avalon! my son! my son!

Wake up, oh! Avalon! my son! my son!  
 And come from Death!  
 Heave off the clod that lies so heavy on  
 Thy breast beneath  
 In that cold grave, my more than Precious One!  
 And come to me! for I am here alone—  
 With none to comfort me!—my hopes are gone  
     Where thou art lying  
     Beside the beautiful undying  
 In the Valley of the pausing of the Moon,  
 Oh! Avalon! my son! my son!

Forever more must I, on this damp sod,  
 Renew and keep  
 My Covenant of Sorrows with my God,  
 And weep, weep, weep!  
 Writhing in pain beneath Death's iron rod!

Till I shall go to that Divine Abode—  
Treading the path that thy dear feet have trod—  
    Where thou art lying  
    Beside the beautiful undying  
In the Valley of the pausing of the Moon,  
Oh! Avalon! my son! my son!

Oh! precious Saviour! gracious heavenly Lord!  
    Refresh my soul!  
Here, with the healings of thy heavenly Word,  
    Make my heart whole!  
My little Lambs are scattered now abroad  
In Death's dark Valley, where they bleat unheard!  
Dear Shepherd! give their Shepherd his reward  
    Where they are lying  
    Beside the beautiful undying  
In the Valley of the pausing of the Moon,  
With Avalon! my son! my son!

For thou didst tread with fire-ensandaled feet,  
    Star-crowned, forgiven,  
The burning diapason of the stars so sweet,  
    To God in Heaven!  
And, walking on the sapphire-paven street,  
Didst take upon the highest Sill thy seat—  
Waiting in glory there my soul to meet,  
    When I am lying  
    Beside the beautiful undying  
In the Valley of the pausing of the Moon,  
Oh! Avalon! my son! my son!

Thou wert my Micro-Uranos below—  
    My Little Heaven!  
My Micro-Cosmos in this world of wo,  
    From morn till even!  
A living Lyre of God who charmed me so  
With thy sweet songs, that I did seem to go  
Out of this world where thou art shining now,  
    But without lying  
    Beside the beautiful undying  
In the Valley of the pausing of the Moon,  
Oh! Avalon! my son! my son!

Thou wert my son of Melody alway,  
 Oh! Child Divine!  
 Whose golden radiance filled the world with Day!  
 For thou didst shine  
 A lustrous Diadem of Song for aye,  
 Whose Divertisements, through Heaven's Holyday,  
 Now ravish Angel's ears—as well they may—  
 While I am crying  
 Beside the beautiful undying  
 In the Valley of the pausing of the Moon,  
 Oh! Avalon! my son! my son!

Thy soul did soar up to the Gates of God,  
 Oh! Lark-Like Child!  
 And through Heaven's Bowers of Bliss, by Angels trod,  
 Poured Wood-notes wild!  
 In emulation of that Bird, which stood,  
 In solemn silence, listening to thy flood  
 Of golden Melody deluge the wood  
 Where thou art lying  
 Beside the beautiful undying  
 In the Valley of the pausing of the Moon,  
 Oh! Avalon! my son! my son!

The redolent quintessence of thy tongue,  
 Oh! Avalon!  
 Embowered by Angels Heaven's sweet Bowers among—  
 Many in one—  
 Is gathered from the choicest of the throng,  
 In an Æonian Hymn forever young,  
 Thou Philomelian Eclecticist of Song!  
 While I am sighing  
 Beside the beautiful undying  
 In the Valley of the pausing of the Moon,  
 For Avalon! my son! my son!

Thou wert like Taleisin, "full of eyes,"  
 Bardling of Love!  
 My beautiful Divine Eumenides!  
 My gentle Dove!  
 Thou silver Swan of Golden Elegies!  
 Whose Mendelssohnian Songs now fill the skies!

While I am weeping where my Lily lies!  
Where thou art lying  
Beside the beautiful undying  
In the Valley of the pausing of the Moon,  
Oh! Avalon! my son! my son!

Kindling the high-uplifted stars at even  
With thy sweet song,  
The Angels, on the Sapphire Sills of Heaven,  
In Rapturous throng,  
Melted to mulder meekness, with the Seven  
Bright Lamps of God to glory given,  
Leant down to hear thy voice roll up the leven,  
Where thou art lying  
Beside the beautiful undying  
In the Valley of the pausing of the Moon,  
Oh! Avalon! my son! my son!

Can any thing that Christ has ever said,  
Make my heart whole?  
Can less than bringing back the early dead,  
Restore my soul?  
No! this alone can make my Heavenly bread—  
Christ's Bread of Life brought down from Heaven, instead  
Of this sad Song, on which my soul has fed,  
Where thou art lying  
Beside the beautiful undying  
In the Valley of the pausing of the Moon,  
Oh! Avalon! my son! my son!

Have I not need to weep from Morn till Even  
Far bitterer tears  
Than cruel Earth, the unforgiven,  
Through his long years—  
Inquisitorial Hell, or strictest Heaven,  
Wrung from Christ's bleeding heart when riven?  
Thus from one grief unto another driven,  
Where thou art lying  
Beside the beautiful undying  
In the Valley of the pausing of the Moon,  
Oh! Avalon! my son! my son!

---

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

---

*The Eternal Goodness*

O FRIENDS! with whom my feet have trod  
The quiet aisles of prayer,  
Glad witness to your zeal for God  
And love of man I bear.

I trace your lines of argument;  
Your logic linked and strong  
I weigh as one who dreads dissent,  
And fears a doubt as wrong.

But still my human hands are weak  
To hold your iron creeds:  
Against the words ye bid me speak  
My heart within me pleads.

Who fathoms the Eternal Thought?  
Who talks of scheme and plan?  
The Lord is God! He needeth not  
The poor device of man.

I walk with bare, hushed feet the ground  
Ye tread with boldness shod;  
I dare not fix with mete and bound  
The love and power of God.

Ye praise His justice; even such  
His pitying love I deem:  
Ye seek a king; I fain would touch  
The robe that hath no seam.

Ye see the curse which overbroods  
A world of pain and loss;  
I hear our Lord's beatitudes  
And prayer upon the cross.

More than your schoolmen teach, within  
Myself, alas! I know:  
Too dark ye cannot paint the sin,  
Too small the merit show.

I bow my forehead to the dust,  
I veil mine eyes for shame,  
And urge, in trembling self-distrust,  
A prayer without a claim.

I see the wrong that round me lies,  
I feel the guilt within;  
I hear, with groan and travail-cries,  
The world confess its sin.

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,  
And tossed by storm and flood,  
To one fixed trust my spirit clings;  
I know that God is good!

Not mine to look where cherubim  
And seraphs may not see,  
But nothing can be good in Him  
Which evil is in me.

The wrong that pains my soul below  
I dare not throne above,  
I know not of His hate,—I know  
His goodness and His love.

I dimly guess from blessings known  
Of greater out of sight,  
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own  
His judgments too are right.

I long for household voices gone,  
For vanished smiles I long,  
But God hath led my dear ones on,  
And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath  
Of marvel or surprise,  
Assured alone that life and death  
His mercy underlies.



And if my heart and flesh are weak  
To bear an untried pain,  
The bruised reed He will not break,  
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,  
Nor works my faith to prove;  
I can but give the gifts He gave,  
And plead His love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea  
I wait the muffled oar;  
No harm from Him can come to me  
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift  
Their fronded palms in air;  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond His love and care.

O brothers! if my faith is vain,  
If hopes like these betray,  
Pray for me that my feet may gain  
The sure and safer way.

And Thou, O Lord! by whom are seen  
Thy creatures as they be,  
Forgive me if too close I lean  
My human heart on Thee!

### *Ichabod*

SO fallen, so lost! the light withdrawn  
Which once he wore!  
The glory from his gray hairs gone  
Forevermore!

Revile him not—the Tempter hath  
A snare for all;  
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,  
Befit his fall.

Oh dumb be passion's stormy rage  
    When he who might  
Have lighted up and led his age  
    Falls back in night.

Scorn? would the angels laugh to mark  
    A bright soul driven,  
Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark,  
    From hope and heaven?

Let not the land once proud of him  
    Insult him now,  
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim,  
    Dishonored brow.

But let its humbled sons, instead,  
    From sea to lake,  
A long lament as for the dead  
    In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honored, nought  
    Save power remains—  
A fallen angel's pride of thought,  
    Still strong in chains.

All else is gone; from those great eyes  
    The soul has fled:  
When faith is lost, when honor dies,  
    The man is dead.

Then pay the reverence of old days  
    To his dead fame;  
Walk backward, with averted gaze,  
    And hide the shame.

### *My Playmate*

THE pines were dark on Ramoth hill,  
    Their song was soft and low;  
The blossoms in the sweet May wind  
    Were falling like the snow.

## AMERICAN POETRY

The blossoms drifted at our feet,  
The orchard birds sang clear;  
The sweetest and the saddest day  
It seemed of all the year.

For, more to me than birds or flowers,  
My playmate left her home,  
And took with her the laughing spring,  
The music and the bloom.

She kissed the lips of kith and kin,  
She laid her hand in mine  
What more could ask the bashful boy,  
Who fed her father's kine?

She left us in the bloom of May  
The constant years told o'er  
Their seasons with as sweet May morns,  
But she came back no more.

I walk, with noiseless feet, the round  
Of uneventful years;  
Still o'er and o'er I sow the spring  
And reap the autumn ears.

She lives where all the golden year  
Her summer roses blow;  
The dusky children of the sun  
Before her come and go.

There haply with her jewelled hands  
She smooths her silken gown—  
No more the homespun lap wherein  
I shook the walnuts down.

The wild grapes wait us by the brook,  
The brown nuts on the hill,  
And still the May-day flowers make sweet  
The woods of Follymill.

The lilies blossom in the pond,  
The bird builds in the tree,

The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill  
The slow song of the sea.

I wonder if she thinks of them,  
And how the old time seems;  
If ever the pines of Ramoth wood  
Are sounding in her dreams.

I see her face, I hear her voice:  
Does she remember mine?  
And what to her is now the boy  
Who fed her father's kine?

What cares she that the orioles build  
For other eyes than ours;  
That other hands with nuts are filled,  
And other laps with flowers?

O playmate in the golden time,  
Our mossy seat is green,  
Its fringing violets blossom yet,  
The old trees o'er it lean.

The winds so sweet with birch and fern  
A sweeter memory blow;  
And there in spring the veeries sing  
The song of long ago.

And still the pines of Ramoth wood  
Are moaning like the sea—  
The moaning of the sea of change  
Between myself and thee!

---

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

---

*The Last Leaf*

II SAW him once before,  
As he passed by the door,  
And again  
The pavement stones resound,  
As he totters o'er the ground  
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,  
Ere the pruning-knife of Time  
Cut him down,  
Not a better man was found  
By the Crier on his round  
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,  
And he looks at all he meets  
Sad and wan,  
And he shakes his feeble head,  
That it seems as if he said,  
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest  
On the lips that he has prest  
In their bloom,  
And the names he loved to hear  
Have been carved for many a year  
On the tomb.

My grandmama has said,—  
Poor old lady, she is dead  
Long ago,—  
That he had a Roman nose,  
And his cheek was like a rose  
In the snow;

But now his nose is thin,  
And it rests upon his chin  
    Like a staff,  
And a crook is in his back,  
And a melancholy crack  
    In his laugh.

I know it is a sin  
For me to sit and grin  
    At him here;  
But the old three-cornered hat,  
And the breeches, and all that,  
    Are so queer!

And if I should live to be  
The last leaf upon the tree,  
    In the spring,  
Let them smile, as I do now,  
At the old forsaken bough  
    Where I cling.

---

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

---

*Hebe*

I SAW the twinkle of white feet,  
I saw the flash of robes descending;  
Before her ran an influence fleet,  
That bow'd my heart like barley bending.

As, in bare fields, the searching bees  
Pilot to blooms beyond our finding,  
it led me on,—by sweet degrees,  
Joy's simple honey-cells unbinding.

Those graces were that seem'd grim fates;  
With nearer love the sky lean'd o'er me;

The long-sought secret's golden gates  
On musical hinges swung before me.

I saw the brimm'd bowl in her grasp  
Thrilling with godhood; like a lover,  
I sprang the proffer'd life to clasp:  
The beaker fell, the luck was over.

The earth has drunk the vintage up;  
What boots it patch the goblet's splinters?  
Can Summer fill the icy cup  
Whose treacherous crystal is but Winter's?

O spendthrift haste! Await the gods;  
Their nectar crowns the lips of Patience.  
Haste scatters on unthankful sods  
The immortal gift in vain libations.

Coy Hebe flies from those that woo,  
And shuns the hands would seize upon her;  
Follow thy life, and she will sue  
To pour for thee the cup of honour!

### *Auspex*

MY heart, I cannot still it,  
Nest that had song-birds in it;  
And when the last shall go,  
The dreary days to fill it,  
Instead of lark or linnet,  
Shall whirl dead leaves and snow.

Had they been swallows only,  
Without the passion stronger  
That skyward longs and sings,—  
Woe 's me, I shall be lonely  
When I can feel no longer  
The impatience of their wings!

A moment, sweet delusion,  
Like birds the brown leaves hover;

But it will not be long  
Before their wild confusion  
Fall wavering down to cover  
The poet and his song.

*St. Michael the Weigher*

STOOD the tall Archangel weighing  
All man's dreaming, doing, saying,  
All the failure and the pain,  
All the triumph and the gain,  
In the unimagined years,  
Full of hopes, more full of tears,  
Since old Adam's hopeless eyes  
Backward searched for Paradise,  
And, instead, the flame-blade saw  
Of inexorable Law.

Waking, I beheld him there,  
With his fire-gold, flickering hair,  
In his blinding armor stand,  
And the scales were in his hand.  
Mighty were they, and full well  
They could poise both heaven and hell.

"Angel," asked I humbly then,  
"Weighest thou the souls of men?  
That thine office is, I know."  
"Nay," he answered me, "not so;  
But I weigh the hope of Man  
Since the power of choice began,  
In the world, of good or ill."  
Then I waited and was still.

In one scale I saw him place  
All the glories of our race,  
Cups that lit Belshazzar's feast,  
Gems, the lightning of the East,  
Kublai's sceptre, Cæsar's sword,  
Many a poet's golden word,  
Many a skill of science, vain  
To make men as gods again.



## AMERICAN POETRY

In the other scale he threw  
Things regardless, outcast, few,  
Martyr-ash, arena sand,  
Of St. Francis' cord a strand,  
Beechen cups of men whose need  
Fasted that the poor might feed,  
Disillusions and despairs  
Of young saints with grief-grayed hairs,  
Broken hearts that brake for Man.

Marvel through my pulses ran  
Seeing then the beam divine  
Swiftly on this hand decline,  
While Earth's splendor and renown  
Mounted light as thistle-down.

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MARIA WHITE LOWELL

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*An Opium Fantasy*

SOFT hangs the opiate in the brain,  
And lulling soothes the edge of pain,  
Till harshest sound, far off or near,  
Sings floating in its mellow sphere.

What wakes me from my heavy dream?  
Or am I still asleep?  
Those long and soft vibrations seem  
A slumberous charm to keep.

The graceful play, a moment stopt,  
Distance again unrolls,  
Like silver balls, that, softly dropt,  
Ring into golden bowls.

I question of the poppies red,  
The fairy flaunting band,

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

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While I, a weed with drooping head,  
Within their phalanx stand:—

“Some airy one, with scarlet cap,  
The name unfold to me  
Of this new minstrel who can lap  
Sleep in his melody!”

Bright grew their scarlet-kerchief'd heads,  
As freshening winds had blown,  
And from their gently-swaying beds  
They sang in undertone:—

“Oh he is but a little owl,  
The smallest of his kin,  
Who sits beneath the midnight's cowl  
And makes this airy din.”

“Deceitful tongues of fiery tints!  
Far more than this ye know,  
That he is your enchanted prince  
Doom'd as an owl to go;—

“Nor his fond play for years hath stopt,  
But nightly he unrolls  
His silver balls, that, softly dropt,  
Ring into golden bowls.”

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RALPH WALDO EMERSON

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*The Rhodora*

ON BEING ASKED, WHENCE IS THE FLOWER?

I N May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,  
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,  
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,  
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.

The purple petals, fallen in the pool,  
 Made the black water with their beauty gay;  
 Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,  
 And court the flower that cheapens his array.  
 Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why  
 This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,  
 Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,  
 Then Beauty is its own excuse for being:  
 Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!  
 I never thought to ask, I never knew;  
 But, in my simple ignorance, suppose  
 The self-same Power that brought me there brought you.

### *Compensation*

WHY should I keep holiday  
 When other men have none?  
 Why but because, when these are gay,  
 I sit and mourn alone?

And why, when mirth unseals all tongues,  
 Should mine alone be dumb?  
 Ah! late I spoke to silent throngs,  
 And now their hour is come.

### *Give All to Love*

GIVE all to love;  
 Obey thy heart;  
 Friends, kindred, days,  
 Estate, good-fame,  
 Plans, credit, and the Muse,—  
 Nothing refuse.

'Tis a brave master;  
 Let it have scope:  
 Follow it utterly,  
 Hope beyond hope:  
 High and more high  
 It dives into noon,

With wing unspent,  
Untold intent;  
But it is a god,  
Knows its own path,  
And the outlets of the sky.

It was never for the mean;  
It requireth courage stout,  
Souls above doubt,  
Valor unbending;  
It will reward,—  
They shall return  
More than they were,  
And ever ascending

Leave all for love;  
Yet, hear me, yet,  
One word more thy heart behoved,  
One pulse more of firm endeavor,—  
Keep thee today  
Tomorrow, forever,  
Free as an Arab  
Of thy beloved.

Cling with life to the maid;  
But when the surprise,  
First vague shadow of surmise  
Flits across her bosom young  
Of a joy apart from thee,  
Free be she, fancy-free;  
Nor thou detain her vesture's hem,  
Nor the palest rose she flung  
From her summer diadem.

Though thou loved her as thyself,  
As a self of purer clay,  
Though her parting dims the day,  
Stealing grace from all alive;  
Heartily know,  
When half-gods go,  
The gods arrive.

*Bacchus*

BRING me wine, but wine which never grew  
In the belly of the grape,  
Or grew on vine whose tap-roots, reaching through  
Under the Andes to the Cape,  
Suffer no savor of the earth to scape.

Let its grapes the morn salute  
From a nocturnal root,  
Which feels the acrid juice  
Of Styx and Erebus;  
And turns the woe of Night,  
By its own craft, to a more rich delight.

We buy ashes for bread;  
We buy diluted wine;  
Give me of the true,—  
Whose ample leaves and tendrils curled  
Among the silver hills of heaven,  
Draw everlasting dew;  
Wine of wine,  
Blood of the world,  
Form of forms, and mould of statures,  
That I intoxicated,  
And by the draught assimilated,  
May float at pleasure through all natures;  
The bird-language rightly spell,  
And that which roses say so well.

Wine that is shed  
Like the torrents of the sun  
Up the horizon walls,  
Or like the Atlantic streams, which run  
When the South Sea calls.

Water and bread,  
Food which needs no transmuting,  
Rainbow-flowering, wisdom-fruited,  
Wine which is already man,  
Food which teach and reason can.

Wine which Music is,—  
Music and wine are one,—  
That I, drinking this,  
Shall hear far Chaos talk with me;  
Kings unborn shall walk with me;  
And the poor grass shall plot and plan  
What it will do when it is man.  
Quickened so, will I unlock  
Every crypt of every rock.

I thank the joyful juice  
For all I know;—  
Winds of remembering  
Of the ancient being blow,  
And seeming-solid walls of use  
Open and flow.

Pour, Bacchus! the remembering wine;  
Retrieve the loss of me and mine!  
Vine for vine be antidote,  
And the grape requite the lot!  
Haste to cure the old despair,—  
Reason in Nature's lotus drenched,  
The memory of ages quenched;  
Give them again to shine;  
Let wine repair what this undid;  
And where the infection slid,  
A dazzling memory revive;  
Refresh the faded tints,  
Recut the aged prints,  
And write my old adventures with the pen  
Which on the first day drew,  
Upon the tablets blue,  
The dancing Pleiads and eternal men.

### *Brahma*

IF the red slayer think he slays,  
Or if the slain think he is slain,  
They know not well the subtle ways  
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

## AMERICAN POETRY

Far or forgot to me is near;  
 Shadow and sunlight are the same;  
 The vanquished gods to me appear;  
 And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out;  
 When me they fly, I am the wings;  
 I am the doubter and the doubt,  
 And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,  
 And pine in vain the sacred Seven;  
 But thou, meek lover of the good!  
 Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.

*Merops*

WHAT care I, so they stand the same,—  
 Things of the heavenly mind,—  
 How long the power to give them name  
 Tarrys yet behind?

Thus far to-day your favors reach,  
 O fair, appeasing presences!  
 Ye taught my lips a single speech,  
 And a thousand silences.

Space grants beyond his fated road  
 No inch to the god of day;  
 And copious language still bestowed  
 One word, no more, to say.

*Uriel*

IT fell in the ancient periods  
 Which the brooding soul surveys,  
 Or ever the wild Time coined itself  
 Into calendar months and days.

This was the lapse of Uriel,  
Which in Paradise befell.  
Once, among the Pleiads walking,  
Seyd overhead the young gods talking;  
And the treason, too long pent,  
To his ears was evident.  
The young deities discussed  
Laws of form, and metre just,  
Orb, quintessence, and sunbeams,  
What subsisteth, and what seems.  
One, with low tones that decide,  
And doubt and reverend use defied,  
With a look that solved the sphere,  
And stirred the devils everywhere,  
Gave his sentiment divine  
Against the being of a line.  
"Line in nature is not found;  
Unit and universe are round;  
In vain produced, all rays return;  
Evil will bless, and ice will burn."  
As Uriel spoke with piercing eye,  
A shudder ran around the sky;  
The stern old war-gods shook their heads,  
The seraphs frowned from myrtle-beds;  
Seemed to the holy festival  
The rash word boded ill to all;  
The balance-beam of Fate was bent;  
The bounds of good and ill were rent;  
Strong Hades could not keep his own,  
But all slid to confusion.

A sad self-knowledge, withering, fell  
On the beauty of Uriel;  
In heaven once eminent, the god  
Withdrew, that hour, into his cloud;  
Whether doomed to long gyration  
In the sea of generation,  
Or by knowledge grown too bright  
To hit the nerve of feebler sight.  
Straightway, a forgetting wind  
Stole over the celestial kind,



## AMERICAN POETRY

And their lips the secret kept,  
 If in ashes and fire-seed slept.  
 But now and then, truth-speaking things  
 Shamed the angels' veiling wings;  
 And, shrilling from the solar course,  
 Or from fruit of chemic force,  
 Procession of a soul in matter,  
 Or the speeding change of water,  
 Or out of the good of evil born,  
 Came Uriel's voice of cherub scorn,  
 And a blush tinged the upper sky,  
 And the gods shook, they knew not why.

*Days*

DAUGHTERS of Time, the hypocritic Days,  
 Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,  
 And marching single in an endless file,  
 Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.  
 To each they offer gifts after his will,  
 Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all.  
 I, in my pleached garden, watched the pomp,  
 Forgot my morning wishes, hastily  
 Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day  
 Turned and departed silent. I, too late,  
 Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.

*Character*

THE sun set, but set not his hope:  
 Stars rose; his faith was earlier up:  
 Fixed on the enormous galaxy,  
 Deeper and older seemed his eye;  
 And matched his sufferance sublime,  
 The taciturnity of time.  
 He spoke, and words more soft than rain  
 Brought the Age of Gold again:  
 His action won such reverence sweet  
 As hid all measure of the feat.

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HENRY DAVID THOREAU

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*Inspiration*

IF with light head erect I sing,  
Though all the Muses lend their force,  
From my poor love of anything,  
The verse is weak and shallow as its source.

But if with bended neck I grope  
Listening behind me for my wit,  
With faith superior to hope,  
More anxious to keep back than forward it,—

Making my soul accomplice there  
Unto the flame my heart hath lit,  
Then will the verse forever wear,—  
Time cannot bend the line which God has writ.

I hearing get, who had but ears,  
And sight, who had but eyes before;  
I moments live, who lived for years,  
And truth discern, who knew but learning's lore.

Now chiefly is my natal hour,  
And only now my prime of life;  
Of manhood's strength it is the flower,  
'T is peace's end, and war's beginning strife.

It comes in summer's broadest noon,  
By a gray wall, or some chance place,  
Unseasoning time, insulting June,  
And vexing day with its presuming face.

I will not doubt the love untold  
Which not my worth nor want hath bought,  
Which wooed me young, and woos me old,  
And to this evening hath me brought.

*Smoke*

LIGHT-WINGED Smoke! Icarian bird,  
 Melting thy pinions in thy upward flight,  
 Lark without song, and messenger of dawn,  
 Circling above the hamlets as thy nest;  
 Or else, departing dream, and shadowy form  
 Of midnight vision, gathering up thy skirts;  
 By night star-veiling, and by day  
 Darkening the light and blotting out the sun;  
 Go thou my incense upward from this hearth,  
 And ask the gods to pardon this clear flame.

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JULIA WARD HOWE

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*The Battle-Hymn of the Republic*

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;  
 He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath  
                   are stored;  
 He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword;  
       His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;  
 They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;  
 I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;  
       His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:  
 "As ye deal with my contemnners, so with you my grace shall deal;  
 Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,  
       Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;  
 He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat:  
 Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!  
       Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,  
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:  
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,  
While God is marching on.

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HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

---

*Hymn to the Night*

Ἀσπασίη, τρίλλιστος

I HEARD the trailing garments of the Night  
Sweep through her marble halls;  
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light  
From the celestial walls.

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,  
Stoop o'er me from above—  
The calm, majestic presence of the Night,  
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,  
The manifold, soft chimes,  
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,  
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air  
My spirit drank repose;  
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there,  
From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear  
What man has borne before;  
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,  
And they complain no more.

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer;  
Descend with broad-winged flight,  
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair,  
The best-beloved Night!

*My Lost Youth*

OFTEN I think of the beautiful town  
That is seated by the sea,  
Often in thought go up and down  
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,  
And my youth comes back to me.  
And a verse of a Lapland song  
Is haunting my memory still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,  
And catch, in sudden gleams,  
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,  
And islands that were the Hesperides  
Of all my boyish dreams.  
And the burden of that old song,  
It murmurs and whispers still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and the slips,  
And the sea-tides tossing free,  
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,  
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,  
And the magic of the sea.  
And the voice of that wayward song  
Is singing and saying still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,  
And the fort upon the hill;  
The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,  
The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,  
And the bugle wild and shrill.  
And the music of that old song  
Throbs in my memory still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the sea-fight far away,  
How it thundered o'er the tide!  
And the dead captains, as they lay  
In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil bay,  
Where they in battle died.  
And the sound of that mournful song  
Goes through me with a thrill:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the breezy dome of groves,  
The shadows of Deering's Woods;  
And the friendships old and the early loves  
Come back with a sabbath sound, as of doves  
In quiet neighborhoods.  
And the verse of that sweet old song,  
It flutters and murmurs still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart  
Across the school-boy's brain;  
The song and the silence in the heart,  
That in part are prophecies and in part  
Are longings wild and vain.  
And the voice of that fitful song  
Sings on, and is never still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

There are things of which I may not speak;  
There are dreams that cannot die;  
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,  
And bring a pallor into the cheek  
And a mist before the eye.  
And the words of that fatal song  
Come over me like a chill.  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I meet  
When I visit the dear old town;

But the native air is pure and sweet,  
 And the trees that o'ershadow each well-known street,  
     As they balance up and down,  
         Are singing the beautiful song,  
         Are sighing and whispering still:  
     "A boy's will is the wind's will,  
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair;  
     And with joy that is almost pain  
 My heart goes back to wander there,  
 And among the dreams of the days that were  
     I find my lost youth again.  
     And the strange and beautiful song,  
     The groves are repeating it still:  
     "A boy's will is the wind's will,  
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

### *The Three Silences of Molinos*

TO JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

THREE Silences there are: the first of speech,  
 The second of desire, the third of thought;  
 This is the lore a Spanish monk, distraught  
 With dreams and visions, was the first to teach.  
 These Silences, commingling each with each,  
 Made up the perfect Silence that he sought  
 And prayed for, and wherein at times he caught  
 Mysterious sounds from realms beyond our reach.  
 O thou, whose daily life anticipates  
 The life to come, and in whose thought and word  
 The spiritual world preponderates,  
 Hermit of Amesbury! thou too hast heard  
 Voices and melodies from beyond the gates,  
 And speakest only when thy soul is stirred!

*The Sound of the Sea*

THE sea awoke at midnight from its sleep,  
And round the pebbly beaches far and wide  
I heard the first wave of the rising tide  
Rush onward with uninterrupted sweep;  
A voice out of the silence of the deep,  
A sound mysteriously multiplied  
As of a cataract from the mountain's side,  
Or roar of winds upon a wooded steep.  
So comes to us at times, from the unknown  
And inaccessible solitudes of being,  
The rushing of the sea-tides of the soul;  
And inspirations, that we deem our own,  
Are some divine foreshadowing and foreseeing  
Of things beyond our reason or control.

*Divina Commedia*

## I

OFt have I seen at some cathedral door  
A laborer, pausing in the dust and heat,  
Lay down his burden, and with reverent feet  
Enter, and cross himself, and on the floor  
Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er;  
Far off the noises of the world retreat;  
The loud vociferations of the street  
Become an undistinguishable roar.  
So, as I enter here from day to day,  
And leave my burden at this minster gate,  
Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to pray,  
The tumult of the time disconsolate  
'To inarticulate murmurs dies away,  
While the eternal ages watch and wait.

## II

How strange the sculptures that adorn these towers!  
This crowd of statues, in whose folded sleeves



Birds build their nests; while canopied with leaves  
 Parvis and portal bloom like trellised bowers,  
 And the vast minster seems a cross of flowers!  
 But fiends and dragons of the gargoyled eaves  
 Watch the dead Christ between the living thieves,  
 And, underneath, the traitor Judas lowers!  
 Ah! from what agonies of heart and brain,  
 What exultations trampling on despair,  
 What tenderness, what tears, what hate of wrong.  
 What passionate outcry of a soul in pain,  
 Uprose this poem of the earth and air,  
 This mediæval miracle of song!

## III

I enter, and I see thee in the gloom  
 Of the long aisles, O poet saturnine!  
 And strive to make my steps keep pace with thine.  
 The air is filled with some unknown perfume;  
 The congregation of the dead make room  
 For thee to pass; the votive tapers shine;  
 Like rooks that haunt Ravenna's groves of pine  
 The hovering echoes fly from tomb to tomb.  
 From the confessionals I hear arise  
 Rehearsals of forgotten tragedies,  
 And lamentations from the crypts below;  
 And then a voice celestial that begins  
 With the pathetic words, "Although your sins  
 As scarlet be," and ends with "as the snow."

## IV

With snow-white veil and garments as of flame,  
 She stands before thee, who so long ago  
 Filled thy young heart with passion and the woe  
 From which thy song and all its splendors came;  
 And while with stern rebuke she speaks thy name,  
 The ice about thy heart melts as the snow  
 On the mountain heights, and in swift overflow  
 Comes gushing from thy lips in sobs of shame.  
 Thou makest full confession; and a gleam,  
 As of the dawn on some dark forest cast,  
 Seems on thy lifted forehead to increase;

Lethe and Eunoë—the remembered dream  
And the forgotten sorrow—bring at last  
That perfect pardon which is perfect peace.

## v

I lift mine eyes, and all the windows blaze  
With forms of Saints and holy men who died,  
Here martyred and hereafter glorified;  
And the great Rose upon its leaves displays  
Christ's Triumph, and the angelic roundelays,  
With splendor upon splendor multiplied;  
And Beatrice again at Dante's side  
No more rebukes, but smiles her words of praise.  
And then the organ sounds, and unseen choirs  
Sing the old Latin hymns of peace and love  
And benedictions of the Holy Ghost;  
And the melodious bells among the spires  
O'er all the house-tops and through heaven above  
Proclaim the elevation of the Host!

## vi

O star of morning and of liberty!  
O bringer of the light, whose splendor shines  
Above the darkness of the Apennines,  
Forerunner of the day that is to be!  
The voices of the city and the sea,  
The voices of the mountains and the pines,  
Repeat thy song, till the familiar lines  
Are footpaths for the thought of Italy!  
Thy flame is blown abroad from all the heights,  
Through all the nations, and a sound is heard,  
As of a mighty wind, and men devout,  
Strangers of Rome, and the new proselytes,  
In their own language hear thy wondrous word,  
And many are amazed and many doubt.

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HERMAN MELVILLE

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*L'Envoi*

THE RETURN OF THE SIRE DE NESLE

A.D. 16—

MY towers at last! These roving's end,  
 Their thirst is slaked in larger dearth:  
 The yearning infinite recoils,  
 For terrible is earth.

Kaf thrusts his snouted crags through fog:  
 Araxes swells beyond his span,  
 And knowledge poured by pilgrimage  
 Overflows the banks of man.

But thou, my stay, thy lasting love  
 One lonely good, let this but be!  
 Weary to view the wide world's swarm.  
 But blest to fold but thee.

*Southern Cross*

EMBLAZONED bleak in austral skies—  
 A heaven remote, whose starry swarm  
 Like Science lights but cannot warm—  
 Translated Cross, hast thou withdrawn,  
 Dim paling too at every dawn,  
 With symbols vain once counted wise,  
 And gods declined to heraldries?

Estranged, estranged: can friend prove so?  
 Aloft, aloof, a frigid sign:  
 How far removed, thou Tree divine,  
 Whose tender fruit did reach so low—

Love apples of New-Paradise!  
 About the wide Australian sea  
 The planted nations yet to be—

When, ages hence, they lift their eyes,  
 Tell, what shall they retain of thee?  
 But class thee with Orion's sword?  
 In constellations unadored,  
 Christ and the Giant equal prize?  
 The atheist cycles—*must* they be?  
 Fomentors as forefathers we?

### *Monody*

TO have known him, to have loved him  
     After loneliness long;  
 And then to be estranged in life,  
     And neither in the wrong;  
 And now for death to set his seal—  
     Ease me, a little ease, my song!

By wintry hills his hermit-mound  
     The sheeted snow-drifts drape,  
 And houseless there the snow-bird flits  
     Beneath the fir-trees' crape,  
 Glazed now with ice the cloistral vine  
     That hid the shyest grape.

### *Of Rama*

THAT Rama whom the Indian sung—  
     A god he was, but knew it not;  
 Hence vainly puzzled at the wrong  
 Misplacing him in human lot.  
 Curtailment of his right he bare  
 Rather than wrangle; but no less  
 Was taunted for his tameness there.  
 A fugitive without redress,  
 He never the Holy Spirit grieved,

Nor the divine in him bereaved,  
 Though what that was he might not guess.

Live they who, like to Rama, led  
 Unspotted from the world aside,  
 Like Rama are discredited—  
 Like him, in outlawry abide?  
 May life and fable so agree?—  
     The innocent if lawless elf,  
 Ethereal in virginity,  
 Retains the consciousness of self.  
 Though black frost nip, though white frost chill,  
 Nor white frost nor the black may kill  
 The patient root, the vernal sense  
 Surviving hard experience  
 As grass the winter. Even that curse  
 Which is the wormwood mixed with gall—  
 Better dependent on the worse—  
 Divine upon the animal—  
 That can not make such natures fall.  
     Though yielding easy rein, indeed,  
 To impulse which the fibers breed,  
 Nor quarreling with indolence;  
 Shall these the cup of grief dispense  
 Deliberate to any heart?  
 Not craft they know, nor envy's smart.  
 Theirs be the thoughts that dive and skim,  
 Theirs the spiced tears that overbrim,  
 And theirs the dimple and the lightsome whim.

### *The Night-March*

WITH banners furled, the clarions mute,  
 An army passes in the night;  
 And beaming spears and helms salute  
     The dark with bright.

In silence deep the legions stream,  
     With open ranks, in order true;  
 Over boundless plains they stream and gleam—  
     No chief in view!

Afar, in twinkling distance lost,  
    (So legends tell) he lonely wends  
And back through all that shining host  
    His mandate sends.

### *Lone Founts*

THOUGH fast youth's glorious fable flies,  
    View not the world with worldling's eyes;  
Nor turn with weather of the time,  
Foreclose the coming of surprise:  
Stand where Posterity shall stand;  
Stand where the Ancients stood before,  
And, dipping in lone founts thy hand,  
Drink of the never-varying lore:  
Wise once, and wise thence evermore.

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### WALT WHITMAN

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### *The Last Invocation*

AT the last, tenderly,  
From the walls of the powerful, fortified house,  
From the clasp of the knitted locks—from the keep of the well-closed  
    doors.  
Let me be wafted.

Let me glide noiselessly forth;  
With the key of softness unlock the locks—with a whisper  
Set ope the doors, O Soul!

Tenderly! be not impatient!  
    (Strong is your hold, O mortal flesh!  
Strong is your hold, O love.)

*Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking*

OUT of the cradle endlessly rocking,  
Out of the mocking-bird's throat, the musical shuttle,  
Out of the Ninth-month midnight,  
Over the sterile sands and the fields beyond, where the child leaving  
his bed wandered alone, bareheaded, barefoot,  
Down from the showered halo,  
Up from the mystic play of shadows twining and twisting as if they  
were alive,  
Out from the patches of briars and blackberries,  
From the memories of the bird that chanted to me,  
From your memories, sad brother, from the fitful risings and fallings  
I heard,  
From under that yellow half-moon late-risen and swollen as if with  
tears,  
From those beginning notes of yearning and love there in the mist,  
From the thousand responses of my heart never to cease,  
From the myriad thence-aroused words,  
From the word stronger and more delicious than any,  
From such as now they start the scene revisiting,  
As a flock, twittering, rising, or overhead passing,  
Borne hither, ere all eludes me, hurriedly,  
A man, yet by these tears a little boy again,  
Throwing myself on the sand, confronting the waves,  
I, chanter of pains and joys, uniter of here and hereafter,  
Taking all hints to use them, but swiftly leaping beyond them,  
A reminiscence sing.  
Once Paumanok,  
When the lilac-scent was in the air and Fifth-month grass was  
growing,  
Up this seashore in some briars,  
Two feathered guests from Alabama, two together,  
And their nest, and four light-green eggs spotted with brown,  
And every day the he-bird to and fro near at hand,  
And every day the she-bird crouched on her nest, silent, with bright  
eyes,  
And every day I, a curious boy, never too close, never disturbing  
them,  
Cautiously peering, absorbing, translating.

*Shine! shine! shine!*  
*Pour down your warmth, great sun!*  
*While we bask, we two together.*

*Two together!*  
*Winds blow south, or winds blow north,*  
*Day come white, or night come black,*  
*Home, or rivers and mountains from home,*  
*Singing all time, minding no time,*  
*While we two keep together.*

Till of a sudden,  
Maybe killed, unknown to her mate,  
One forenoon the she-bird crouched not on the nest,  
Nor returned that afternoon, nor the next,  
Nor ever appeared again.

And thenceforward all summer in the sound of the sea,  
And at night under the full of the moon in calmer weather,  
Over the hoarse surging of the sea,  
Or flitting from brier to brier by day,  
I saw, I heard at intervals the remaining one, the he-bird,  
The solitary guest from Alabama.

*Blow! blow! blow!*  
*Blow up sea-winds along Paumanok's shore,*  
*I wait and I wait till you blow my mate to me.*

Yes, when the stars glistened,  
All night long on the prong of a moss-scalloped stake,  
Down almost amid the slapping waves,  
Sat the lone singer, wonderful, causing tears.

He called on his mate,  
He poured forth the meanings which I of all men know.

Yes, my<sup>3</sup>brother, I know,—  
The rest might not, but I have treasured every note,  
For more than once dimly down to the beach gliding,  
Silent, avoiding the moonbeams, blending myself with the shadows,  
Recalling now the obscure shapes, the echoes, the sounds and sights  
after their sorts,



The white arms out in the breakers tirelessly tossing,  
I, with bare feet, a child, the wind wafting my hair,  
Listened long and long.

Listened to keep, to sing, now translating the notes,  
Following you, my brother.

*Soothel soothel soothel  
Close on its wave soothes the wave behind,  
And again another behind embracing and lapping, every one close,  
But my love soothes not me, not me.*

*Low hangs the moon, it rose late,  
It is lagging—O I think it is heavy with love, with love.*

*O madly the sea pushes upon the land,  
With love, with love.*

*O night! do I not see my love fluttering out among the breakers?  
What is that little black thing I see there in the white?*

*Loud! loud! loud!  
Loud I call to you, my love!*

*High and clear I shoot my voice over the waves,  
Surely you must know who is here, is here,  
You must know who I am, my love.*

*Low-hanging moon!  
What is that dusky spot in your brown yellow?  
O it is the shape, the shape of my mate!  
O moon, do not keep her from me any longer.*

*Land! land! O land!  
Whichever way I turn, O, I think you could give me my mate back  
again if you only would,  
For I am almost sure I see her dimly whichever way I look.*

*O rising stars!  
Perhaps the one I want so much will rise, will rise with some of you.*

*O throat! O trembling throat!  
Sound clearer through the atmosphere!  
Pierce the woods, the earth,  
Somewhere listening to catch you must be the one I want.*

*Shake out carols!  
Solitary here, the night's carols!  
Carols of lonesome love! death's carols!  
Carols under that lagging, yellow, waning moon!  
O under that moon where she droops almost down into the sea!  
O reckless despairing carols!*

*But soft! sink low!  
Soft! let me just murmur,  
And do you wait a moment, you husky-noised sea,  
For somewhere I believe I heard my mate responding to me,  
So faint, I must be still, be still to listen,  
But not altogether still, for then she might not come immediately  
to me.*

*Hither, my love!  
Here I am! here!  
With this just-sustained note I announce myself to you,  
This gentle call is for you, my love, for you.*

*Do not be decoyed elsewhere:  
That is the whistle of the wind, it is not my voice,  
That is the fluttering, the fluttering of the spray,  
Those are the shadows of leaves.*

*O darkness! O in vain!  
O I am very sick and sorrowful.  
O brown halo in the sky near the moon, drooping upon the sea!  
O troubled reflection in the sea!  
O throat! O throbbing heart!  
And I singing uselessly! uselessly all the night.*

*O past! O happy life, O songs of joy!  
In the air, in the woods, over fields,  
Loved! loved! loved! loved! loved!  
But my mate no more, no more with me!  
We two together no more.*

The aria sinking,  
 All else continuing, the stars shining,  
 The winds blowing, the notes of the bird continuous echoing,  
 With angry moans the fierce old mother incessantly moaning,  
 On the sands of Paumanok's shore gray and rustling,  
 The yellow half-moon enlarged, sagging down, drooping, the face  
 of the sea almost touching,  
 The boy ecstatic, with his bare feet the waves, with his hair the  
 atmosphere dallying,  
 The love in the heart long pent, now loose, now at last tumultuously  
 bursting,  
 The aria's meaning, the ears, the soul, swiftly depositing,  
 The strange tears down the cheeks coursing,  
 The colloquy there, the trio, each uttering,  
 The undertone, the savage old mother incessantly crying,  
 To the boy's soul's questions sullenly timing, some drown'd secret  
 hissing,  
 To the outsetting bard.  
 Demon or bird! (said the boy's soul)  
 Is it indeed toward your mate you sing? or is it really to me?  
 For I, that was a child, my tongue's use sleeping, now I have heard  
 you,  
 Now in a moment I know what I am for, I awake,  
 And already a thousand singers, a thousand songs, clearer, louder  
 and more sorrowful than yours,  
 A thousand warbling echoes have started to life within me, never to  
 die.

O you singers solitary, singing by yourself, projecting me,  
 O solitary me listening, never more shall I cease perpetuating you,  
 Never more shall I escape, never more the reverberations,  
 Never more the cries of unsatisfied love be absent from me,  
 Never again leave me to be the peaceful child I was before what  
 there in the night,  
 By the sea under yellow and sagging moon,  
 The messenger there aroused, the fire, the sweet hell within,  
 The unknown want, the destiny of me.  
 O give me the clew! (it lurks in the night here somewhere)  
 O if I am to have so much, let me have more!

A word then, (for I will conquer it)  
 The word final, superior to all,

Subtle, sent up—what is it?—I listen;  
 Are you whispering it, and have been all the time, you sea-waves?  
 Is that it from your liquid rims and wet sands?  
 Whereto answering, the sea,  
 Delaying not, hurrying not,  
 Whispered me through the night, and very plainly before daybreak,  
 Lisp'd to me the low and delicious word death,  
 And again death, death, death, death,  
 Hissing melodious, neither like the bird nor like my aroused child's  
     heart,  
 But edging near as privately for me, rustling at my feet,  
 Creeping thence steadily up to my ears and laving me softly all over,  
 Death, death, death, death, death.

Which I do not forget,  
 But fuse the song of my dusky demon and brother,  
 That he sang to me in the moonlight on Paumanok's gray beach,  
 With the thousand responsive songs at random,  
 My own songs awaked from that hour,  
 And with them the key, the word up from the waves,  
 The word of the sweetest song and all songs,  
 That strong and delicious word which, creeping to my feet,  
 (Or like some old crone rocking the cradle, swathed in sweet gar-  
     ments, bending aside)  
 The sea whispered me.

### *Death Carol*

(FROM "WHEN LILACS LAST IN THE DOOR-YARD BLOOMED")

COME, lovely and soothing Death,  
 Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving.  
 In the day, in the night, to all, to each,  
 Sooner or later, delicate Death.

Praised be the fathomless universe,  
 For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge curious;  
 And for love, sweet love—But praise! praise! praise!  
 For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding Death

Dark Mother, always gliding near, with soft feet,  
 Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome?

Then I chant it for thee—I glorify thee above all;  
I bring thee a song that when thou must indeed come, come unfalteringly.

Approach, strong deliveress!  
When it is so—when thou hast taken them, I joyously sing the dead,  
Lost in the loving, floating ocean of thee,  
Laved in the flood of thy bliss, O Death.

From me to thee glad serenades,  
Dances for thee I propose, saluting thee—adornments and feastings for thee;  
And the sights of the open landscape, and the high-spread sky, are fitting,  
And life and the fields, and the huge and thoughtful night.

The night, in silence, under many a star;  
The ocean shore, and the husky whispering wave, whose voice I know;  
And the soul turning to thee, O vast and well-veiled Death,  
And the body gratefully nestling close to thee.

Over the tree-tops I float thee a song!  
Over the rising and sinking waves—over the myriad fields, and the prairies wide;  
Over the dense-packed cities all, and the teeming wharves and ways,  
I float this carol with joy, with joy to thee, O Death!

### *A Noiseless, Patient Spider*

A NOISELESS, patient spider,  
I marked, where, on a little promontory, it stood isolated;  
Marked how, to explore the vacant, vast surrounding,  
It launched forth filament, filament, filament, out of itself;  
Ever unreeling them—ever tirelessly speeding them.

And you, O my Soul, where you stand,  
Surrounded, surrounded, in measureless oceans of space,  
Ceaselessly musing, venturing, throwing,—seeking the spheres, to connect them;

Till the bridge you will need, be formed—till the ductile anchor  
hold;  
Till the gossamer thread you fling, catch somewhere, O my Soul.

### *Song of Myself*

#### I

II CELEBRATE myself, and I sing myself,  
And what I assume you shall assume,  
For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you.

I loafe and invite my soul,  
I lean and loafe at my ease observing a spear of summer grass.

My tongue, every atom of my blood, form'd from this soil, this air,  
Born here of parents born here from parents the same, and their  
parents the same,

I, now thirty-seven years old in perfect health begin,  
Hoping to cease not till death.

Creeds and schools in abeyance,  
Retiring back a while sufficed at what they are, but never forgotten,  
I harbor for good or bad, I permit to speak at every hazard,  
Nature without check with original energy.

#### 2

Houses and rooms are full of perfumes, the shelves are crowded  
with perfumes,

I breathe the fragrance myself and know it and like it,  
The distillation would intoxicate me also, but I shall not let it.

The atmosphere is not a perfume, it has no taste of the distillation,  
it is odorless,

It is for my mouth forever, I am in love with it,  
I will go to the bank by the wood and become undisguised and  
naked,

I am mad for it to be in contact with me.

The smoke of my own breath,  
Echoes, ripples, buzz'd whispers, love-root, silk-thread, crotch and  
vine,

My respiration and inspiration, the beating of my heart, the passing  
 of blood and air through my lungs,  
 The sniff of green leaves and dry leaves, and of the shore and dark-  
 color'd sea-rocks, and of hay in the barn,  
 The sound of the belch'd words of my voice loos'd to the eddies of  
 the wind,  
 A few light kisses, a few embraces, a reaching around of arms,  
 The play of shine and shade on the trees as the supple boughs wag,  
 The delight alone or in the rush of the streets, or along the fields  
 and hill-sides,  
 The feeling of health, the full-moon trill, the song of me rising from  
 bed and meeting the sun.

Have you reckon'd a thousand acres much? have you reckon'd the  
 earth much?  
 Have you practis'd so long to learn to read?  
 Have you felt so proud to get at the meaning of poems?

Stop this day and night with me and you shall possess the origin  
 of all poems,  
 You shall possess the good of the earth and sun, (there are millions  
 of suns left,)  
 You shall no longer take things at second or third hand, nor look  
 through the eyes of the dead, nor feed on the spectres in books,  
 You shall not look through my eyes either, nor take things from me,  
 You shall listen to all sides and filter them from your self.

## 3

I have heard what the talkers were talking, the talk of the begin-  
 ning and the end,  
 But I do not talk of the beginning or the end.

There was never any more inception than there is now,  
 Nor any more youth or age than there is now,  
 And will never be any more perfection than there is now,  
 Nor any more heaven or hell than there is now.

Urge and urge and urge,  
 Always the procreant urge of the world.  
 Out of the dimness opposite equals advance, always substance and  
 increase, always sex,  
 Always a knit of identity, always distinction, always a breed of life.

To elaborate is no avail, learn'd and unlearn'd feel that it is so.

Sure as the most certain sure, plumb in the uprights, well entretied,  
braced in the beams,  
Stout as a horse, affectionate, haughty, electrical,  
I and this mystery here we stand.

Clear and sweet is my soul, and clear and sweet is all that is not my  
soul.

Lack one lacks both, and the unseen is proved by the seen,  
Till that becomes unseen and receives proof in its turn.

Showing the best and dividing it from the worst age vexes age,  
Knowing the perfect fitness and equanimity of things, while they  
discuss I am silent, and go bathe and admire myself.

Welcome is every organ and attribute of me, and of any man hearty  
and clean,  
Not an inch nor a particle of an inch is vile, and none shall be less  
familiar than the rest.

I am satisfied—I see, dance, laugh, sing;  
As the hugging and loving bed-fellow sleeps at my side through the  
night, and withdraws at the peep of the day with stealthy tread,  
Leaving me baskets cover'd with white towels swelling the house  
with their plenty,  
Shall I postpone my acceptation and realization and scream at my  
eyes,  
That they turn from gazing after and down the road,  
And forthwith cipher and show me to a cent,  
Exactly the value of one and exactly the value of two, and which  
is ahead?

## 4

Trippers and askers surround me,  
People I meet, the effect upon me of my early life or the ward and  
city I live in, or the nation,  
The latest dates, discoveries, inventions, societies, authors old and  
new,  
My dinner, dress, associates, looks, compliments, dues,  
The real or fancied indifference of some man or woman I love



The sickness of one of my folks or of myself, or ill-doing or loss or  
lack of money, or depressions or exaltations,  
Battles, the horrors of fratricidal war, the fever of doubtful news,  
the fitful events;  
These come to me days and nights and go from me again,  
But they are not the Me myself.

Apart from the pulling and hauling stands what I am,  
Stands amused, complacent, compassionating, idle, unitary,  
Looks down, is erect, or bends an arm on an impalpable certain rest,  
Looking with side-curved head curious what will come next,  
Both in and out of the game and watching and wondering at it.

Backward I see in my own days where I sweated through fog with  
linguists and contenders,  
I have no mockings or arguments, I witness and wait.

## 5

I believe in you my soul, the other I am must not abase itself to you,  
And you must not be abased to the other.

Loafe with me on the grass, loose the stop from your throat,  
Not words, nor music or rhyme I want, not custom or lecture, not  
even the best,  
Only the lull I like, the hum of your valvèd voice.  
I mind how once we lay such a transparent summer morning,  
How you settled your head athwart my hips and gently turn'd over  
upon me,  
And parted the shirt from my bosom-bone, and plunged your tongue  
to my bare-stript heart,  
And reach'd till you felt my beard, and reach'd till you held my feet.

Swiftly arose and spread around me the peace and knowledge that  
pass all the argument of the earth,  
And I know that the hand of God is the promise of my own,  
And I know that the spirit of God is the brother of my own,  
And that all the men ever born are also my brothers, and the women  
my sisters and lovers,  
And that a kelson of the creation is love,  
And limitless are leaves stiff or drooping in the fields,  
And brown ants in the little wells beneath them,

And mossy scabs of the worm fence, heap'd stones, elder, mullein  
and poke-weed.

## 6

A child said *What is the grass?* fetching it to me with full hands,  
How could I answer the child? I do not know what it is any more  
than he.

I guess it must be the flag of my disposition, out of hopeful green  
stuff woven.

Or I guess it is the handkerchief of the Lord,  
A scented gift and remembrancer designedly dropt,  
Bearing the owner's name some way in the corners, that we may see  
and remark, and say *Whose?*

Or I guess the grass is itself a child, the produced babe of the vegeta-  
tion.

Or I guess it is a uniform hieroglyphic,  
And it means, Sprouting alike in broad zones and narrow zones,  
Growing among black folks as among white,  
Kanuck, Tuckahoe, Congressman, Cuff, I give them the same, I  
receive them the same.

And now it seems to me the beautiful uncut hair of graves.

Tenderly will I use you curling grass,  
It may be you transpire from the breasts of young men,  
It may be if I had known them I would have loved them,  
It may be you are from old people, or from offspring taken soon  
out of their mothers' laps,  
And here you are the mothers' laps.

This grass is very dark to be from the white heads of old mothers,  
Darker than the colorless beards of old men,  
Dark to come from under the faint red roofs of mouths.

O I perceive after all so many uttering tongues,  
And I perceive they do not come from the roofs of mouths for  
nothing.

I wish I could translate the hints about the dead young men and  
 women,  
 And the hints about old men and mothers, and the offspring taken  
 soon out of their laps.

What do you think has become of the young and old men?  
 And what do you think has become of the women and children?

They are alive and well somewhere,  
 The smallest sprout shows there is really no death,  
 And if ever there was it led forward life, and does not wait at the  
 end to arrest it,  
 And ceas'd the moment life appear'd.

All goes onward and outward, nothing collapses,  
 And to die is different from what any one supposed, and luckier.

## 7

Has any one supposed it lucky to be born?  
 I hasten to inform him or her it is just as lucky to die, and I know it

I pass death with the dying and birth with the new-wash'd babe,  
 and am not contain'd between my hat and boots,  
 And peruse manifold objects, no two alike and every one good,  
 The earth good and the stars good, and their adjuncts all good.

I am not an earth nor an adjunct of an earth,  
 I am the mate and companion of people, all just as immortal and  
 fathomless as myself,  
 (They do not know how immortal, but I know.)

Every kind for itself and its own, for me mine male and female,  
 For me those that have been boys and that love women,  
 For me the man that is proud and feels how it stings to be slighted,  
 For me the sweet-heart and the old maid, for me mothers and the  
 mothers of mothers,  
 For me lips that have smiled, eyes that have shed tears,  
 For me children and the begetters of children.

Undrape! you are not guilty to me, nor stale nor discarded,  
 I see through the broadcloth and gingham whether or no,

And am around, tenacious, acquisitive, tireless, and cannot be shaken away.

## 8

The little one sleeps in its cradle,  
I lift the gauze and look a long time, and silently brush away flies  
with my hand.

The youngster and the red-faced girl turn aside up the bushy hill,  
I peeringly view them from the top.

The suicide sprawls on the bloody floor of the bedroom,  
I witness the corpse with its dabbled hair, I note where the pistol  
has fallen.

The blab of the pave, tires of carts, sluff of boot-soles, talk of the  
promenaders,  
The heavy omnibus, the driver with his interrogating thumb, the  
clank of the shod horses on the granite floor,  
The snow-sleighs, clinking, shouted jokes, pelts of snow-balls,  
The hurrahs for popular favorites, the fury of rous'd mobs,  
The flap of the curtain'd litter, a sick man inside borne to the  
hospital,  
The meeting of enemies, the sudden oath, the blows and fall,  
The excited crowd, the policeman with his star quickly working  
his passage to the centre of the crowd,  
The impassive stones that receive and return so many echoes,  
What groans of over-fed or half-starv'd who fall sunstruck or in fits,  
What exclamations of women taken suddenly who hurry home and  
give birth to babes,  
What living and buried speech is always vibrating here, what howls  
restrain'd by decorum,  
Arrests of criminals, slights, adulterous offers made, acceptances  
rejections with convex lips,  
I mind them or the show or resonance of them—I come and I depart

## 9

The doors of the country barn stand open and ready,  
The dried grass of the harvest-time loads the slow-drawn wagon,  
The clear light plays on the brown gray and green intertinged,  
The armfuls are pack'd to the sagging mow.

I am there, I help, I came stretch'd atop of the load,  
I felt its soft jolts, one leg reclined on the other,  
I jump from the cross-beams and seize the clover and timothy,  
And roll head over heels and tangle my hair full of wisps.

## 10

Alone far in the wilds and mountains I hunt,  
Wandering amazed at my own lightness and glee,  
In the late afternoon choosing a safe spot to pass the night,  
Kindling a fire and broiling the fresh-kill'd game,  
Falling asleep on the gather'd leaves with my dog and gun by my  
side.

The Yankee clipper is under her sky-sails, she cuts the sparkle and  
scud,  
My eyes settle the land, I bend at her prow or shout joyously from  
the deck.

The boatmen and clam-diggers arose early and stopt for me,  
I tuck'd my trowser-ends in my boots and went and had a good  
time;  
You should have been with us that day round the chowder-kettle.

I saw the marriage of the trapper in the open air in the far west,  
the bride was a red girl,  
Her father and his friends sat near cross-legged and dumbly smok-  
ing, they had moccasins to their feet and large thick blankets  
hanging from their shoulders,  
On a bank lounged the trapper, he was drest mostly in skins, his  
luxuriant beard and curls protected his neck, he held his bride  
by the hand,  
She had long eyelashes, her head was bare, her coarse straight locks  
descended upon her voluptuous limbs and reach'd to her feet.

The runaway slave came to my house and stopt outside,  
I heard his motions crackling the twigs of the woodpile,  
Through the swung half-door of the kitchen I saw him limpsy and  
weak,  
And went where he sat on a log and led him in and assured him,  
And brought water and fill'd a tub for his sweated body and bruised  
feet,

And gave him a room that enter'd from my own, and gave him  
some coarse clean clothes,  
And remember perfectly well his revolving eyes and his awkward-  
ness,  
And remember putting plasters on the galls of his neck and ankles;  
He staid with me a week before he was recuperated and pass'd north,  
I had him sit next to me at table, my fire-lock lean'd in the corner.

## II

Twenty-eight young men bathe by the shore,  
Twenty-eight young men and all so friendly;  
Twenty-eight years of womanly life and all so lonesome.

She owns the fine house by the rise of the bank,  
She hides handsome and richly drest aft the blinds of the window.

Which of the young men does she like the best?  
Ah the homeliest of them is beautiful to her.

Where are you off to, lady? for I see you,  
You splash in the water there, yet stay stock still in your room.

Dancing and laughing along the beach came the twenty-ninth  
bather,  
The rest did not see her, but she saw them and loved them.

The beards of the young men glisten'd with wet, it ran from their  
long hair,  
Little streams pass'd all over their bodies.

An unseen hand also pass'd over their bodies,  
It descended tremblingly from their temples and ribs.

The young men float on their backs, their white bellies bulge to the  
sun, they do not ask who seizes fast to them,

They do not know who puffs and declines with pendant and bending  
arch,  
They do not think whom they souse with spray.

## 12

The butcher-boy puts off his killing-clothes, or sharpens his knife at  
the stall in the market,  
I loiter enjoying his repartee and his shuffle and break-down.

Blacksmiths with grimed and hairy chests environ the anvil,  
Each has his main-sledge, they are all out, there is a great heat in  
the fire.

From the cinder-strew'd threshold I follow their movements,  
The lithe sheer of their waists plays even with their massive arms,  
Overhand the hammers swing, overhand so slow, overhand so sure,  
They do not hasten, each man hits in his place.

## 13

The Negro holds firmly the reins of his four horses, the block swags  
underneath on its tied-over chain,  
The Negro that drives the long dray of the stone-yard, steady and  
tall he stands pois'd on one leg on the string-piece,  
His blue shirt exposes his ample neck and breast and loosens over  
his hip-band,  
His glance is calm and commanding, he tosses the slouch of his  
hat away from his forehead,  
The sun falls on his crispy hair and mustache, falls on the black of  
his polish'd and perfect limbs.

I behold the picturesque giant and love him, and I do not stop there,  
I go with the team also.

In me the caresser of life wherever moving, backward as well as  
forward sluing,  
To niches aside and junior bending, not a person or object missing,  
Absorbing all to myself and for this song.

Oxen that rattle the yoke and chain or halt in the leafy shade, what  
is that you express in your eyes?  
It seems to me more than all the print I have read in my life.

My tread scares the wood-drake and wood-duck on my distant and  
day-long ramble,  
They rise together, they slowly circle around.

I believe in those wing'd purposes,  
 And acknowledge red, yellow, white, playing within me,  
 And consider green and violet and the tufted crown intentional,  
 And do not call the tortoise unworthy because she is not something  
     else,  
 And the jay in the woods never studied the gamut, yet trills pretty  
     well to me,  
 And the look of the bay mare shames silliness out of me.

## 14

The wild gander leads his flock through the cool night,  
*Ya-honk* he says, and sounds it down to me like an invitation,  
 The pert may suppose it meaningless, but I listening close,  
 Find its purpose and place up there toward the wintry sky.

The sharp-hoof'd moose of the north, the cat on the house-sill, the  
     chickadee, the prairie-dog,  
 The litter of the grunting sow as they tug at her teats,  
 The brood of the turkey-hen and she with her half-spread wings.  
 I see in them and myself the same old law.

The press of my foot to the earth springs a hundred affections,  
 They scorn the best I can do to relate them.

I am enamour'd of growing out-doors,  
 Of men that live among cattle or taste of the ocean or woods,  
 Of the builders and steerers of ships and the wielders of axes and  
     mauls, and the drivers of horses,  
 I can eat and sleep with them week in and week out.

What is commonest, cheapest, nearest, easiest, is Me,  
 Me going in for my chances, spending for vast returns,  
 Adorning myself to bestow myself on the first that will take me,  
 Not asking the sky to come down to my good will,  
 Scattering it freely forever.

## 15

The pure contralto sings in the organ loft,  
 The carpenter dresses his plank, the tongue of his foreplane whistles  
     its wild ascending lisp,  
 The married and unmarried children ride home to their Thanks-  
     giving dinner,



The pilot seizes the king-pin, he heaves down with a strong arm,  
The mate stands braced in the whale-boat, lance and harpoon are  
ready,  
The duck-shooter walks by silent and cautious stretches,  
The deacons are ordain'd with cross'd hands at the altar,  
The spinning-girl retreats and advances to the hum of the big wheel,  
The farmer stops by the bars as he walks on a First-day loafe and  
looks at the oats and rye,  
The lunatic is carried at last to the asylum a confirm'd case,  
(He will never sleep any more as he did in the cot in his mother's  
bed-room;)  
The jour printer with gray head and gaunt jaws works at his case,  
He turns his quid of tobacco while his eyes blurr with the manu-  
script;  
The malform'd limbs are tied to the surgeon's table,  
What is removed drops horribly in a pail;  
The quadroon girl is sold at the auction-stand, the drunkard nods  
by the bar-room stove,  
The machinist rolls up his sleeves, the policeman travels his beat,  
the gate-keeper marks who pass,  
The young fellow drives the express wagon, (I love him, though I do  
not know him;)  
The half-breed straps on his light boots to compete in the race,  
The western turkey-shooting draws old and young, some lean on  
their rifles, some sit on logs,  
Out from the crowds steps the marksman, takes his position, levels  
his piece;  
The groups of newly-come immigrants cover the wharf or levee,  
As the woolly-pates hoe in the sugar-field, the overseer views them  
from his saddle,  
The bugle calls in the ball-room, the gentlemen run for their part-  
ners, the dancers bow to each other,  
The youth lies awake in the cedar-roof'd garret and harks to the  
musical rain,  
The Wolverine sets traps on the creek that helps fill the Huron,  
The squaw wrapt in her yellow-hemm'd cloth is offering moccasins  
and bead-bags for sale,  
The connoisseur peers along the exhibition-gallery with half-shut  
eyes bent sideways,  
As the deck-hands make fast the steamboat the plank is thrown for  
the shore-going passengers,

The young sister holds out the skein while the elder sister winds it  
off in a ball, and stops now and then for the knots,  
The one-year wife is recovering and happy having a week ago borne  
her first child,  
The clean-hair'd Yankee girl works with her sewing-machine or in  
the factory or mill,  
The paving man leans on his two-handed rammer, the reporter's  
lead flies swiftly over the note-book, the sign-painter is lettering  
with blue and gold,  
The canal boy trots on the tow-path, the book-keeper counts at his  
desk, the shoemaker waxes his thread,  
The conductor beats time for the band and all the performers follow  
him,  
The child is baptized, the convert is making his first professions,  
The regatta is spread on the bay, the race is begun, (how the white  
sails sparkle!)  
The drover watching his drove sings out to them that would stray,  
The peddler sweats with his pack on his back, (the purchaser hig-  
gling about the odd cent;)  
The bride unrumples her white dress, the minute-hand of the clock  
moves slowly,  
The opium-eater reclines with rigid head and just-open'd lips,  
The prostitute draggles her shawl, her bonnet bobs on her tipsy and  
pimpled neck,  
The crowd laugh at her blackguard oaths, the men jeer and wink to  
each other,  
(Miserable! I do not laugh at your oaths nor jeer you;)  
The President holding a cabinet council is surrounded by the great  
Secretaries,  
On the piazza walk three matrons stately and friendly with twined  
arms,  
The crew of the fish-smack pack repeated layers of halibut in the  
hold,  
The Missourian crosses the plains toting his wares and his cattle,  
As the fare-collector goes through the train he gives notice by the  
jingling of loose change,  
The floor-men are laying the floor, the tanners are tanning the roof,  
the masons are calling for mortar,  
In single file each shouldering his hod pass onward the laborers;  
Seasons pursuing each other the indescribable crowd is gather'd, it  
is the fourth of Seventh-month, (what salutes of cannon and  
small arms!)

Seasons pursuing each other the plougher ploughs, the mower mows,  
 and the winter-grain falls in the ground;  
 Off on the lakes the pike-fisher watches and waits by the hole in the  
 frozen surface,  
 The stumps stand thick round the clearing, the squatter strikes deep  
 with his axe,  
 Flatboatmen make fast towards dusk near the cotton-wood or pecan-  
 trees,  
 Coon-seekers go through the regions of the Red river or through  
 those drain'd by the Tennessee, or through those of the Arkansas,  
 Torches shine in the dark that hangs on the Chattahoochee or Al-  
 tamahaw,  
 Patriarchs sit at supper with sons and grandsons and great-grandsons  
 around them,  
 In walls of adobe, in canvas tents, rest hunters and trappers after  
 their day's sport,  
 The city sleeps and the country sleeps,  
 The living sleep for their time, the dead sleep for their time,  
 The old husband sleeps by his wife and the young husband sleeps by  
 his wife;  
 And these tend inward to me, and I tend outward to them,  
 And such as it is to be of these more or less I am,  
 And of these one and all I weave the song of myself.

## 16

I am of old and young, of the foolish as much as the wise,  
 Regardless of others, ever regardful of others,  
 Maternal as well as paternal, a child as well as a man,  
 Stuff'd with the stuff that is coarse and stuff'd with the stuff that  
 is fine,  
 One of the Nation of many nations, the smallest the same and the  
 largest the same,  
 A Southerner soon as a Northerner, a planter nonchalant and hospi-  
 table down by the Oconee I live,  
 A Yankee bound my own way ready for trade, my joints the lim-  
 berest joints on earth and the sternest joints on earth,  
 A Kentuckian walking the vale of the Elkhorn in my deerskin  
 leggings, a Louisianian or Georgian,  
 A boatman over lakes or bays or along coasts, a Hoosier, Badger,  
 Buckeye;  
 At home on Kanadian snow-shoes or up in the bush, or with fisher-  
 men off Newfoundland,

At home in the fleet of ice-boats, sailing with the rest and tacking,  
 At home on the hills of Vermont or in the woods of Maine, or the  
   Texan ranch,  
 Comrade of Californians, comrade of free North-Westerners, (loving  
   their big proportions,)
 Comrade of raftsmen and coalmen, comrade of all who shake hands  
   and welcome to drink and meat,  
 A learner with the simplest, a teacher of the thoughtfullest,  
 A novice beginning yet experient of myriads of seasons,  
 Of every hue and caste am I, of every rank and religion,  
 A farmer, mechanic, artist, gentleman, sailor, quaker,  
 Prisoner, fancy-man, rowdy, lawyer, physician, priest.

I resist any thing better than my own diversity,  
 Breathe the air but leave plenty after me,  
 And am not stuck up, and am in my place.

(The moth and the fish-eggs are in their place,  
 The bright suns I see and the dark suns I cannot see are in their  
   place,  
 The palpable is in its place and the impalpable is in its place.)

## 17

These are really the thoughts of all men in all ages and lands, they  
   are not original with me,  
 If they are not yours as much as mine they are nothing, or next to  
   nothing,  
 If they are not the riddle and the untying of the riddle they are  
   nothing,  
 If they are not just as close as they are distant they are nothing.  
 This is the grass that grows wherever the land is and the water is,  
 This is the common air that bathes the globe.

## 18

With music strong I come, with my cornets and my drums,  
 I play not marches for accepted victors only, I play marches for con-  
   quer'd and slain persons.  
 Have you heard that it was good to gain the day?  
 I also say it is good to fall, battles are lost in the same spirit in which  
   they are won.

I beat and pound for the dead,  
I blow through my embouchures my loudest and gayest for them.

Vivas to those who have fail'd!  
And to those whose war-vessels sank in the sea!  
And to those themselves who sank in the sea!  
And to all generals that lost engagements, and all overcome heroes!  
And the numberless unknown heroes equal to the greatest heroes  
known!

## 19

This is the meal equally set, this the meat for natural hunger,  
It is for the wicked just the same as the righteous, I make appointments with all,  
I will not have a single person slighted or left away,  
The kept-woman, sponger, thief, are hereby invited,  
The heavy-lipp'd slave is invited, the venerealee is invited;  
There shall be no difference between them and the rest.

This is the press of a bashful hand, this the float and odor of hair,  
This is the touch of my lips to yours, this the murmur of yearning,  
This the far-off depth and height reflecting my own face,  
This the thoughtful merge of myself, and the outlet again.  
Do you guess I have some intricate purpose?  
Well I have, for the Fourth-month showers have, and the mica on  
the side of a rock has.

Do you take it I would astonish?  
Does the daylight astonish? does the early redstart twittering through  
the woods?  
Do I astonish more than they?

This hour I tell things in confidence,  
I might not tell everybody, but I will tell you.

## 20

Who goes there? hankering, gross, mystical, nude;  
How is it I extract strength from the beef I eat?

What is a man anyhow? what am I? what are you?

All I mark as my own you shall offset it with your own,  
Else it were time lost listening to me.

I do not snivel that snivel the world over,  
That months are vacuums and the ground but wallow and filth.

Whimpering and truckling fold with powders for invalids, con-  
formity goes to the fourth-remov'd,  
I wear my hat as I please indoors or out.

Why should I pray? why should I venerate and be ceremonious?

Having pried through the strata, analyzed to a hair, counsel'd with  
doctors and calculated close,  
I find no sweeter fat than sticks to my own bones.

In all people I see myself, none more and not one a barley-corn less,  
And the good or bad I say of myself I say of them.

I know I am solid and sound,  
To me the converging objects of the universe perpetually flow,  
All are written to me, and I must get what the writing means.

I know I am deathless,  
I know this orbit of mine cannot be swept by a carpenter's compass,  
I know I shall not pass like a child's carlacue cut with a burnt stick  
at night.

I know I am august,  
I do not trouble my spirit to vindicate itself or be understood,  
I see that the elementary laws never apologize,  
(I reckon I behave no prouder than the level I plant my house by,  
after all.)

I exist as I am, that is enough,  
If no other in the world be aware I sit content,  
And if each and all be aware I sit content.

One world is aware and by far the largest to me, and that is myself,  
And whether I come to my own today or in ten thousand or ten  
million years,  
I can cheerfully take it now, or with equal cheerfulness I can wait

My foothold is tenon'd and mortis'd in granite,  
 I laugh at what you call dissolution,  
 And I know the amplitude of time.

## 21

I am the poet of the Body and I am the poet of the Soul,  
 The pleasures of heaven are with me and the pains of hell are with  
 me,  
 The first I graft and increase upon myself, the latter I translate into  
 a new tongue.

I am the poet of the woman the same as the man,  
 And I say it is as great to be a woman as to be a man,  
 And I say there is nothing greater than the mother of men.

I chant the chant of dilation or pride,  
 We have had ducking and deprecating about enough,  
 I show that size is only development.

Have you outstript the rest? are you the President?  
 It is a trifle, they will more than arrive there every one, and still  
 pass on.  
 I am he that walks with the tender and growing night,  
 I call to the earth and sea half-held by the night.

Press close bare-bosom'd night—press close magnetic nourishing  
 night!  
 Night of south winds—night of the large few stars!  
 Still nodding night—mad naked summer night.

Smile O voluptuous cool-breath'd earth!  
 Earth of the slumbering and liquid trees!

Earth of departed sunset—earth of the mountains misty-topt!  
 Earth of the vitreous pour of the full moon just tinged with blue!  
 Earth of shine and dark mottling the tide of the river!  
 Earth of the limpid gray of clouds brighter and clearer for my sake!  
 Far-swooping elbow'd earth—rich apple-blossom'd earth!  
 Smile, for your lover comes.

Prodigal, you have given me love—therefore I to you give love!  
 O unspeakable passionate love.

You sea! I resign myself to you also—I guess what you mean,  
 I behold from the beach your crooked inviting fingers,  
 I believe you refuse to go back without feeling of me,  
 We must have a turn together, I undress, hurry me out of sight of  
 the land,  
 Cushion me soft, rock me in billowy drowse,  
 Dash me with amorous wet, I can repay you.

Sea of stretch'd ground-swells,  
 Sea breathing broad and convulsive breaths,  
 Sea of the brine of life and of unshovell'd yet always-ready graves,  
 Howler and scooper of storms, capricious and dainty sea,  
 I am integral with you, I too am of one phase and of all phases.

Partaker of influx and efflux, I, extoller of hate and conciliation,  
 Extoller of amies and those that sleep in each other's arms.

I am he attesting sympathy,  
 (Shall I make my list of things in the house and skip the house that  
 supports them?)

I am not the poet of goodness only, I do not decline to be the poet  
 of wickedness also.

What blurt is this about virtue and about vice?  
 Evil propels me and reform of evil propels me, I stand indifferent,  
 My gait is no fault-finder's or rejector's gait,  
 I moisten the roots of all that has grown.

Did you fear some scrofula out of the unflagging pregnancy?  
 Did you guess the celestial laws are yet to be work'd over and  
 rectified?

I find one side a balance and the antipodal side a balance,  
 Soft doctrine as steady help as stable doctrine,  
 Thoughts and deeds of the present our rouse and early start.

This minute that comes to me over the past decillions,  
 There is no better than it and now.



What behaved well in the past or behaves well today is not such a wonder,  
 The wonder is always and always how there can be a mean man or an infidel.

## 23

Endless unfolding of words of ages!  
 And mine a word of the modern, the word *En-Masse*.

A word of the faith that never balks,  
 Here or henceforward it is all the same to me, I accept Time absolutely.  
 It alone is without flaw, it alone rounds and completes all,  
 That mystic baffling wonder alone completes all.

I accept Reality and dare not question it,  
 Materialism first and last imbuing.

Hurrah for positive science! long live exact demonstration!  
 Fetch stonecrop mixt with cedar and branches of lilac,  
 This is the lexicographer, this the chemist, this made a grammar of the old cartouches,  
 These mariners put the ship through dangerous unknown seas,  
 This is the geologist, this works with the scalpel, and this is a mathematician.

Gentlemen, to you the first honors always!  
 Your facts are useful, and yet they are not my dwelling,  
 I but enter by them to an area of my dwelling

Less the reminders of properties told my words,  
 And more the reminders they of life untold, and of freedom and extrication,  
 And make short account of neuters and geldings, and favor men and women fully equipt,  
 And beat the gong of revolt, and stop with fugitives and them that plot and conspire.

## 24

Walt Whitman, a kosmos, of Manhattan the son,  
 Turbulent, fleshy, sensual, eating, drinking and breeding,

No sentimentalist, no stander above men and women or apart from them,

No more modest than immodest.

Unscrew the locks from the doors!

Unscrew the doors themselves from their jambs!

Whoever degrades another degrades me,

And whatever is done or said returns at last to me.

Through me the afflatus surging and surging, through me the current and index.

I speak the pass-word primeval, I give the sign of democracy,

By God! I will accept nothing which all cannot have their counter-part of on the same terms.

Through me many long dumb voices,

Voices of the interminable generations of prisoners and slaves,

Voices of the diseas'd and despairing and of thieves and dwarfs,

Voices of cycles of preparation and accretion,

And of the threads that connect the stars, and of wombs and of the father-stuff,

And of the rights of them the others are down upon,

Of the deform'd, trivial, flat, foolish, despised,

Fog in the air, beetles rolling balls of dung.

Through me forbidden voices,

Voices of sexes and lusts, voices veil'd and I remove the veil,

Voices indecent by me clarified and transfigur'd.

I do not press my fingers across my mouth,

I keep as delicate around the bowels as around the head and heart,

Copulation is no more rank to me than death is.

I believe in the flesh and the appetites,

Seeing, hearing, feeling, are miracles, and each part and tag of me is a miracle.

Divine am I inside and out, and I make holy whatever I touch or am touch'd from,

The scent of these arm-pits aroma finer than prayer,

This head more than churches, bibles, and all the creeds.

If I worship one thing more than another it shall be the spread of my  
 own body, or any part of it,  
 Translucent mould of me it shall be you!  
 Shaded ledges and rests it shall be you!  
 Firm masculine colter it shall be you!  
 Whatever goes to the tilth of me it shall be you!  
 You my rich blood! your milky stream pale strippings of my life!  
 Breast that presses against other breasts it shall be you!  
 My brain it shall be your occult convolutions!  
 Root of wash'd sweet-flag! timorous pond-snipe! nest of guarded  
 duplicate eggs! it shall be you!  
 Mix'd tussled hay of head, beard, brawn, it shall be you!  
 Trickling sap of maple, fibre of manly wheat, it shall be you!  
 Sun so generous it shall be you!  
 Vapors lighting and shading my face it shall be you!  
 You sweaty brooks and dews it shall be you!  
 Winds whose soft-tickling genitals rub against me it shall be you!  
 Broad muscular fields, branches of live oak loving lounge in my  
 winding paths, it shall be you!  
 Hands I have taken, face I have kiss'd, mortal I have ever touch'd,  
 it shall be you.

I dote on myself, there is that lot of me and all so luscious,  
 Each moment and whatever happens thrills me with joy,  
 I cannot tell how my ankles bend, nor whence the cause of my  
 faintest wish,  
 Nor the cause of the friendship I emit, nor the cause of the friendship  
 I take again.

That I walk up my stoop, I pause to consider if it really be,  
 A morning-glory at my window satisfies me more than the meta-  
 physics of books.

To behold the day-break!  
 The little light fades the immense and diaphanous shadows,  
 The air tastes good to my palate.  
 Hefts of the moving world at innocent gambols silently rising,  
 freshly exuding,  
 Scooting obliquely high and low.  
 Something I cannot see puts upward libidinous prongs,  
 Seas of bright juice suffuse heaven.

The earth by the sky staid with, the daily close of their junction,  
The heav'd challenge from the east that moment over my head,  
The mocking taunt, See then whether you shall be master!

## 25

Dazzling and tremendous how quick the sun-rise would kill me,  
If I could not now and always send sun-rise out of me.

We also ascend dazzling and tremendous as the sun,  
We found our own O my soul in the calm and cool of the daybreak.

My voice goes after what my eyes cannot reach,  
With the twirl of my tongue I encompass worlds and volumes of  
worlds.

Speech is the twin of my vision, it is unequal to measure itself,  
It provokes me forever, it says sarcastically,  
*Walt you contain enough, why don't you let it out then?*

Come now I will not be tantalized, you conceive too much of articulation,  
Do you not know O speech how the buds beneath you are folded?  
Waiting in gloom, protected by frost,  
The dirt receding before my prophetic screams,  
I underlying causes to balance them at last,  
My knowledge my live parts, it keeping tally with the meaning of  
all things,  
Happiness, (which whoever hears me let him or her set out in search  
of this day.)

My final merit I refuse you, I refuse putting from me what I really  
am,  
Encompass worlds, but never try to encompass me,  
I crowd your sleekest and best by simply looking toward you.

Writing and talk do not prove me,  
I carry the plenum of proof and every thing else in my face,  
With the hush of my lips I wholly confound the skeptic.

Now I will do nothing but listen,  
To accrue what I hear into this song, to let sounds contribute toward it.

I hear bravuras of birds, bustle of growing wheat, gossip of flames,  
clack of sticks cooking my meals,  
I hear the sound I love, the sound of the human voice,  
I hear all sounds running together, combined, fused or following,  
Sounds of the city and sounds out of the city, sounds of the day and night,

Talkative young ones to those that like them, the loud laugh of work-people at their meals,

The angry base of disjointed friendship, the faint tones of the sick,  
The judge with hands tight to the desk, his pallid lips pronouncing a death-sentence,

The heave'e'yo of stevedores unlading ships by the wharves, the refrain of the anchor-lifters,

The ring of alarm-bells, the cry of fire, the whirl of swift-streaking engines and hose-carts with premonitory tinkles and color'd lights,

The steam-whistle, the solid roll of the train of approaching cars,  
The slow march play'd at the head of the association marching two and two,

(They go to guard some corpse, the flag-tops are draped with black muslin.)

I hear the violoncello, ('tis the young man's heart's complaint,)

I hear the key'd cornet, it glides quickly in through my ears,

It shakes mad-sweet pangs through my belly and breast.

I hear the chorus, it is a grand opera,

Ah this indeed is music—this suits me.

A tenor large and fresh as the creation fills me,  
The orbic flex of his mouth is pouring and filling me full.

I hear the train'd soprano (what work with hers is this?)

The orchestra whirls me wider than Uranus flies,

It wrenches such ardors from me I did not know I possess'd them,

It sails me, I dab with bare feet, they are lick'd by the indolent waves,

I am cut by bitter and angry hail, I lose my breath,

Steep'd amid honey'd morphine, my windpipe throttled in fakes of  
death,  
At length let up again to feel the puzzle of puzzles,  
And that we call Being.

## 27

To be in any form, what is that?  
(Round and round we go, all of us, and ever come back thither,)  
If nothing lay more develop'd the quahaug in its callous shell were  
enough.

Mine is no callous shell,  
I have instant conductors all over me whether I pass or stop,  
They seize every object and lead it harmlessly through me.

I merely stir, press, feel with my fingers, and am happy,  
To touch my person to some one else's is about as much as I can  
stand.

## 28

Is this then a touch? quivering me to a new identity,  
Flames and ether making a rush for my veins,  
Treach'rous tip of me reaching and crowding to help them,  
My flesh and blood playing out lightning to strike what is hardly  
different from myself,  
On all sides prurient provokers stiffening my limbs,  
Straining the udder of my heart for its withheld drip,  
Behaving licentious toward me, taking no denial,  
Depriving me of my best as for a purpose,  
Unbuttoning my clothes, holding me by the bare waist,  
Deluding my confusion with the calm of the sunlight and pasture-  
fields,  
Immodestly sliding the fellow-senses away,  
They bribed to swap off with touch and go and graze at the edges  
of me,  
No consideration, no regard for my draining strength or my anger,  
Fetching the rest of the herd around to enjoy them a while,  
Then all uniting to stand on a headland and worry me.

The sentries desert every other part of me,  
They have left me helpless to a red marauder,  
They all come to the headland to witness and assist against me.

I am given up by traitors,  
 I talk wildly, I have lost my wits, I and nobody else am the greatest  
     traitor,  
 I went myself first to the headland, my own hands carried me there.  
 You villain touch! what are you doing? my breath is tight in its  
     throat,  
 Unclench your floodgates, you are too much for me.

## 29

Blind loving wrestling touch, sheath'd hooded sharp-tooth'd touch!  
 Did it make you ache so, leaving me?

Parting track'd by arriving, perpetual payment of perpetual loan,  
 Rich showering rain, and recompense richer afterward.

Sprouts take and accumulate, stand by the curb prolific and vital,  
 Landscapes projected masculine, full-sized and golden.

## 30

All truths wait in all things,  
 They neither hasten their own delivery nor resist it,  
 They do not need the obstetric forceps of the surgeon,  
 The insignificant is as big to me as any,  
 (What is less or more than a touch?)

Logic and sermons never convince,  
 The damp of the night drives deeper into my soul.

(Only what proves itself to every man and woman is so,  
 Only what nobody denies is so.)  
 A minute and a drop of me settle my brain,  
 I believe the soggy clods shall become lovers and lamps,  
 And a compend of compends is the meat of a man or woman.  
 And a summit and flower there is the feeling they have for each  
     other,  
 And they are to branch boundlessly out of that lesson until it becomes  
     omnific,  
 And until one and all shall delight us, and we them.

## 31

I believe a leaf of grass is no less than the journey-work of the stars,  
And the pismire is equally perfect, and a grain of sand. and the  
egg of the wren,  
And the tree-toad is a chef-d'œuvre for the highest,  
And the running blackberry would adorn the parlors of heaven,  
And the narrowest hinge in my hand puts to scorn all machinery,  
And the cow crunching with depress'd head surpasses any statue,  
And a mouse is miracle enough to stagger sextillions of infidels.

I find I incorporate gneiss, coal, long-threaded moss, fruits, grains,  
esculent roots,  
And am stucco'd with quadrupeds and birds all over,  
And have distanced what is behind me for good reasons,  
But call any thing back again when I desire it.

In vain the speeding or shyness,  
In vain the plutonic rocks send their old heat against my approach,  
In vain the mastodon retreats beneath its own powder'd bones,  
In vain objects stand leagues off and assume manifold shapes,  
In vain the ocean settling in hollows and the great monsters lying  
low,  
In vain the buzzard houses herself with the sky,  
In vain the snake slides through the creepers and logs,  
In vain the elk takes to the inner passes of the woods,  
In vain the razor-bill'd auk sails far north to Labrador,  
I follow quickly, I ascend to the nest in the fissure of the cliff.

## 32

I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and  
self-contain'd,  
I stand and look at them long and long.

They do not sweat and whine about their condition,  
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,  
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God,  
Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of own-  
ing things,  
Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of  
years ago,  
Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth.



So they show their relations to me and I accept them,  
 They bring me tokens of myself, they evince them plainly in their  
 possession.

I wonder where they get those tokens,  
 Did I pass that way huge times ago and negligently drop them?  
 Myself moving forward then and now and forever,  
 Gathering and showing more always and with velocity,  
 Infinite and omnigenous, and the like of these among them,  
 Not too exclusive toward the reachers of my remembrancers,  
 Picking out here one that I love, and now go with him on brotherly  
 terms.

A gigantic beauty of a stallion, fresh and responsive to my caresses,  
 Head high in the forehead, wide between the ears,  
 Limbs glossy and supple, tail dusting the ground,  
 Eyes full of sparkling wickedness, ears finely cut, flexibly moving.

His nostrils dilate as my heels embrace him,  
 His well-built limbs tremble with pleasure as we race around and  
 return.

I but use you a minute, then I resign you, stallion,  
 Why do I need your paces when I myself out-gallop them?  
 Even as I stand or sit passing faster than you.

## 33

Space and Time! now I see it is true, what I guess'd at,  
 What I guess'd when I loaf'd on the grass,  
 What I guess'd while I lay alone in my bed,  
 And again as I walk'd the beach under the paling stars of the  
 morning.

My ties and ballasts leave me, my elbows rest in sea-gaps,  
 I skirt sierras, my palms cover continents,  
 I am afoot with my vision.

By the city's quadrangular houses—in log huts, camping with lum-  
 bermen,  
 Along the ruts of the turnpike, along the dry gulch and rivulet bed,  
 Weeding my onion-patch or hoeing rows of carrots and parsnips,  
 crossing savannas, trailing in forests,  
 Prospecting, gold-digging, girdling the trees of a new purchase,

Scorch'd ankle-deep by the hot sand, hauling my boat down the shallow river,  
Where the panther walks to and fro on a limb overhead, where the buck turns furiously at the hunter,  
Where the rattlesnake suns his flabby length on a rock, where the otter is feeding on fish,  
Where the alligator in his tough pimples sleeps by the bayou,  
Where the black bear is searching for roots or honey, where the beaver pats the mud with his paddle-shaped tail;  
Over the growing sugar, over the yellow-flower'd cotton plant, over the rice in its low moist field,  
Over the sharp-peak'd farm house, with its scallop'd scum and slender shoots from the gutters,  
Over the western persimmon, over the long-leav'd corn, over the delicate blue-flower flax,  
Over the white and brown buckwheat, a hummer and buzzer there with the rest,  
Over the dusky green of the rye as it ripples and shades in the breeze;  
Scaling mountains, pulling myself cautiously up, holding on by low scragged limbs,  
Walking the path worn in the grass and beat through the leaves of the brush,  
Where the quail is whistling betwixt the woods and the wheatlot,  
Where the bat flies in the Seventh-month eve, where the great gold-bug drops through the dark,  
Where the brook puts out of the roots of the old tree and flows to the meadow,  
Where cattle stand and shake away flies with the tremulous shuddering of their hides,  
Where the cheese-cloth hangs in the kitchen, where andirons straddle the hearth-slab, where cobwebs fall in festoons from the rafters;  
Where trip-hammers crash, where the press is whirling its cylinders, Wherever the human heart beats with terrible throes under its ribs,  
Where the pear-shaped balloon is floating aloft, (floating in it myself and looking composedly down,)  
Where the life-car is drawn on the slip-noose, where the heat hatches pale-green eggs in the dented sand,  
Where the she-whale swims with her calf and never forsakes it,  
Where the steam-ship trails hind-ways its long pennant of smoke,  
Where the fin of the shark cuts like a black chip out of the water,  
Where the half-burn'd brig is riding on unknown currents,

Where shells grow to her slimy deck, where the dead are corrupting  
below;  
Where the dense-starr'd flag is born at the head of the regiments,  
Approaching Manhattan up by the long-stretching island,  
Under Niagara, the cataract falling like a veil over my countenance,  
Upon a door-step, upon the horse-block of hard wood outside,  
Upon the race-course, or enjoying picnics or jigs or a good game of  
base-ball,  
At he-festivals, with blackguard gibes, ironical license, bull-dances,  
drinking laughter,  
At the cider-mill tasting the sweets of the brown mash, sucking the  
juice through a straw,  
At apple-peelings wanting kisses for all the red fruit I find,  
At musters beach-parties, friendly bees, huskings, house-raising;  
Where the mocking-bird sounds his delicious gurgles, cackles,  
screams, weeps,  
Where the hay-rick stands in the barn-yard, where the dry stalks  
are scatter'd, where the brood-cow waits in the hovel,  
Where the bull advances to do his masculine work, where the stud  
to the mare, where the cock is treading the hen,  
Where the heifers browse, where geese nip their food with short  
jerks,  
Where sun-down shadows lengthen over the limitless and lonesome  
prairie,  
Where herds of buffalo make a crawling spread of the square miles  
far and near,  
Where the humming-bird shimmers, where the neck of the long-  
lived swan is curving and winding,  
Where the laughing-gull scoots by the shore, where she laughs her  
near-human laugh,  
Where bee-hives range on a gray bench in the garden half hid by  
the high weeds,  
Where band-neck'd partridges roost in a ring on the ground with  
their heads out,  
Where burial coaches enter the arch'd gates of a cemetery,  
Where winter wolves bark amid wastes of snow and icicled trees,  
Where the yellow-crown'd heron comes to the edge of the marsh at  
night and feeds upon small crabs,  
Where the splash of swimmers and divers cools the warm moon,  
Where the katy-did works her chromatic reed on the walnut-tree  
over the well,  
Through patches of citrons and cucumbers with silver-wired leaves,

Through the salt-lick or orange glade, or under conical firs,  
Through the gymnasium, through the curtain'd saloon, through the  
office or public hall;  
Pleas'd with the native and pleas'd with the foreign, pleas'd with the  
new and old,  
Pleas'd with the homely woman as well as the handsome,  
Pleas'd with the quakeress as she puts off her bonnet and talks  
melodiously,  
Pleas'd with the tune of the choir of the whitewash'd church,  
Pleas'd with the earnest words of the sweating Methodist preacher,  
impress'd seriously at the camp-meeting;  
Looking in at the shop-windows of Broadway the whole forenoon,  
flatt'ng the flesh of my nose on the thick plate glass,  
Wandering the same afternoon with my face turn'd up to the clouds,  
or down a lane or along the beach,  
My right and left arms around the sides of two friends, and I in the  
middle;  
Coming home with the silent and dark-cheek'd bush-boy, (behind  
me he rides at the drap' of the day,)  
Far from the settlements studying the print of animals' feet, or the  
moccasin print,  
By the cot in the hospital reach'ng lemonade to a feverish patient,  
Nigh the coffin'd corpse when all is still, examining with a candle;  
Voyaging to every port to dicker and adventure,  
Hurrying with the modern crowd as eager and fickle as any,  
Hot toward one I hate, ready in my madness to knife him,  
Solitary at midnight in my back yard, my thoughts gone from me a  
long while,  
Walking the old hills of Judæa with the beautiful gent'le God by my  
side,  
Speeding through space, speeding through heaven and the stars,  
Speeding amid the seven satellites and the broad ring, and the di-  
ameter of eighty thousand miles,  
Speeding with tail'd meteors, throwing fire-balls like the rest,  
Carrying the crescent child that carries its own full mother in its  
belly,  
Storming, enjoying, planning, loving, cautioning,  
Backing and filling, appearing and disappearing,  
I tread day and night such roads.

I visit the orchards of spheres and look at the product,  
And look at quintillions ripen'd and look at quintillions green.

I fly those flights of a fluid and swallowing soul,  
My course runs below the soundings of plummets.

I help myself to material and immaterial,  
No guard can shut me off, no law prevent me.

I anchor my ship for a little while only,  
My messengers continually cruise away or bring their returns to me.

I go hunting polar furs and the seal, leaping chasms with a pike-pointed staff, clinging to topples of brittle and blue.

I ascend to the foretruck,

I take my place at night in the crow's-nest,

We sail the arctic sea, it is plenty light enough,

Through the clear atmosphere I stretch around on the wonderful beauty,

The enormous masses of ice pass me and I pass them, the scenery is plain in all directions,

The white-topped mountains show in the distance, I fling out my fancies toward them,

We are approaching some great battle-field in which we are soon to be engaged,

We pass the colossal outposts of the encampment, we pass with still feet and caution,

Or we are entering by the suburbs some vast and ruin'd city,

The blocks and fallen architecture more than all the living cities of the globe.

I am a free companion, I bivouac by invading watchfires,

I turn the bridegroom out of bed and stay with the bride myself,

I tighten her all night to my thighs and hips.

My voice is the wife's voice, the screech by the rail of the stairs,  
They fetch my man's body up dripping and drown'd.

I understand the large hearts of heroes,

The courage of present times and all times,

How the skipper saw the crowded and rudderless wreck of the steam-ship, and Death chasing it up and down the storm,

How he knuckled tight and gave not an inch, and was faithful of days and faithful of nights,

And chalk'd in large letters on a board, *Be of good cheer, we will  
not desert you;*  
How we follow'd with them and tack'd with them three days and  
would not give it up,  
How he saved the drifting company at last,  
How the lank loose-gown'd women look'd when boated from the  
side of their prepared graves,  
How the silent old-faced infants and the lifted sick, and the sharp-  
lipp'd unshaven men;  
All this I swallow, it tastes good, I like it well, it becomes mine,  
I am the man, I suffer'd, I was there.

The disdain and calmness of martyrs,  
The mother of old, condemn'd for a witch, burnt with dry wood,  
her children gazing on,  
The hounded slave that flags in the race, leans by the fence,  
blowing, cover'd with sweat.  
The twinges that sting like needles his legs and neck, the murderous  
buckshot and the bullets,  
All these I feel or am.

I am the hounded slave, I wince at the bite of the dogs,  
Hell and despair are upon me, crack and again crack the marksmen,  
I clutch the rails of the fence, my gore dribs, thinn'd with the ooze  
of my skin,  
I fall on the weeds and stones,  
The riders spur their unwilling horses, haul close,  
Taunt my dizzy ears and beat me violently over the head with whip-  
stocks.

Agonies are one of my changes of garments,  
I do not ask the wounded person how he feels, I myself become the  
wounded person,  
My hurts turn livid upon me as I lean on a cane and observe.

I am the mash'd fireman with breast-bone broken,  
Tumbling walls buried me in their debris,  
Heat and smoke I inspired, I heard the yelling shouts of my com-  
rades,  
I heard the distant click of their picks and shovels,  
They have clear'd the beams away, they tenderly lift me forth.

I lie in the night air in my red shirt, the pervading hush is for my  
 sake,  
 Painless after all I lie exhausted but not so unhappy,  
 White and beautiful are the faces around me, the heads are bared  
 of their fire-caps,  
 The kneeling crowd fades with the light of the torches.

Distant and dead resuscitate,  
 They show as the dial or move as the hands of me, I am the clock  
 myself.

I am an old artillerist, I tell of my fort's bombardment,  
 I am there again.  
 Again the long roll of the drummers,  
 Again the attacking cannon, mortars,  
 Again to my listening ears the cannon responsive.

I take part, I see and hear the whole,  
 The cries, curses, roar, the plaudits for well-aim'd shots,  
 The ambulanza slowly passing trailing its red drip,  
 Workmen searching after damages, making indispensable repairs,  
 The fall of grenades through the rent roof, the fan-shaped explosion,  
 The whizz of limbs, heads, stone, wood, iron, high in the air.

Again gurgles the mouth of my dying general, he furiously waves  
 with his hand,  
 He gasps through the clot *Mind not me—mind—the entrenchments.*

## 34

Now I tell what I knew in Texas in my early youth,  
 (I tell not the fall of Alamo,  
 Not one escaped to tell the fall of Alamo,  
 The hundred and fifty are dumb yet at Alamo,)  
 'Tis the tale of the murder in cold blood of four hundred and twelve  
 young men.

Retreating they had form'd in a hollow square with their baggage  
 for breastworks,  
 Nine hundred lives out of the surrounding enemy's, nine times their  
 number, was the price they took in advance,  
 Their colonel was wounded and their ammunition gone,

They treated for an honorable capitulation, receiv'd writing and  
seal, gave up their arms and march'd back prisoners of war.

They were the glory of the race of rangers,  
Matchless with horse, rifle, song, supper, courtship,  
Large, turbulent, generous, handsome, proud, and affectionate,  
Bearded, sunburnt, drest in the free costume of hunters,  
Not a single one over thirty years of age.  
The second First-day morning they were brought out in squads and  
massacred, it was beautiful early summer,  
The work commenced about five o'clock and was over by eight.

None obey'd the command to kneel,  
Some made a mad and helpless rush, some stood stark and straight,  
A few fell at once, shot in the temple or heart, the living and dead  
lay together,  
The maim'd and mangled dug in the dirt, the new-comers saw them  
there,  
Some half-kill'd attempted to crawl away,  
These were despatch'd with bayonets or batter'd with the blunts of  
muskets,  
A youth not seventeen years old seiz'd his assassin till two more  
came to release him,  
The three were all torn and cover'd with the boy's blood.

At eleven o'clock began the burning of the bodies,  
That is the tale of the murder of the four hundred and twelve young  
men.

## 35

Would you hear of an old-time sea-fight?  
Would you learn who won by the light of the moon and stars?  
List to the yarn, as my grandmother's father the sailor told it to me.

Our foe was no skulk in his ship I tell you, (said he,)  
His was the surly English pluck, and there is no tougher or truer,  
and never was, and never will be;  
Along the lower'd eve he came horribly raking us.

We closed with him, the yards entangled, the cannon touch'd,  
My captain lash'd fast with his own hands.



We had receiv'd some eighteen pound shots under the water,  
On our lower-gun-deck two large pieces had burst at the first fire,  
    killing all around and blowing up overhead.  
Fighting at sun-down, fighting at dark,  
Ten o'clock at night, the full moon well up, our leaks on the gain,  
    and five feet of water reported,  
The master-at-arms loosing the prisoners confined in the afterhold  
    to give them a chance for themselves.

The transit to and from the magazine is now stopt by the sentinels,  
They see so many strange faces they do not know whom to trust.

Our frigate takes fire,  
The other asks if we demand quarter?  
If our colors are struck and the fighting done?

Now I laugh content, for I hear the voice of my little captain,  
*We have not struck*, he composedly cries, *we have just begun our*  
    *part of the fighting.*

Only three guns are in use,  
One is directed by the captain himself against the enemy's main-  
    mast,  
Two well serv'd with grape and canister silence his musketry and  
    clear his decks.

The tops alone second the fire of this little battery, especially the  
    main-top,  
They hold out bravely during the whole of the action

Not a moment's cease,  
The leaks gain fast on the pumps, the fire eats toward the powder-  
    magazine.  
One of the pumps has been shot away, it is generally thought we are  
    sinking.

Serene stands the little captain,  
He is not hurried, his voice is neither high nor low,  
His eyes give more light to us than our battle-lanterns.

Toward twelve there in the beams of the moon they surrender to us.

## 36

Stretch'd and still lies the midnight,  
Two great hulls motionless on the breast of the darkness,  
Our vessel riddled and slowly sinking, preparations to pass to the  
one we have conquer'd,  
The captain on the quarter-deck coldly giving his orders through  
a countenance white as a sheet,  
Near by the corpse of the child that serv'd in the cabin,  
The dead face of an old salt with long white hair and carefully  
curl'd whiskers,  
The flames spite of all that can be done flickering aloft and below,  
The husky voices of the two or three officers yet fit for duty,  
Formless stacks of bodies and bodies by themselves, dabs of flesh  
upon the masts and spars,  
Cut of cordage, dangle of rigging, slight shock of the soothe of waves,  
Black and impassive guns, litter of powder parcels, strong scent,  
A few large stars overhead, silent and mournful shining,  
Delicate sniffs of sea-breeze, smells of sedgy grass and fields by the  
shore, death-messages given in charge to survivors.  
The hiss of the surgeon's knife, the gnawing teeth of his saw,  
Wheeze, cluck, swash of falling blood, short wild scream, and long,  
dull, tapering groan,  
These so, these irretrievable.

## 37

You laggards there on guard! look to your arms!  
In at the conquer'd doors they crowd! I am possess'd!  
Embody all presences outlaw'd or suffering,  
See myself in prison shaped like another man,  
And feel the dull unintermitted pain

For me the keepers of convicts shoulder their carbines and keep  
watch,  
It is I let out in the morning and barr'd at night.

Not a mutineer walks handcuff'd to jail but I am handcuff'd to him  
and walk by his side,  
(I am less the jolly one there, and more the silent one with sweat  
on my twitching lips.)

Not a youngster is taken for larceny but I go up too, and am tried  
and sentenced.

Not a cholera patient lies at the last gasp but I also lie at the last  
gasp,  
My face is ash-color'd, my sinews gnarl, away from me people re-  
treat.

Askers embody themselves in me and I am embodied in them,  
I project my hat, sit shame-faced, and beg.

## 38

Enough! enough! enough!  
Somehow I have been stunn'd. Stand back!  
Give me a little time beyond my cuff'd head, slumbers, dreams, gap-  
ing,  
I discover myself on the verge of a usual mistake  
That I could forget the mockers and insults!  
That I could forget the trickling tears and the blows of the bludgeons  
and hammers!  
That I could look with a separate look on my own crucifixion and  
bloody crowning.

I remember now,  
I resume the overstaid fraction,  
The grave of rock multiplies what has been confided to it, or to any  
graves,  
Corpses rise, gashes heal, fastenings roll from me.

I troop forth replenish'd with supreme power, one of an average  
unending procession,  
Inland and sea-coast we go, and pass all boundary lines,  
Our swift ordinances on their way over the whole earth,  
The blossoms we wear in our hats the growth of thousands of years.

Elves, I salute you! come forward!  
Continue your annotations, continue your questionings.

## 39

The friendly and flowing savage, who is he?  
Is he waiting for civilization, or past it and mastering it?

Is he some Southwesterner rais'd out-doors? is he Kanadian?  
Is he from the Mississippi country? Iowa, Oregon, California?  
The mountains? prairie-life, bush-life? or sailor from the sea?

Wherever he goes men and women accept and desire him,  
They desire he should like them, touch them, speak to them, stay  
with them.

Behavior lawless as snow-flakes, words simple as grass, uncomb'd  
head, laughter, and naiveté,  
Slow-stepping feet, common features, common modes and emanations,  
They descend in new forms from the tips of his fingers,  
They are wafted with the odor of his body or breath, they fly out of  
the glance of his eyes.

## 40

Flaunt of the sunshine I need not your bask—lie over!  
You light surfaces only, I force surfaces and depths also.

Earth! you seem to look for something at my hands,  
Say, old top-knot, what do you want?

Man or woman, I might tell how I like you, but cannot,  
And might tell what it is in me and what it is in you, but cannot,  
And might tell that pining I have, that pulse of my nights and days.

Behold, I do not give lectures or a little charity,  
When I give I give myself.

You there, impotent, loose in the knees,  
Open your scarf'd chops till I blow grit within you,  
Spread your palms and lift the flaps of your pockets,  
I am not to be denied, I compel, I have stores plenty and to spare,  
And any thing I have I bestow.

I do not ask who you are, that is not important to me,  
You can do nothing and be nothing but what I will infold you.

To cotton-field drudge or cleaner of privies I lean,  
On his right cheek I put the family kiss,  
And in my soul I swear I never will deny him.

On women fit for conception I start bigger and nimbler babes,  
(This day I am jetting the stuff of far more arrogant republics.)

To any one dying, thither I speed and twist the knob of the door,  
Turn the bed-clothes toward the foot of the bed,  
Let the physician and the priest go home.

I seize the descending man and raise him with resistless will,  
O despairer, here is my neck,  
By God, you shall not go down! hang your whole weight upon me.

I dilate you with tremendous breath, I buoy you up,  
Every room of the house do I fill with an arm'd force,  
Lovers of me, bafflers of graves.

Sleep—I and they keep guard all night,  
Not doubt, not decease shall dare to lay finger upon you,  
I have embraced you, and henceforth possess you to myself,  
And when you rise in the morning you will find what I tell you is  
so.

## 41

I am he bringing help for the sick as they pant on their backs,  
And for strong upright men I bring yet more needed help.

I heard what was said of the universe,  
Heard it and heard it of several thousand years;  
It's middling well as far as it goes—but is that all?

Magnifying and applying come I,  
Outbidding at the start the old cautious hucksters,  
Taking myself the exact dimensions of Jehovah,  
Lithographing Kronos, Zeus his son, and Hercules his grandson,  
Buying drafts of Osiris, Isis, Belus, Brahma, Buddha,  
In my portfolio placing Manito loose, Allah on a leaf, the crucifix  
engraved,  
With Odin and the hideous-faced Mexith and every idol and image,  
Taking them all for what they are worth and not a cent more,  
Admitting they were alive and did the work of their days,  
(They bore mites as for unfledg'd birds who have now to rise and  
fly and sing for themselves.)

Accepting the rough deific sketches to fill out better in myself, bestowing them freely on each man and woman I see,  
Discovering as much or more in a framer framing a house,  
Putting higher claims for him there with his roll'd-up sleeves driving the mallet and chisel,  
Not objecting to special revelations, considering a curl of smoke or a hair on the back of my hand just as curious as any revelation,  
Lads ahoid of fire-engines and hook-and-ladder ropes no less to me than the gods of the antique wars,  
Minding their voices' peal through the crash of destruction,  
Their brawny limbs passing safe over charr'd laths, their white foreheads whole and unhurt out of the flames;  
By the mechanic's wife with her babe at her nipple interceding for every person born,  
Three scythes at harvest whizzing in a row from three lusty angels with shirts bagg'd out at their waists,  
The snag-tooth'd hostler with red hair redeeming sins past and to come,  
Selling all he possesses, travelling on foot to fee lawyers for his brother and sit by him while he is tried for forgery;  
What was strewn in the amplest strewing the square rod about me, and not filling the square rod then,  
The bull and the bug never worshipp'd half enough,  
Dung and dirt more admirable than was dream'd,  
The supernatural of no account, myself waiting my time to be one of the supremes,  
The day getting ready for me when I shall do as much good as the best, and be as prodigious;  
By my life-lumps! becoming already a creator,  
Putting myself here and now to the ambush'd womb of the shadows

## 42

A call in the midst of the crowd,  
My own voice, orotund, sweeping and final.

Come my children,  
Come my boys and girls, my women, household and intimates,  
Now the performer launches his nerve, he has pass'd his prelude on the reeds within.

Easily written loose-finger'd chords—I feel the thrum of your climax and close.

My head slues round on my neck,  
Music rolls, but not from the organ,  
Folks are around me, but they are no household of mine.

Ever the hard unsunk ground,  
Ever the eaters and drinkers, ever the upward and downward sun,  
ever the air and the ceaseless tides,  
Ever myself and my neighbors, refreshing, wicked, real,  
Ever the old inexplicable query, ever that thorn'd thumb, that breath  
of itches and thirsts,  
Ever the vexer's *hoot! hoot!* till we find where the sly one hides and  
bring him forth,

Ever love, ever the sobbing liquid of life,  
Ever the bandage under the chin, ever the trestles of death.

Here and there with dimes on the eyes walking,  
To feed the greed of the belly the brains liberally spooning,  
Tickets buying, taking, selling, but in to the feast never once going,  
Many sweating, ploughing, thrashing, and then the chaff for pay-  
ment receiving,  
A few idly owning, and they the wheat continually claiming.

This is the city and I am one of the citizens,  
Whatever interests the rest interests me, politics, wars, markets, news-  
papers, schools,  
The mayor and councils, banks, tariffs, steamships, factories, stocks,  
. stores, real estate and personal estate.

The little plentiful manikins skipping around in collars and tail'd  
coats,  
I am aware who they are, (they are positively not worms or fleas,)  
I acknowledge the duplicates of myself, the weakest and shallowest  
is deathless with me,  
What I do and say the same waits for them,  
Every thought that flounders in me the same flounders in them.

I know perfectly well my own egotism,  
Know my omnivorous lines and must not write any less,  
And would fetch you whoever you are flush with myself.

Not words of routine this song of mine,  
But abruptly to question, to leap beyond yet nearer bring;  
This printed and bound book—but the printer and the printing-office boy?  
The well-taken photographs—but your wife or friend close and solid in your arms?  
The black ship mail'd with iron, her mighty guns in her turrets—but the pluck of the captain and engineers?  
In the houses the dishes and fare and furniture—but the host and hostess, and the look out of their eyes?  
The sky up there—yet here or next door, or across the way?  
The saints and sages in history—but you yourself?  
Sermons, creeds, theology—but the fathomless human brain,  
And what is reason? and what is love? and what is life?

## 43

I do not despise you priests, all time, the world over,  
My faith is the greatest of faiths and the least of faiths,  
Enclosing worship ancient and modern and all between ancient and modern,  
Believing I shall come again upon the earth after five thousand years,  
Waiting responses from oracles, honoring the gods, saluting the sun,  
Making a fetch of the first rock or stump, powowing with sticks in the circle of obis,  
Helping the lama or brahmin as he trims the lamps of the idols,  
Dancing yet through the streets in a phallic procession, rapt and austere in the woods a gymnosophist,  
Drinking mead from the skull-cup, to Shastas and Vedas admirant, minding the Koran,  
Walking the Teokallis, spotted with gore from the stone and knife, beating the serpent-skin drum,  
Accepting the Gospels, accepting him that was crucified, knowing assuredly that he is divine,  
To the mass kneeling or the puritan's prayer rising, or sitting patiently in a pew,  
Ranting and frothing in my insane crisis, or waiting dead-like till my spirit arouses me,  
Looking forth on pavement and land, or outside of pavement and land,  
Belonging to the winders of the circuit of circuits.



One of that centripetal and centrifugal gang I turn and talk like a  
man leaving charges before a journey.  
Down-hearted doubters dull and excluded,  
Frivolous, sullen, moping, angry, affected, dishearten'd, atheistical,  
I know every one of you, I know the sea of torment, doubt, despair  
and unbelief.

How the flukes splash!  
How they contort rapid as lightning, with spasms and spouts of  
blood!

Be at peace bloody flukes of doubters and sullen mopers,  
I take my place among you as much as among any,  
The past is the push of you, me, all, precisely the same,  
And what is yet untried and afterward is for you, me, all, precisely  
the same.

I do not know what is untried and afterward,  
But I know it will in its turn prove sufficient, and cannot fail.

Each who passes is consider'd, each who stops is consider'd, not a  
single one can it fail.

It cannot fail the young man who died and was buried,  
Nor the young woman who died and was put by his side,  
Nor the little child that peep'd in at the door, and then drew back  
and was never seen again,  
Nor the old man who has lived without purpose, and feels it with  
bitterness worse than gall,  
Nor him in the poor house tubercled by rum and the bad disorder,  
Nor the numberless slaughter'd and wreck'd, nor the brutish koboo  
call'd the ordure of humanity,  
Nor the sacs merely floating with open mouths for food to slip in,  
Nor any thing in the earth, or down in the oldest graves of the earth,  
Nor any thing in the myriads of spheres, nor the myriads of myriads  
that inhabit them,  
Nor the present, nor the least wisp that is known.

It is time to explain myself—let us stand up.

What is known I strip away,  
I launch all men and women forward with me into the Unknown.

The clock indicates the moment—but what does eternity indicate?

We have thus far exhausted trillions of winters and summers,  
There are trillions ahead, and trillions ahead of them.

Births have brought us richness and variety,  
And other births will bring us richness and variety.

I do not call one greater and one smaller,  
That which fills its period and place is equal to any.

Were mankind murderous or jealous upon you, my brother, my  
sister?

I am sorry for you, they are not murderous or jealous upon me,  
All has been gentle with me, I keep no account with lamentation,  
(What have I to do with lamentation?)

I am an acme of things accomplish'd, and I an encloser of things  
to be

My feet strike an apex of the apices of the stairs,  
On every step bunches of ages, and larger bunches between the  
steps,  
All below duly travel'd, and still I mount and mount.

Rise after rise bow the phantoms behind me,  
Afar down I see the huge first Nothing, I know I was even there,  
I waited unseen and always, and slept through the lethargic mist,  
And took my time, and took no hurt from the fetid carbon.

Long I was hugg'd close—long and long.

Immense have been the preparations for me,  
Faithful and friendly the arms that have help'd me.

Cycles ferried my cradle, rowing and rowing like cheerful boatmen,  
For room to me stars kept aside in their own rings,  
They sent influences to look after what was to hold me.

Before I was born out of my mother generations guided me,  
My embryo has never been torpid, nothing could overlay it.

For it the nebula cohered to an orb,  
The long slow strata piled to rest it on,  
Vast vegetables gave it sustenance,  
Monstrous sauroids transported it in their mouths and deposited it  
with care.

All forces have been steadily employ'd to complete and delight me,  
Now on this spot I stand with my robust soul.

## 45

O span of youth! ever-push'd elasticity.  
O manhood, balanced, florid and full.

My lovers suffocate me,  
Crowding my lips, thick in the pores of my skin,  
jostling me through streets and public halls, coming naked to me at  
night,  
Crying by day *Ahoy!* from the rocks of the river, swinging and  
chirping over my head,  
Calling my name from flower-beds, vines, tangled underbrush,  
Lighting on every moment of my life,  
Bussing my body with soft balsamic busses,  
Noiselessly passing handfuls out of their hearts and giving them to  
be mine.

Old age superbly rising! O welcome, ineffable grace of dying days!  
Every condition promulges not only itself, it promulges what grows  
after and out of itself,  
And the dark hush promulges as much as any.

I open my scuttle at night and see the far-sprinkled systems,  
And all I see multiplied as high as I can cipher edge but the rim of  
the farther systems.

Wider and wider they spread, expanding, always expanding,  
Outward and outward and forever outward.

My sun has his sun and round him obediently wheels,  
He joins with his partners a group of superior circuit,  
And greater sets follow, making specks of the greatest inside them.

There is no stoppage and never can be stoppage,  
If I, you, and the worlds, and all beneath or upon their surfaces,  
were this moment reduced back to a pallid float, it would not  
avail in the long run,  
We should surely bring up again where we now stand,  
And surely go as much farther, and then farther and farther.

A few quadrillions of eras, a few octillions of cubic leagues, do not  
hazard the span or make it impatient,  
They are but parts, any thing is but a part.

See ever so far, there is limitless space outside of that,  
Count ever so much, there is limitless time around that.

My rendezvous is appointed, it is certain,  
The Lord will be there and wait till I come on perfect terms,  
The great Camerado, the lover true for whom I pine will be there.

## 46

I know I have the best of time and space, and was never measured  
and never will be measured.

I tramp a perpetual journey, (come listen all!)  
My signs are a rain-proof coat, good shoes, and a staff cut from the  
woods,  
No friend of mine takes his case in my chair,  
I have no chair, no church, no philosophy,  
I lead no man to a dinner-table, library, exchange.  
But each man and each woman of you I lead upon a knoll,  
My left hand hooking you round the waist,  
My right hand pointing to landscapes of continents and the public  
road.

Not I, not any one else can travel that road for you,  
You must travel it for yourself

It is not far, it is within reach,  
Perhaps you have been on it since you were born and did not know,  
Perhaps it is everywhere on water and on land.

Shoulder your duds dear son, and I will mine, and let us hasten  
 forth,  
 Wonderful cities and free nations we shall fetch as we go.

If you tire, give me both burdens, and rest the chuff of your hand  
 on my hip,  
 And in due time you shall repay the same service to me,  
 For after we start we never lie by again.

This day before dawn I ascended a hill and look'd at the crowded  
 heaven,  
 And I said to my spirit *When we become the enfolders of those  
 orbs, and the pleasure and knowledge of every thing in them,  
 shall we be fill'd and satisfied then?*  
 And my spirit said *No, we but level that lift to pass and continue  
 beyond.*

You are also asking me questions and I hear you,  
 I answer that I cannot answer, you must find out for yourself.

Sit a while dear son,  
 Here are biscuits to eat and here is milk to drink,  
 But as soon as you sleep and renew yourself in sweet clothes, I kiss  
 you with a good-by kiss and open the gate for your egress hence.

Long enough have you dream'd contemptible dreams,  
 Now I wash the gum from your eyes,  
 You must habit yourself to the dazzle of the light and of every mo-  
 ment of your life.

Long have you timidly waded holding a plank by the shore,  
 Now I will you to be a bold swimmer,  
 To jump off in the midst of the sea, rise again, nod to me, shout,  
 and laughingly dash with your hair.

I am the teacher of athletes,  
 He that by me spreads a wider breast than my own proves the width  
 of my own,  
 He most honors my style who learns under it to destroy the teacher.

The boy I love, the same becomes a man not through derived power,  
but in his own right,  
Wicked rather than virtuous out of conformity or fear,  
Fond of his sweetheart, relishing well his steak,  
Unrequited love or a slight cutting him worse than sharp steel cuts,  
First-rate to ride, to fight, to hit the bull's eye, to sail a skiff, to sing  
a song or play on the banjo,  
Preferring scars and the beard and faces pitted with small-pox over  
all latherers,  
And those well-tann'd to those that keep out of the sun.

I teach straying from me, yet who can stray from me?  
I follow you whoever you are from the present hour,  
My words itch at your ears till you understand them.

I do not say these things for a dollar or to fill up the time while I  
wait for a boat,  
(It is you talking just as much as myself, I act as the tongue of you,  
Tied in your mouth, in mine it begins to be loosen'd.)

I swear I will never again mention love or death inside a house,  
And I swear I will never translate myself at all, only to him or her  
who privately stays with me in the open air.

If you would understand me go to the heights or water-shore,  
The nearest gnat is an explanation, and a drop or motion of waves  
a key,  
The maul, the oar, the hand-saw, second my words.

No shutter'd room or school can commune with me,  
But roughs and little children better than they.

The young mechanic is closest to me, he knows me well,  
The woodman that takes his axe and jug with him shall take me  
with him all day,  
The farm-boy ploughing in the field feels good at the sound of my  
voice,  
In vessels that sail my words sail, I go with fishermen and seamen  
and love them.

The soldier camp'd or upon the march is mine,  
On the night ere the pending battle many seek me, and I do not fail  
them,

On that solemn night (it may be their last) those that know me seek me.

My face rubs to the hunter's face when he lies down alone in his blanket,  
 The driver thinking of me does not mind the jolt of his wagon,  
 The young mother and old mother comprehend me,  
 The girl and the wife rest the needle a moment and forget where they are,  
 They and all would resume what I have told them.

## 48

I have said that the soul is not more than the body,  
 And I have said that the body is not more than the soul,  
 And nothing, not God, is greater to one than one's self is,  
 And whoever walks a furlong without sympathy walks to his own funeral drest in his shroud,  
 And I or you pocketless of a dime may purchase the pick of the earth,  
 And to glance with an eye or show a bean in its pod confounds the learning of all times,  
 And there is no trade or employment but the young man following it may become a hero,  
 And there is no object so soft but it makes a hub for the wheel'd universe,  
 And I say to any man or woman, Let your soul stand cool and composed before a million universes.

And I say to mankind, Be not curious about God,  
 For I who am curious about each am not curious about God,  
 (No array of terms can say how much I am at peace about God and about death.)

I hear and behold God in every object, yet understand God not in the least,  
 Nor do I understand who there can be more wonderful than myself.

Why should I wish to see God better than this day?  
 I see something of God each hour of the twenty-four, and each moment then,  
 In the faces of men and women I see God, and in my own face in the glass,

I find letters from God dropt in the street, and every one is sign'd  
by God's name,  
And I leave them where they are, for I know that wheresoe'er I go,  
Others will punctually come for ever and ever.

## 49

And as to you Death, and you bitter hug of mortality, it is idle to  
try to alarm me.

To his work without flinching the accoucheur comes,  
I see the elder-hand pressing receiving supporting,  
I recline by the sills of the exquisite flexible doors,  
And mark the outlet, and mark the relief and escape.

And as to you Corpse I think you are good manure, but that does  
not offend me,  
I smell the white roses sweet-scented and growing,  
I reach to the leafy lips, I reach to the polish'd breasts of melons.

And as to you Life I reckon you are the leavings of many deaths.  
(No doubt I have died myself ten thousand times before )  
I hear you whispering there O stars of heaven,  
O suns—O grass of graves—O perpetual transfers and promotions,  
If you do not say any thing how can I say any thing?

Of the turbid pool that lies in the autumn forest,  
Of the moon that descends the steep of the soughing twilight,  
Toss, sparkles of day and dusk—toss on the black stems that decay  
in the muck,  
Toss to the moaning gibberish of the dry limbs.

I ascend from the moon, I ascend from the night,  
I perceive that the ghastly glimmer is noonday sunbeams reflected,  
And debouch to the steady and central from the offspring great or  
small.

## 50

There is that in me—I do not know what it is—but I know it is in  
me.

Wrench'd and sweaty—calm and cool then my body becomes,  
I sleep—I sleep long.



I do not know it—it is without name—it is a word unsaid,  
It is not in any dictionary, utterance, symbol.

Something it swings on more than the earth I swing on,  
To it the creation is the friend whose embracing awakes me.

Perhaps I might tell more. Outlines! I plead for my brothers and  
sisters.

Do you not see O my brothers and sisters?  
It is not chaos or death—it is form, union, plan—it is eternal life—  
it is Happiness.

## 51

The past and present wilt—I have fill'd them, emptied them,  
And proceed to fill my next fold of the future.

Listener up there! what have you to confide to me?  
Look in my face while I snuff the side of evening,  
(Talk honestly, no one else hears you, and I stay only a minute  
longer.)

Do I contradict myself?  
Very well then I contradict myself,  
(I am large, I contain multitudes.)

I concentrate toward them that are nigh, I wait on the door-slab.

Who has done his day's work? who will soonest be through with  
his supper?  
Who wishes to walk with me?

Will you speak before I am gone? will you prove already too late?

## 52

The spotted hawk swoops by and accuses me, he complains of my  
gab and my loitering.

I too am not a bit tamed, I too am untranslatable,  
I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world.

The last scud of day holds back for me,  
It flings my likeness after the rest and true as any on the shadow'd  
wilds,  
It coaxes me to the vapor and the dusk.

I depart as air, I shake my white locks at the runaway sun,  
I effuse my flesh in eddies, and drift it in lacy jags.

I bequeath myself to the dirt to grow from the grass I love,  
If you want me again look for me under your boot-soles.

You will hardly know who I am or what I mean,  
But I shall be good health to you nevertheless,  
And filter and fibre your blood.

Failing to fetch me at first keep encouraged,  
Missing me one place search another,  
I stop somewhere waiting for you.

### *To Think of Time*

#### I

TO think of time—of all that retrospection,  
To think of today, and the ages continued henceforward.

Have you guess'd you yourself would not continue?  
Have you dreaded these earth-beetles?  
Have you fear'd the future would be nothing to you?

Is today nothing? is the beginningless past nothing?  
If the future is nothing they are just as surely nothing.

To think that the sun rose in the east—that men and women were  
flexible, real, alive—that every thing was alive,  
To think that you and I did not see, feel, think, nor bear our part,  
To think that we are now here and bear our part.

## 2

Not a day passes, not a minute or second without an accouchement,  
Not a day passes, not a minute or second without a corpse.

The dull nights go over and the dull days also,  
The soreness of lying so much in bed goes over,  
The physician after long putting off gives the silent and terrible look  
for an answer,  
The children come hurried and weeping, and the brothers and sisters  
are sent for,  
Medicines stand unused on the shelf, (the camphor-smell has long  
pervaded the rooms,)  
The faithful hand of the living does not desert the hand of the dying,  
The twitching lips press lightly on the forehead of the dying,  
The breath ceases and the pulse of the heart ceases,  
The corpse stretches on the bed and the living look upon it,  
It is palpable as the living are palpable.

The living look upon the corpse with their eyesight,  
But without eyesight lingers a different living and looks curiously  
on the corpse.

## 3

To think the thought of death merged in the thought of materials,  
To think of all these wonders of city and country, and others taking  
great interest in them, and we taking no interest in them.

To think how eager we are in building our houses,  
To think others shall be just as eager, and we quite indifferent.

(I see one building the house that serves him a few years, or seventy  
or eighty years at most,  
I see one building the house that serves him longer than that.)

Slow-moving and black lines creep over the whole earth—they never  
cease—they are the burial lines,  
He that was President was buried, and he that is now President shall  
surely be buried.

## 4

A reminiscence of the vulgar fate,  
A frequent sample of the life and death of workmen,

Each after his kind.

Cold dash of waves at the ferry-wharf, posh and ice in the river, half-frozen mud in the streets,  
A gray discouraged sky overhead, the short last daylight of December,  
A hearse and stages, the funeral of an old Broadway stage-driver, the cortege mostly drivers.

Steady the trot to the cemetery, duly rattles the death-bell,  
The gate is pass'd, the new-dug grave is halted at, the living alight, the hearse uncloses,  
The coffin is pass'd out, lower'd and settled, the whip is laid on the coffin, the earth is swiftly shovel'd in,  
The mound above is flatted with the spades—silence,  
A minute—no one moves or speaks—it is done,  
He is decently put away—is there any thing more?

He was a good fellow, free-mouth'd, quick-temper'd, not bad-looking,  
Ready with life or death for a friend, fond of women, gambled, ate hearty, drank hearty,  
Had known what it was to be flush, grew low-spirited toward the last, sicken'd, was help'd by a contribution,  
Died, aged forty-one years—and that was his funeral.

Thumb extended, finger uplifted, apron, cape, gloves, strap, wet-weather clothes, whip carefully chosen,  
Boss, spotter, starter, hostler, somebody loafing on you, you loafing on somebody, headway, man before and man behind,  
Good day's work, bad day's work, pet stock, mean stock, first out, last out, turning-in at night,  
To think that these are so much and so nigh to other drivers, and he there takes no interest in them.

### *Good-Bye, My Fancy*

GOOD-BYE, my Fancy!  
Farewell, dear mate, dear love!  
I'm going away, I know not where,  
Or to what fortune, or whether I may ever see you again  
So Good-bye, my Fancy.

Now for my last—let me look back a moment;  
 The slower fainter ticking of the clock is in me,  
 Exit, nightfall, and soon the heart-thud stopping.  
 Long have we lived, joy'd, caress'd together;  
 Delightfull—now separation—Good-bye, my Fancy.

Yet let me not be too hasty:  
 Long indeed have we lived, slept, filter'd, become really blended  
 into one;  
 Then if we die we die together (yes, we'll remain one),  
 If we go anywhere we'll go together to meet what happens,  
 May-be we'll be better off and blither, and learn something,  
 May-be it is yourself now really ushering me to the true songs (who  
 knows?),  
 May-be it is you the mortal knob really undoing, turning—so now  
 finally,  
 Good-bye—and hail! my Fancy.

### *Whispers of Heavenly Death*

WHISPERS of heavenly death murmur'd I hear,  
 Labial gossip of night, sibilant chorals,  
 Footsteps gently ascending, mystical breezes wafted soft and low,  
 Ripples of unseen rivers, tides of a current flowing, forever flowing  
 (Or is it the plashing of tears? the measureless waters of human  
 tears?)

I see, just see skyward, great cloud-masses;  
 Mournfully, slowly they roll, silently swelling and mixing,  
 With at times a half-dimm'd sadden'd far-off star,  
 Appearing and disappearing.

(Some parturition rather, some solemn immortal birth;  
 On the frontiers to eyes impenetrable,  
 Some soul is passing over.)

*O Captain! My Captain!*

O CAPTAIN! my Captain, our fearful trip is done,  
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is  
won,  
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,  
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;  
But O heart! heart! heart!  
O the bleeding drops of red,  
Where on the deck my Captain lies,  
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;  
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,  
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths—for you the shores acrowd-  
ing,  
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;  
Here Captain! dear father!  
This arm beneath your head!  
It is some dream that on the deck  
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,  
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,  
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,  
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;  
Exult O shores, and ring O bells!  
But I, with mournful tread,  
Walk the deck my Captain lies,  
Fallen cold and dead.

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 LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON
 

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*Hic Jacet*

SO Love is dead that has been quick so long!  
 Close, then, his eyes, and bear him to his rest,  
 With eglantine and myrtle on his breast,  
 And leave him there, their pleasant scents among;  
 And chant a sweet and melancholy song  
 About the charms whereof he was possessed,  
 And how of all things he was loveliest,  
 And to compare with aught were him to wrong.  
 Leave him beneath the still and solemn stars,  
 That gather and look down from their far place  
 With their long calm our brief woes to deride,  
 Until the Sun the Morning's gate unbars  
 And mocks, in turn, our sorrows with his face;—  
 And yet, had Love been Love, he had not died.

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 RICHARD REALF
 

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*Indirection*

FAIR are the flowers and the children, but their subtle suggestion  
 is fairer;  
 Rare is the roseburst of dawn, but the secret that clasps it is rarer;  
 Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes it is sweeter;  
 And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning outmastered the  
 metre.  
 Never a daisy that grows, but a mystery guideth the growing;  
 Never a river that flows, but a majesty sceptres the flowing;  
 Never a Shakespeare that soared, but a stronger than he did enfold  
 him,  
 Nor ever a prophet foretells, but a mightier seer hath foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs the painter is hinted and hidden;  
 Into the statue that breathes the soul of the sculptor is bidden;  
 Under the joy that is felt lie the infinite issues of feeling;  
 Crowning the glory revealed is the glory that crowns the revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symbolized is greater;  
 Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward creator;  
 Back of the sound broods the silence, back of the gift stands the  
     giving;  
 Back of the hand that receives thrill the sensitive nerves of receiving.

Space is as nothing to spirit, the deed is outdone by the doing;  
 The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the heart of the woo-  
     ing;  
 And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from the heights  
     where those shine,  
 Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and the essence of life is  
     divine.

---

 EMILY DICKINSON
 

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## I

*I Found the Phrase*

I FOUND the phrase to every thought  
 I ever had, but one;  
 And that defies me,—as a hand

Did try to chalk the sun  
 To races nurtured in the dark:—  
 How would your own begin?  
 Can blaze be done in cochineal,  
 Or noon in mazarin?



## II

*Parting*

MY life closed twice before its close;  
 It yet remains to see  
 If Immortality unveil  
 A third event to me,  
 So huge, so hopeless to conceive,  
 As these that twice befell.  
 Parting is all we know of heaven,  
 And all we need of hell.

## III

*Called Back*

JUST lost when I was saved!  
 Just felt the world go by!  
 Just girt me for the onset with eternity,  
 When breath blew back,  
 And on the other side  
 I heard recede the disappointed tide;  
  
 Therefore, as one returned, I feel,  
 Odd secrets of the line to tell!  
 Some sailor, skirting foreign shores,  
 Some pale reporter from the awful doors  
 Before the scall  
  
 Next time, to stay!  
 Next time, the things to see  
 By ear unheard,  
 Unscrutinized by eye.  
  
 Next time, to tarry,  
 While the ages steal,—  
 Slow tramp the centuries,  
 And the cycles wheel.

## IV

*Choice*

OF all the souls that stand create  
I have elected one.  
When sense from spirit files away,  
And subterfuge is done;

When that which is and that which was  
Apart, intrinsic, stand,  
And this brief tragedy of flesh  
Is shifted like a sand;

When figures show their royal front  
And mists are carved away,—  
Behold the atom I preferred  
To all the lists of clay!

## V

*To Hear an Oriole*

TO hear an oriole sing  
May be a common thing,  
Or only a divine.

It is not of the bird  
Who sings the same, unheard,  
As unto crowd.

The fashion of the ear  
Attireth that it hear  
In dun or fair.

So whether it be rune,  
Or whether it be none,  
Is of within;

## AMERICAN POETRY

The "tune is in the tree,"  
 The sceptic showeth me;  
 "No, sir! In thee!"

## VI

*There's a Certain Slant of Light*

THERE'S a certain slant of light,  
 On winter afternoons,  
 That oppresses, like the weight  
 Of cathedral tunes.

Heavenly hurt it gives us;  
 We can find no scar,  
 But internal difference  
 Where the meanings are.

None may teach it anything  
 'Tis the seal, despair,—  
 An imperial affliction  
 Sent us of the air.

When it comes, the landscape listens,  
 Shadows hold their breath;  
 When it goes, 'tis like the distance  
 On the look of death.

## VII

*Apparently with No Surprise*

APPARENTLY with no surprise  
 A To any happy flower,  
 The frost beheads it at its play  
 In accidental power.  
 The blond assassin passes on,  
 The sun proceeds unmoved  
 To measure off another day  
 For an approving God.

## VIII

*The Last Night*

THE last night that she lived,  
It was a common night,  
Except the dying; this to us  
Made nature different.

We noticed smallest things,—  
Things overlooked before,  
By this great light upon our minds  
Italicized, as 'twere.

That others could exist  
While she must finish quite,  
A jealousy for her arose  
So nearly infinite.

We waited while she passed;  
It was a narrow time,  
Too jostled were our souls to speak,  
At length the notice came.

She mentioned, and forgot;  
Then lightly as a reed  
Bent to the water, shivered scarce,  
Consented, and was dead.

And we, we placed the hair,  
And drew the head erect;  
And then an awful leisure was,  
Our faith to regulate.

## IX

*The Bustle in a House*

THE bustle in a house  
The morning after death  
Is solemnest of industries  
Enacted upon earth,—

## AMERICAN POETRY

The sweeping up the heart,  
 And putting love away  
 We shall not want to use again  
 Until eternity.

## x

*I Know That He Exists*

II KNOW that he exists  
 Somewhere, in silence.  
 He has hid his rare life  
 From our gross eyes.

'Tis an instant's play,  
 'Tis a fond ambush,  
 Just to make bliss  
 Earn her own surprise!

But should the play  
 Prove piercing earnest,  
 Should the glee glaze  
 In death's stiff stare,

Would not the fun  
 Look too expensive?  
 Would not the jest  
 Have crawled too far?

## xi

*We Never Know How High*

WE never know how high we are  
 Till we are called to rise;  
 And then, if we are true to plan,  
 Our statures touch the skies.

The heroism we recite  
 Would be a daily thing,

Did not ourselves the cubits warp  
For fear to be a king.

## XII

*The Soul Selects*

THE soul selects her own society,  
Then shuts the door;  
On her divine majority  
Obtrude no more.

Unmoved, she notes the chariot's pausing  
At her low gate;  
Unmoved, an emperor is kneeling  
Upon her mat.  
I've known her from an ample nation  
Choose one;  
Then close the valves of her attention  
Like stone.

## XIII

*A Thought Went Up My Mind*

A THOUGHT went up my mind today  
That I have had before,  
But did not finish,—some way back,  
I could not fix the year,

Nor where it went, nor why it came  
The second time to me,  
Nor definitely what it was,  
Have I the art to say.

But somewhere in my soul, I know  
I've met the thing before;  
It just reminded me—'twas all—  
And came my way no more.

## xiv

*Dying*

I HEARD a fly buzz when I died;  
 The stillness round my form  
 Was like the stillness in the air  
 Between the heavens of storm.

The eyes beside had wrung them dry,  
 And breaths were gathering sure  
 For that last onset, when the king  
 Be witnessed in his power.

I willed my keepsakes, signed away  
 What portion of me I  
 Could make assignable—and then  
 There interposed a fly,

With blue, uncertain, stumbling buzz,  
 Between the light and me,  
 And then the windows failed, and then  
 I could not see to see.

## xv

*A Clock Stopped*

A CLOCK stopped—not the mantel's;  
 Geneva's farthest skill  
 Can't put the puppet bowing  
 That just now dangled still.

An awe came on the trinket!  
 The figures hunched with pain,  
 Then quivered out of decimals  
 Into degreeless noon.

It will not stir for doctors,  
 This pendulum of snow;

The shopman importunes it,  
While cool, concernless No

Nods from the gilded pointers,  
Nods from the seconds slim,  
Decades of arrogance between  
The dial life and him.

## xvi

*Not Any Sunny Tone*

NOT any sunny tone  
From any fervent zone  
Finds entrance there.  
Better a grave of Balm  
Toward human nature's home,  
And Robins near,  
Then a stupendous Tomb  
Proclaiming to the gloom  
How dead we are.

## xvii

*I Felt a Funeral*

I FELT a funeral in my brain,  
And mourners, to and fro,  
Kept treading, treading, till it seemed  
That sense was breaking through.

And when they all were seated,  
A service like a drum  
Kept beating, beating, till I thought  
My mind was going numb.

And then I heard them lift a box,  
And creak across my soul  
With those same boots of lead, again.  
Then space began to toll.



## AMERICAN POETRY

As all the heavens were a well,  
 And Being but an ear,  
 And I and silence some strange race,  
 Wrecked, solitary, here.

## XVIII

*To My Quick Ear*

TO my quick ear the leaves conferred;  
 The bushes they were bells;  
 I could not find a privacy  
 From Nature's sentinels.

In cave if I presumed to hide,  
 The walls began to tell;  
 Creation seemed a mighty crack  
 To make me visible.

## XIX

*In the Garden*

A BIRD came down the walk:  
 He did not know I saw;  
 He bit an angle-worm in halves  
 And ate the fellow raw.

And then he drank a dew  
 From a convenient grass,  
 And then hopped sideways to the wall  
 To let a beetle pass.

He glanced with rapid eyes  
 That hurried all abroad—  
 They looked like frightened beads, I thought;  
 He stirred his velvet head

Like one in danger; cautious,  
 I offered him a crumb,

And he unrolled his feathers  
And rowed him softer home

Than oars divide the ocean,  
Too silver for a seam,  
Or butterflies, off banks of noon,  
Leap, plashless, as they swim.

## xx

*Safe in Their Alabaster Chambers*

SAFE in their alabaster chambers,  
Untouched by morning and untouched by noon,  
Sleep the meek members of the resurrection,  
Rafter of satin, and roof of stone.

Light laughs the breeze in her castle of sunshine;  
Babbles the bee in a stolid ear;  
Pipe the sweet birds in ignorant cadence—  
Ah, what sagacity perished here!

Grand go the years in the crescent above them;  
Worlds scoop their arcs, and firmaments row,  
Diadems drop and Doges surrender,  
Soundless as dots on a disk of snow.

## xxi

*The Wind*

OF all the sounds despatched abroad,  
There's not a charge to me  
Like that old measure in the boughs,  
That phraseless melody

The wind does, working like a hand  
Whose fingers brush the sky,  
Then quiver down, with tufts of tune  
Permitted gods and me.

When winds go round and round in bands,  
And thrum upon the door,  
And birds take places overhead,  
To bear them orchestra,

I crave him grace, of summer boughs,  
If such an outcast be,  
He never heard that fleshless chant  
Rise solemn in the tree,

As if some caravan of sound  
On deserts, in the sky,  
Had broken rank,  
Then knut, and passed  
In seamless company.

## XXII

*The Chariot*

BECAUSE I could not stop for Death,  
He kindly stopped for me;  
The carriage held but just ourselves  
And Immortality.

We slowly drove, we knew no haste,  
And I had put away  
My labour, and my leisure too,  
For his civility.

We passed the school where children played  
Their lessons scarcely done;  
We passed the fields of gazing grain,  
We passed the setting sun.

We paused before a house that seemed  
A swelling on the ground;  
The roof was scarcely visible,  
The cornice but a mound.

Since then 'tis centuries; but each  
Feels shorter than the day  
I first surmised the horses' heads  
Were toward eternity.

## XXIII

*I Died for Beauty*

I DIED for beauty, but was scarce  
Adjusted in the tomb,  
When one who died for truth was lain  
In an adjoining room.

He questioned softly why I failed?  
"For beauty," I replied.  
"And I for truth—the two are one;  
We brethren are," he said.

And so, as kinsmen met a-night,  
We talked between the rooms,  
Until the moss had reached our lips,  
And covered up our names.

## XXIV

*Mysteries*

THE murmur of a bee  
A Witchcraft yieldeth me.  
If any ask me why,  
"Twere easier to die  
Than tell.

The red upon the hill  
Taket away my will;  
If anybody sneer,  
Take care, for God is here,  
That's all.

## AMERICAN POETRY

The breaking of the day  
 Addeth to my degree;  
 If any ask me how,  
 Artist, who drew me so,  
 Must tell!

---

 HELEN HUNT JACKSON
 

---

*Emigravit*

WITH sails full set, the ship her anchor weighs.  
 Strange names shine out beneath her figure head.  
 What glad farewells with eager eyes are said!  
 What cheer for him who goes, and him who stays!  
 Fair skies, rich lands, new homes, and untried days  
 Some go to seek: the rest but wait instead,  
 Watching the way wherein their comrades led,  
 Until the next stanch ship her flag doth raise.  
 Who knows what myriad colonies there are  
 Of fairest fields, and rich, undreamed-of gains  
 Thick planted in the distant shining plains  
 Which we call sky because they lie so far?  
 Oh, write of me, not "Died in bitter pains,"  
 But "Emigrated to another star!"

*A Dream*

I DREAMED that I was dead and crossed heavens,—  
 Heavens after heavens with burning feet and swift,—  
 And cried: "O God, where art Thou? I left one  
 On earth, whose burden I would pray Thee lift."

I was so dead I wondered at no thing,—  
 Not even that the angels slowly turned  
 Their faces, speechless, as I hurried by  
 (Beneath my feet the golden pavements burned);

Nor, at the first, that I could not find God,  
Because the heavens stretched endlessly like space.  
At last a terror seized my very soul;  
I seemed alone in all the crowded place.

Then, sudden, one compassionate cried out,  
Though like the rest his face from me he turned,  
As I were one no angel might regard  
(Beneath my feet the golden pavements burned):

"No more in heaven than earth will he find God  
Who does not know his loving mercy swift  
But waits the moment consummate and ripe,  
Each burden from each human soul to lift."

Though I was dead, I died again for shame;  
Lonely, to flee from heaven again I turned;  
The ranks of angels looked away from me  
(Beneath my feet the golden pavements burned).

### *Danger*

WITH what a childish and short-sighted sense  
Fear seeks for safety; reckons up the days  
Of danger and escape, the hours and ways  
Of death; it breathless flies the pestilence;  
It walls itself in towers of defence;  
By land, by sea, against the storm it lays  
Down barriers; then, comforted, it says:  
"This spot, this hour is safe." Oh, vain pretence!  
Man born of man knows nothing when he goes;  
The winds blow where they list, and will disclose  
To no man which brings safety, which brings risk.  
The mighty are brought low by many a thing  
Too small to name. Beneath the daisy's disk  
Lies hid the pebble for the fatal sling.

---

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

---

*Five Lives*

FIVE mites of monads dwelt in a round drop  
That twinkled on a leaf by a pool in the sun.  
To the naked eye they lived invisible;  
Specks, for a world of whom the empty shell  
Of a mustard-seed had been a hollow sky.

One was a meditative monad, called a sage;  
And, shrinking all his mind within, he thought:  
"Tradition, handed down for hours and hours,  
Tells that our globe, this quivering crystal world,  
Is slowly dying. What if, seconds hence,  
When I am very old, yon shimmering dome  
Come drawing down and down, till all things end?"  
Then with a weazen smirk he proudly felt  
No other mote of God had ever gained  
Such giant grasp of universal truth.

One was a transcendental monad; thin  
And long and slim in the mind; and thus he mused:  
"Oh, vast, unfathomable monad-souls!  
Made in the image"—a hoarse frog croaks from the pool—  
"Hark! 't was some god, voicing his glorious thought  
In thunder music! Yea, we hear their voice,  
And we may guess their minds from ours, their work.  
Some taste they have like ours, some tendency  
To wriggle about, and munch a trace of scum."  
He floated up on a pin-point bubble of gas  
That burst, pricked by the air, and he was gone.

One was a barren-minded monad, called  
A positivist; and he knew positively:  
"There is no world beyond this certain drop.  
Prove me another! let the dreamers dream

Of their faint dreams, and noises from without,  
And higher and lower; life is life enough."  
Then swaggering half a hair's breadth, hungrily  
He seized upon an atom of bug, and fed.

One was a tattered monad, called a poet;  
And with shrill voice ecstatic thus he sang:  
"Oh, the little female monad's lips!  
Oh, the little female monad's eyes:  
Ah, the little, little, female, female monad!"

The last was a strong-minded monadess,  
Who dashed amid the infusoria,  
Danced high and low, and wildly spun and dove  
Till the dizzy others held their breath to see.

But while they led their wondrous little lives  
Aeonian moments had gone wheeling by,  
The burning drop had shrunk with fearful speed;  
A glistening film—'t was gone; the leaf was dry.  
The little ghost of an inaudible squeak  
Was lost to the frog that goggled from his stone;  
Who, at the huge, slow tread of a thoughtful ox  
Coming to drink, stirred sideways fatly, plunged,  
Launched backward twice, and all the pool was still.

---

## JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE

---

### *Midwinter*

THE speckled sky is dim with snow,  
The light flakes falter and fall slow;  
Athwart the hill-top, rapt and pale,  
Silently drops a silvery veil;  
And all the valley is shut in  
By flickering curtains gray and thin.



But cheerily the chickadee  
Singeth to me on fence and tree;  
The snow sails round him as he sings,  
White as the down of angels' wings.

I watch the slow flakes as they fall  
On bank and brier and broken wall;  
Over the orchard, waste and brown,  
All noiselessly they settle down,  
Tipping the apple-boughs, and each  
Light quivering twig of plum and peach.

On turf and curb and bower-roof  
The snow-storm spreads its ivory woof;  
It paves with pearl the garden-walk;  
And lovingly round tattered stalk  
And shivering stem its magic weaves  
A mantle fair as lily-leaves.

The hooded beehive, small and low,  
Stands like a maiden in the snow;  
And the old door-slab is half-hid  
Under an alabaster lid.

All day it snows: the sheeted post  
Gleams in the dimness like a ghost;  
All day the blasted oak has stood  
A muffled wizard of the wood;

Garland and airy cap adorn  
The sumach and the wayside thorn,  
And clustering spangles lodge and shine  
In the dark tresses of the pine.

The ragged bramble, dwarfed and old,  
Shrinks like a beggar in the cold;  
In surplice white the cedar stands,  
And blesses him with priestly hands.

Still cheerily the chickadee  
Singeth to me on fence and tree:  
But in my inmost ear is heard

The music of a holier bird;  
And heavenly thoughts as soft and white  
As snow-flakes, on my soul alight,  
Clothing with love my lonely heart,  
Healing with peace each bruised part,  
Till all my being seems to be  
Transfigured by their purity.

---

GEORGE HENRY BOKER

---

*Dirge for a Soldier*

CLOSE his eyes; his work is done!  
What to him is friend or foeman,  
Rise of moon, or set of sun,  
Hand of man, or kiss of woman?  
Lay him low, lay him low,  
In the clover or the snow!  
What cares he? he cannot know:  
Lay him low!

As man may, he fought his fight,  
Proved his truth by his endeavor;  
Let him sleep in solemn night,  
Sleep forever and forever.  
Lay him low, lay him low,  
In the clover or the snow!  
What cares he? he cannot know:  
Lay him low!

Fold him in his country's stars,  
Roll the drum and fire the volley!  
What to him are all our wars,  
What but death bemoeking folly?  
Lay him low, lay him low,  
In the clover or the snow!  
What cares he? he cannot know:  
Lay him low!

## AMERICAN POETRY

Leave him to God's watching eye,  
Trust him to the hand that made him  
Mortal love weeps idly by:  
God alone has power to aid him.  
Lay him low, lay him low,  
In the clover or the snow!  
What cares he? he cannot know:  
Lay him low!

---

MAURICE THOMPSON

---

*Wild Honey*

WHERE hints of racy sap and gum  
Out of the old dark forest come;

Where birds their beaks like hammers wield,  
And pith is pierced and bark is peeled;

Where the green walnut's outer rind  
Gives precious bitterness to the wind;

There lurks the sweet creative power,  
As lurks the honey in the flower.

In winter's bud that bursts in spring,  
In nut of autumn's ripening,

In acrid bulb beneath the mold,  
Sleeps the elixir, strong and old,

That Rosicrucians sought in vain,—  
Life that renews itself again!

What bottled perfume is so good  
As fragrance of split tulip-wood?

What fabled drink of God or muse  
Was rich as purple mulberry juice?

And what school-polished gem of thought  
Is like the rune from Nature caught?

He is a poet strong and true  
Who loves wild thyme and honey-dew;

And like a brown bee works and sings  
With morning freshness on his wings,

And a gold burden on his thighs,—  
The pollen-dust of centuries!

---

JOHN VANCE CHENEY

---

*The Happiest Heart*

WHO drives the horses of the sun  
Shall lord it but a day;  
Better the lowly deed were done,  
And kept the humble way.

The rust will find the sword of fame,  
The dust will hide the crown;  
Ay, none shall nail so high his name  
Time will not tear it down.

The happiest heart that ever beat  
Was in some quiet breast  
That found the common daylight sweet,  
And left to Heaven the rest.

---

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER

---

*My Old Kentucky Home*

THE sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home;  
 'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;  
 The corn-top's ripe, and the meadow's in the bloom,  
 While the birds make music all the day.  
 The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,  
 All merry, all happy and bright;  
 By-'n'-by hard times comes a-knocking at the door:—  
 Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!

Weep no more, my lady,  
 O, weep no more today!  
 We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,  
 For the old Kentucky home, far away.

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,  
 On the meadow, the hill, and the shore;  
 They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,  
 On the bench by the old cabin door.  
 The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,  
 With sorrow, where all was delight;  
 The time has come when the darkies have to part:—  
 Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!

The head must bow, and the back will have to bend  
 Wherever the darky may go;  
 A few more days, and the trouble all will end,  
 In the field where the sugar-canes grow.  
 A few more days for to tote the weary load,—  
 No matter, 'twill never be light;  
 A few more days till we totter on the road:—  
 Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!

Weep no more, my lady,  
O, weep no more today!  
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,  
For the old Kentucky home, far away.

---

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

---

*Memory*

MY mind lets go a thousand things,  
Like dates of wars and deaths of kings,  
And yet recalls the very hour—  
'Twas noon by yonder village tower,  
And on the last blue noon in May  
The wind came briskly up this way,  
Crisping the brook beside the road;  
Then, pausing here, set down its load  
Of pine-scents, and shook listlessly  
Two petals from that wild-rose tree.

*Enamored Architect of Airy Rhyme*

ENAMORED architect of airy rhyme,  
Build as thou wilt; heed not what each man says:  
Good souls, but innocent of dreamers' ways,  
Will come, and marvel why thou wastest time;  
Others, beholding how thy turrets climb  
'Twixt theirs and heaven, will hate thee all thy days;  
But most beware of those who come to praise.  
O Wondersmith, O worker in sublime  
And heaven-sent dreams, let art be all in all;  
Build as thou wilt, unspoiled by praise or blame,  
Build as thou wilt, and as thy light is given:  
Then, if at last the airy structure fall,  
Dissolve, and vanish—take thyself no shame.  
They fail, and they alone, who have not striven.

---

JOHN BURROUGHS

---

*Waiting*

SERENE, I fold my hands and wait,  
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;  
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,  
For, lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,  
For what avails this eager pace?  
I stand amid the eternal ways,  
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,  
The friends I seek are seeking me;  
No wind can drive my bark astray,  
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?  
I wait with joy the coming years;  
My heart shall reap where it has sown,  
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own and draw  
The brook that springs in yonder height;  
So flows the good with equal law  
Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come nightly to the sky;  
The tidal wave unto the sea;  
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,  
Can keep my own away from me.

---

JOAQUIN MILLER

---

*At the Grave of Walker*

HE lies low in the levelled sand,  
Unsheltered from the tropic sun,  
And now of all he knew not one  
Will speak him fair in that far land.  
Perhaps 'twas this that made me seek,  
Disguised, his grave one winter-tide;  
A weakness for the weaker side,  
A siding with the helpless weak.

A palm not far held out a hand,  
Hard by a long green bamboo swung,  
And bent like some great bow unstrung,  
And quivered like a willow wand;  
Perched on its fruits that crooked hand,  
Beneath a broad banana's leaf,  
A bird in rainbow splendor sang  
A low, sad song, tempered grief.

No sod, no sign, no cross nor stone,  
But at his side a cactus green  
Upheld its lances long and keen;  
It stood in sacred sands alone,  
Flat-palmed and fierce with lifted spears;  
One bloom of crimson crowned its head,  
A drop of blood, so bright, so red,  
Yet redolent as roses' tears.

In my left hand I held a shell,  
All rosy lipped and pearly red;  
I laid it by his lowly bed,  
For he did love so passing well  
The grand songs of the solemn sea.  
O shell! sing well, wild, with a will,



When storms blow loud and birds be still,  
The wildest sea-song known to thee!

I said some things with folded hands,  
Soft whispered in the dim sea-sound,  
And eyes held humbly to the ground,  
And frail knees sunken in the sands.  
He had done more than this for me,  
And yet I could not well do more:  
I turned me down the olive shore,  
And set a sad face to the sea.

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SIDNEY LANIER

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*The Marshes of Glynn*

GLOOMS of the live-oaks, beautiful-braided and woven  
With intricate shades of the vines that myriad-cloven  
Clamber the forks of the multi-form boughs,—  
Emerald twilights,—  
Virginal shy lights,  
Wrought of the leaves to allure to the whisper of vows,  
When lovers pace timidly down through the green colonnades  
Of the dim sweet woods, of the dear dark woods,  
Of the heavenly woods and glades,  
That run to the radiant marginal sand-beach within  
The wide sea-marshes of Glynn;—

Beautiful glooms, soft dusks in the noon-day fire,—  
Wildwood privacies, closets of lone desire,  
Chamber from chamber parted with wavering arras of leaves.—  
Cells for the passionate pleasure of prayer to the soul that grieves,  
Pure with a sense of the passing of saints through the wood,  
Cool for the dutiful weighing of ill with good;—  
O braided dusks of the oak and woven shades of the vine,  
While the riotous noon-day sun of the June-day long did shine  
Ye held me fast in your heart and I held you fast in mine;

But now when the noon is no more, and riot is rest,  
And the sun is a-wait at the ponderous gate of the West,  
And the slant yellow beam down the wood-aisle doth seem  
Like a lane into heaven that leads from a dream,—  
Ay, now, when my soul all day hath drunken the soul of the oak,  
And my heart is at ease from men, and the wearisome sound of the  
stroke

Of the scythe of time and the trowel of trade is low,  
And belief overmasters doubt, and I know that I know,  
And my spirit is grown to a lordly great compass within,  
That the length and the breadth and the sweep of the marshes of  
Glynn

Will work me no fear like the fear they have wrought me of yore  
When length was fatigue, and when breadth was but bitterness sore,  
And when terror and shrinking and dreary unnamable pain  
Drew over me out of the merciless miles of the plain,—

Oh, now, unafraid, I am fain to face

The vast sweet visage of space.

To the edge of the wood I am drawn, I am drawn,  
Where the gray beach glimmering runs, as a belt of the dawn,

For a mete and a mark

To the forest-dark:—

So.

Affable live-oak, leaning low,—

Thus—with your favor—soft, with a reverent hand  
(Not lightly touching your person, Lord of the land!),

Bending your beauty aside, with a step I stand

On the firm-packed sand,

Free

By a world of marsh that borders a world of sea.

Sinuous southward and sinuous northward the shimmering band

Of the sand-beach fastens the fringe of the marsh to the folds of  
the land.

Inward and outward to northward and southward the beach-lines  
linger and curl

As a silver-wrought garment that clings to and follows the firm sweet  
limbs of a girl.

Vanishing, swerving, evermore curving again into sight,

Softly the sand-beach wavers away to a dim gap looping of light.

And what if behind me to westward the wall of the woods stands  
high?

The world lies east: how ample, the marsh and the sea and the sky!  
 A league and a league of marsh-grass, waist-high, broad in the blade,  
 Green, and all of a height, and unflecked with a light or a shade,  
 Stretch leisurely off, in a pleasant plain,  
 To the terminal blue of the main.

Oh, what is abroad in the marsh and the terminal sea?

Somehow my soul seems suddenly free  
 From the weighing of fate and the sad discussion of sin,  
 By the length and the breadth and the sweep of the marshes of  
 Glynn.

Ye marshes, how candid and simple and nothing-withholding and  
 free

Ye publish yourselves to the sky and offer yourselves to the sea!  
 Tolerant plains, that suffer the sea and the rains and the sun,  
 Ye spread and span like the catholic man who hath mightily won  
 God out of knowledge and good out of infinite pain  
 And sight out of blindness and purity out of a stain.

As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,  
 Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of God:  
 I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen flies  
 In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh and the skies:  
 By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the sod  
 I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of God:  
 Oh, like to the greatness of God is the greatness within  
 The range of the marshes, the liberal marshes of Glynn.

And the sea lends large, as the marsh: lo, out of his plenty the sea  
 Pours fast. full soon the time of the flood-tide must be:  
 Look how the grace of the sea doth go  
 About and about through the intricate channels that flow

Here and there,

Everywhere,

Till his waters have flooded the uttermost creeks' and the low-lying  
 lanes,

And the marsh is meshed with a million veins,  
 That like as with rosy and silvery essences flow

In the rose-and-silver evening glow.

Farewell, my lord Sun!

The creeks overflow: a thousand rivulets run.

"Twixt the roots of the sod; the blades of the marsh-grass stir;  
Passeth a hurrying sound of wings that westward whirl;  
Passeth, and all is still; and the currents cease to run;  
And the sea and the marsh are one.

How still the plains of the waters be!  
The tide is in his ecstasy.  
The tide is at his highest height:  
And it is night.

And now from the Vast of the Lord will the waters of sleep  
Roll in on the souls of men,  
But who will reveal to our waking ken  
The forms that swim and the shapes that creep  
Under the waters of sleep?

### *Opposition*

O F fret, of dark, of thorn, of chill,  
Complain no more; for these, O heart,  
Direct the random of the will  
As rhymes direct the rage of art.

The lute's fixt fret, that runs athwart  
The strain and purpose of the string,  
For governance and nice consort  
Doth bar his wilful wavering.

The dark hath many dear avails;  
The dark distils divinest dew;  
The dark is rich with nightingales,  
With dreams, and with the heavenly *Muse*.

Bleeding with thorns of petty strife,  
I'll ease (as lovers do) my smart  
With sonnets to my lady Life  
Writ red in issues from the heart.

What grace may lie within the chill  
Of favor frozen fast in scorn!  
When Good's a-freeze, we call it Ill!  
This rosy Time is glacier-born.

## AMERICAN POETRY

Of fret, of dark, of thorn, of chill,  
 Complain thou not, O heart; for these  
 Bank in the current of the will  
 To uses, arts, and charities.

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 HENRY AUGUSTIN BEERS
 

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*Ecce in Deserto*

THE wilderness a secret keeps  
 Upon whose guess I go:  
 Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard;  
 And yet I know, I know,

Some day the viewless latch will lift,  
 The door of air swing wide  
 To one lost chamber of the wood  
 Where those shy mysteries hide,—

One yet unfound, receding depth,  
 From which the wood-thrush sings,  
 Still luring in to darker shades,  
 In—in to colder springs.

There is no wind abroad today.  
 But hark!—the pine-tops' roar,  
 That sleep and in their dreams repeat  
 The music of the shore.

What wisdom in their needles stirs?  
 What song is that they sing?  
 Those airs that search the forest's heart,  
 What rumor do they bring?

A hushed excitement fills the gloom,  
 And, in the stillness, clear  
 The vireo's tell-tale warning rings:  
 " 'Tis near—'tis near—'tis near!"

As, in the fairy-tale, more loud  
The ghostly music plays  
When, toward the enchanted bower, the prince  
Draws closer through the maze.

Nay—nay. I track a fleeter game,  
A wilder than ye know,  
To lairs beyond the inmost haunt  
Of thrush or vireo.

This way it passed: the scent lies fresh;  
The ferns still lightly shake.  
Ever I follow hard upon,  
But never overtake.

To other woods the trail leads on,  
To other worlds and new,  
Where they who keep the secret here  
Will keep the promise too.

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### JOHN BANISTER TABB

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#### *Clower*

LITTLE masters, hat in hand  
Let me in your presence stand,  
Till your silence solve for me  
This your threefold mystery.

Tell me—for I long to know—  
How, in darkness there below,  
Was your fairy fabric spun,  
Spread and fashioned, three in one.

Did your gossips gold and blue,  
Sky and Sunshine, choose for you,  
Ere your triple forms were seen,  
Suited liveries of green?

## AMERICAN POETRY

Can ye,—if ye dwelt indeed  
 Captives of a prison seed,—  
 Like the Genie, once again  
 Get you back into the grain?

Little masters, may I stand  
 In your presence, hat in hand,  
 Waiting till you solve for me  
 This your threefold mystery?

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 EDWIN MARKHAM
 

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*The Man with the Hoe*

GOD MADE MAN IN HIS OWN IMAGE  
 IN THE IMAGE OF GOD HE MADE HIM.—GENESIS.

BOWED by the weight of centuries he leans  
 Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,  
 The emptiness of ages in his face,  
 And on his back the burden of the world.  
 Who made him dead to rapture and despair,  
 A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,  
 Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?  
 Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?  
 Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?  
 Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave  
 To have dominion over sea and land;  
 To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;  
 To feel the passion of Eternity?  
 Is this the dream He dreamed who shaped the suns  
 And markt their ways upon the ancient deep?  
 Down all the caverns of Hell to their last gulf  
 There is no shape more terrible than this—  
 More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed—

More filled with signs and portents for the soul—  
More packt with danger to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!  
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him  
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?  
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,  
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?  
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;  
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;  
Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,  
Plundered, profaned and disinherited,  
Cries protest to the Powers that made the world,  
A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,  
Is this the handiwork you give to God,  
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quencht?  
How will you ever straighten up this shape;  
Touch it again with immortality;  
Give back the upward looking and the light;  
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;  
Make right the immemorial infamies,  
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,  
How will the future reckon with this Man?  
How answer his brute question in that hour  
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake all shores?  
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—  
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—  
When this dumb Terror shall rise to judge the world,  
After the silence of the centuries?



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WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

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*A Grey Day*

GREY drizzling mists the moorlands drape,  
Rain whitens the dead sea,  
From headland dim to sullen cape  
Grey sails creep wearily.  
I know not how that merchantman  
Has found the heart; but 'tis her plan  
Seaward her endless course to shape.

Unreal as insects that appall  
A drunkard's peevish brain,  
O'er the grey deep the dories crawl,  
Four-legged, with rowers twain.  
Midgets and minims of the earth,  
Across old ocean's vasty girth  
Toiling—heroic, comical!

I wonder how that merchant's crew  
Have ever found the will!  
I wonder what the fishers do  
To keep them toiling still!  
I wonder how the heart of man  
Has patience to live out its span,  
Or wait until its dreams come true.

*Pandora Song*

I STOOD within the heart of God;  
It seemed a place that I had known:  
(I was blood-sister to the clod,  
Blood-brother to the stone.)

I found my love and labor there,  
My house, my raiment, meat and wine,

My ancient rage, my old despair,—  
Yea, all things that were mine.

I saw the spring and summer pass,  
The trees grow bare, and winter come;  
All was the same as once it was  
Upon my hills at home.

Then suddenly in my own heart  
I felt God walk and gaze about;  
He spoke; his words seemed held apart  
With gladness and with doubt.

"Here is my meat and wine," He said,  
"My love, my toil, my ancient care;  
Here is my cloak, my book, my bed,  
And here my old despair.

"Here are my seasons: winter, spring,  
Summers the same, and autumn spills  
The fruits I look for; everything  
As on my heavenly hills."

### *An Ode in Time of Hesitation*

#### I

BEFORE the solemn bronze Saint Gaudens made  
To thrill the heedless passer's heart with awe,  
And set here in the city's talk and trade  
To the good memory of Robert Shaw,  
This bright March morn I stand,  
And hear the distant spring come up the land;  
Knowing that what I hear is not unheard  
Of this boy soldier and his Negro band,  
For all their gaze is fixed so stern ahead,  
For all the fatal rhythm of their tread.  
The land they died to save from death and shame  
Trembles and waits, hearing the spring's great name  
And by her pangs these resolute ghosts are stirred.

## II

Through street and mall the tides of people go  
Heedless; the trees upon the Common show  
No hint of green; but to my listening heart  
The still earth doth impart  
Assurance of her jubilant emprise,  
And it is clear to my long-searching eyes  
That love at last has might upon the skies.  
The ice is runneled on the little pond;  
A telltale patter drips from off the trees;  
The air is touched with Southland spiceries,  
As if but yesterday it tossed the frond  
Of pendent mosses where the live-oaks grow  
Beyond Virginia and the Carolines,  
Or had its will among the fruits and vines  
Of aromatic isles asleep beyond  
Florida and the Gulf of Mexico.

## III

Soon shall the Cape Ann children shout in glee,  
Spying the arbutus, spring's dear recluse;  
Hill lads at dawn shall hearken the wild goose  
Go hanking northward over Tennessee;  
West from Oswego to Sault Sainte-Marie,  
And on to where the Pictured Rocks are hung,  
And yonder where, gigantic, wilful, young,  
Chicago sitteth at the northwest gates,  
With restless violent hands and casual tongue  
Moulding her mighty fates,  
The Lakes shall robe them in ethereal sheen;  
And like a larger sea, the vital green  
Of springing wheat shall vastly be outflung  
Over Dakota and the prairie states.  
By desert people immemorial  
On Arizonian mesas shall be done  
Dim rites unto the thunder and the sun;  
Nor shall the primal gods lack sacrifice  
More splendid, when the white Sierras call  
Unto the Rockies straightway to arise  
And dance before the unveiled ark of the year.  
Sounding their windy cedars as for shawms,

Unrolling rivers clear  
For flutter of broad phylacteries;  
While Shasta signals to Alaskan seas  
That watch old sluggish glaciers downward creep  
To fling their icebergs thundering from the steep,  
And Mariposa through the purple calms  
Gazes at far Hawaii crowned with palms  
Where East and West are met,—  
A rich seal on the ocean's bosom set  
To say that East and West are twain,  
With different loss and gain:  
The Lord hath sundered them; let them be sundered yet.

## IV

Alas! what sounds are these that come  
Sullenly over the Pacific seas,—  
Sounds of ignoble battle, striking dumb  
The season's half-awakened ecstasies?  
Must I be humble, then,  
Now when my heart hath need of pride?  
Wild love falls on me from these sculptured men;  
By loving much the land for which they died  
I would be justified.  
My spirit was away on pinions wide  
To soothe in praise of her its passionate mood  
And ease it of its ache of gratitude.  
Too sorely heavy is the debt they lay  
On me and the companions of my day.  
I would remember now  
My country's goodness, make sweet her name.  
Alas! what shade art thou  
Of sorrow or of blame  
Liftest the lyric leafage from her brow,  
And pointest a slow finger at her shame?

## V

Lies! lies! It cannot be! The wars we wage  
Are noble, and our battles still are won  
By justice for us, ere we lift the gage.  
We have not sold our loftiest heritage.  
The proud republic hath not stooped to cheat

And scramble in the market-place of war;  
 Her forehead weareth yet its solemn star.  
 Here is her witness: this, her perfect son,  
 This delicate and proud New England soul  
 Who leads despised men, with just-unshackled feet,  
 Up the large ways where death and glory meet,  
 To show all peoples that our shame is done,  
 That once more we are clean and spirit-whole.

## VI

Crouched in the sea-fog on the moaning sand  
 All night he lay, speaking some simple word  
 From hour to hour to the slow minds that heard,  
 Holding each poor life gently in his hand  
 And breathing on the base rejected clay  
 Till each dark face shone mystical and grand  
 Against the breaking day;  
 And lo, the shard the potter cast away  
 Was grown a fiery chalice crystal-fine,  
 Fulfilled of the divine  
 Great wine of battle wrath by God's ring-finger stirred.  
 Then upward, where the shadowy bastion loomed  
 Huge on the mountain in the wet sea light,  
 Whence now, and now, infernal flowerage bloomed,  
 Bloomed, burst, and scattered down its deadly seed,—  
 They swept, and died like freemen on the height,  
 Like freemen, and like men of noble breed;  
 And when the battle fell away at night  
 By hasty and contemptuous hands were thrust  
 Obscurely in a common grave with him  
 The fair-haired keeper of their love and trust.  
 Now limb doth mingle with dissolved limb  
 In nature's busy old democracy  
 To flush the mountain laurel when she blows  
 Sweet by the Southern sea,  
 And heart with crumbled heart climbs in the rose:—  
 The untaught hearts with the high heart that knew  
 This mountain fortress for no earthly hold  
 Of temporal quarrel, but the bastion old  
 Of spiritual wrong,  
 Built by an unjust nation sheer and strong,

Expugnable but by a nation's rue  
And bowing down before that equal shrine  
By all men held divine,  
Whereof his band and he were the most holy sign.

## VII

O bitter, bitter shadel  
Wilt thou not put the scorn  
And instant tragic question from thine eye?  
Do thy dark brows yet crave  
That swift and angry stave—  
Unmeet for this desirous morn—  
That I have striven, striven to evade?  
Gazing on him, must I not deem they err  
Whose careless lips in street and shop aver  
As common tidings, deeds to make his cheek  
Flush from the bronze, and his dead throat to speak?  
Surely some elder singer would arise,  
Whose harp hath leave to threaten and to mourn  
Above this people when they go astray.  
Is Whitman, the strong spirit, overworn?  
Has Whittier put his yearning wrath away?  
I will not and I dare not yet believe!  
Though furtively the sunlight seems to grieve,  
And the spring-laden breeze  
Out of the gladdening west is sinister  
With sounds of nameless battle overseas;  
Though when we turn and question in suspense  
If these things be indeed after these ways,  
And what things are to follow after these,  
Our fluent men of place and consequence  
Fumble and fill their mouths with hollow phrase,  
Or for the end-all of deep arguments  
Intone their dull commercial liturgies—  
I dare not yet believe! My ears are shut!  
I will not hear the thin satiric praise  
And muffled laughter of our enemies,  
Bidding us never sheathe our valiant sword  
Till we have changed our birthright for a gourd  
Of wild pulse stolen from a barbarian's hut;  
Showing how wise it is to cast away

The symbols of our spiritual sway,  
That so our hands with better ease  
May wield the driver's whip and grasp the jailer's keys.

## VIII

Was it for this our fathers kept the law?  
This crown shall crown their struggle and their ruth?  
Are we the eagle nation Milton saw  
Mewing its mighty youth,  
Soon to possess the mountain winds of truth,  
And be a swift familiar of the sun  
Where aye before God's face his trumpets run?  
Or have we but the talons and the maw,  
And for the abject likeness of our heart  
Shall some less lordly bird be set apart?  
Some gross-billed wader where the swamps are fat?  
Some gorger in the sun? Some prowler with the bat?

## IX

Ah, no!  
We have not fallen so.  
We are our fathers' sons let those who lead us know!  
'T was only yesterday sick Cuba's cry  
Came up the tropic wind, "Now help us, for we die!"  
Then Alabama heard,  
And rising, pale, to Maine and Idaho  
Shouted a burning word.  
Proud state with proud impassioned state conferred,  
And at the lifting of a hand sprang forth,  
East, west, and south, and north,  
Beautiful armies. Oh, by the sweet blood and young  
Shed on the awful hill slope at San Juan,  
By the unforgotten names of eager boys  
Who might have tasted girl's love and been stung  
With the old mystic joys  
And starry griefs, now the spring nights come on,  
But that the heart of youth is generous,—  
We charge you, ye who lead us,  
Breathe on their chivalry no hint of stain!  
Turn not their new-world victories to gain!  
One least leaf plucked for chaffer from the bays

Of their dear praise,  
One jot of their pure conquest put to hire,  
The implacable republic will require;  
With clamor, in the glare and gaze of noon,  
Or subtly, coming as a thief at night,  
But surely, very surely, slow or soon  
That insult deep we deeply will requite.  
Tempt not our weakness, our cupidity!  
For save we let the island men go free,  
Those baffled and dislaureled ghosts  
Will curse us from the lamentable coasts  
Where walk the frustrate dead.  
The cup of trembling shall be drained quite,  
Eaten the sour bread of astonishment,  
With ashes of the hearth shall be made white  
Our hair, and wailing shall be in the tent;  
Then on your guiltier head  
Shall our intolerable self-disdain  
Wreak suddenly its anger and its pain;  
For manifest in that disastrous light  
We shall discern the right  
And do it, tardily.—O ye who lead,  
Take heed!  
Blindness we may forgive, but baseness we will smite.

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STEPHEN CRANE

---

*War Is Kind*

Do not weep, maiden, for war is kind.  
Because your lover threw wild hands toward the sky  
And the affrighted steed ran on alone,  
Do not weep.  
War is kind.

Hoarse, booming drums of the regiment,  
Little souls who thirst for fight,



These men were born to drill and die.  
 The unexplained glory flies above them,  
 Great is the battle-god, great, and his kingdom—  
 A field where a thousand corpses lie.

Do not weep, babe, for war is kind.  
 Because your father tumbled in the yellow trenches,  
 Raged at his breast, gulped and died,  
 Do not weep.  
 War is kind.

Swift blazing flag of the regiment,  
 Eagle with crest of red and gold,  
 These men were born to drill and die.  
 Point for them the virtue of slaughter,  
 Make plain to them the excellence of killing  
 And a field where a thousand corpses lie.

Mother whose heart hung humble as a button  
 On the bright splendid shroud of your son,  
 Do not weep.  
 War is kind.

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GEORGE CABOT LODGE

---

*Day and Dark*

NOW the golden fields of sunset rose on rose to me-ward fall,  
 Down the dark reverberate beaches clear and far the sea-birds  
 call,  
 Blue across the fire-stained waters, eastward thrusts the chuckling  
 tide,  
 Fresh as when the immortal impulse took the lifeless world for  
 bride.

Now the shore's thin verge of shallows keep the tense and tender  
 light,

Now the stars hang few and faultless, diademed on the brows of  
night,

Now the moon's unstinted silver falls like dew along the sea  
While from far a friendly casement softly fills with light for me.

So it ends! I reaped the harvest, lived the long and lavish day,  
Saw the earliest sunlight shiver thro' the breakers' endless play,  
Felt the noonday's warm abundance, shared the hours of large repose,  
While the stately sun descended thro' the twilight's sumptuous close.

Now the night-fall—Ah! I guess the immortal secret, glimpse the  
goal,

Know the hours have scanted nothing, know each fragment hints  
the whole,

While the Soul in power and freedom dares and wills to claim its  
own,

Star over star, a larger, lovelier unknown heaven beyond the known!

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GEORGE SANTAYANA

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*On the Death of a Metaphysician*

UNHAPPY dreamer, who outwinged in flight  
The pleasant region of the things I love,  
And soared beyond the sunshine, and above  
The golden cornfields and the dear and bright  
Warmth of the hearth,—blasphemer of delight,  
Was your proud bosom not at peace with Jove,  
That you sought, thankless for his guarded grove,  
The empty horror of abysmal night?  
Ah, the thin air is cold above the moon!  
I stood and saw you fall, befooled in death,  
As, in your numbed spirit's fatal swoon,  
You cried you were a god, or were to be;  
I heard with feeble moan your boastful breath  
Bubble from depths of the Icarian sea.

*"As in the Midst of Battle There Is Room"*

AS in the midst of battle there is room  
 For thoughts of love, and in foul sin for mirth,  
 As gossips whisper of a trinket's worth  
 Spied by the death-bed's flickering candle-gloom;  
 As in the crevices of Cæsar's tomb  
 The sweet herbs flourish on a little earth:  
 So in this great disaster of our birth  
 We can be happy, and forget our doom.

For morning, with a ray of tenderest joy  
 Gilding the iron heaven, hides the truth,  
 And evening gently woos us to employ  
 Our grief in idle catches. Such is youth;  
 Till from that summer's trance we wake, to find  
 Despair before us, vanity behind.

*Solipsism*

I COULD believe that I am here alone,  
 And all the world my dream;  
 The passion of the scene is all my own,  
 And things that seem but seem.

Perchance an exhalation of my sorrow  
 Hath raised this vaporous show,  
 For whence but from my soul should all things borrow  
 So deep a tinge of woe?

I keep the secret doubt within my breast  
 To be the gods' defence,  
 To ease the heart by too much ruth oppressed  
 And drive the horror hence.

O sorrow that the patient brute should cower  
 And die, not having sinned!  
 O pity that the wild and fragile flower  
 Should shiver in the wind!

Then were I dreaming dreams I know not of,  
For that is part of me  
That feels the piercing pang of grief and love  
And doubts eternally.

But whether all to me the vision come  
Or break in many beams,  
The pageant ever shifts, and being's sum  
Is but the sum of dreams.

### *Odes*

WHAT god will choose me from this labouring nation  
To worship him afar, with inward gladness,  
At sunset and at sunrise. in some Persian  
Garden of roses;

Or under the full moon, in rapturous silence,  
Charmed by the trickling fountain, and the moaning  
Of the death-hallowed cypress, and the myrtle  
Hallowed by Venus?

O for a chamber in an eastern tower,  
Spacious and empty, roofed in odorous cedar,  
A silken soft divan, a woven carpet  
Rich, many-coloured;

A jug that, poised on her firm head, a Negress  
Fetched from the well; a window to the ocean,  
Lest of the stormy world too deep seclusion  
Make me forgetful!

Thence I might watch the vessel-bearing waters  
Beat the slow pulses of the life eternal,  
Bringing of nature's universal travail  
Infinite echoes;

And there at even I might stand and listen  
To thrum of distant lutes and dying voices

Chanting the ditty an Arabian captive  
Sang to Darius.

So would I dream awhile, and ease a little  
The soul long stifled and the straitened spirit,  
Tasting new pleasures in a far-off country  
Sacred to beauty.

## II

My heart rebels against my generation,  
That talks of freedom and is slave to riches,  
And, toiling 'neath each day's ignoble burden,  
Boasts of the morrow.

No space for noonday rest or midnight watches,  
No purest joy of breathing under heaven!  
Wretched themselves, they heap, to make them happy,  
Many possessions.

But thou, O silent Mother, wise, immortal,  
To whom our toil is laughter,—take, divine one,  
This vanity away, and to thy lover  
Give what is needful.—

## III

Gathering the echoes of forgotten wisdom,  
And mastered by a proud, adventurous purpose,  
Columbus sought the golden shores of India  
Opposite Europe.

He gave the world another world, and ruin  
Brought upon blameless, river-loving nations,  
Cursed Spain with barren gold, and made the Andes  
Fiefs of Saint Peter;

While in the cheerless North the thrifty Saxon  
Planted his corn, and, narrowing his bosom,  
Made covenant with God, and by keen virtue  
Trebled his riches.

What venture hast thou left us, bold Columbus?  
What honour left thy brothers, brave Magellan?

Daily the children of the rich for pastime  
Circle the planet.

And what good comes to us of all your dangers?  
A smaller earth and a smaller hope of heaven.  
Ye have but cheapened gold, and, measuring ocean,  
Counted the islands.

No Ponce de Leon shall drink in fountains,  
On any flowering Easter, youth eternal;  
No Cortes look upon another ocean;  
No Alexander

Found in the Orient dim a boundless kingdom,  
And, clothing his Greek strength with barbarous splendour,  
Build by the sea his throne, while Sacred Egypt  
Honours his godhead.

The earth, the mother once of godlike Theseus  
And mighty Heracles, at length is weary,  
And now brings forth a spawn of antlike creatures,  
Blackening her valleys,

Inglorious in their birth and in their living,  
Curious and querulous, afraid of battle,  
Rummaging earth for coals, in camps of hovels  
Crouching from winter,

As if grim fate, amid our boastful prating,  
Made us the image of our brutish fathers,  
When from their caves they issued, crazed with terror,  
Howling and hungry.

For all things come about in sacred cycles,  
And life brings death, and light eternal darkness,  
And now the world grows old apace; its glory  
Passes for ever.

Perchance the earth will yet for many ages  
Bear her dead child, her moon, around her orbit;  
Strange craft may tempt the ocean streams, new forests  
Cover the mountains.

If in those latter days men still remember  
Our wisdom and our travail and our sorrow,  
They never can be happy, with that burden  
Heavy upon them,

Knowing the hideous past, the blood, the famine,  
The ancestral hate, the eager faith's disaster,  
All ending in their little lives, and vulgar  
Circle of troubles.

But if they have forgot us, and the shifting  
Of sands has buried deep our thousand cities,  
Fell superstition then will seize upon them;  
Protean error

Will fill their panting heart with sickly phantoms  
Of sudden blinding good and monstrous evil;  
There will be miracles again, and torment,  
Dungeon and fagot,—

Until the patient earth, made dry and barren,  
Sheds all her herbage in a final winter,  
And the gods turn their eyes to some far distant  
Bright constellation.

## IV

Slowly the black earth gains upon the yellow,  
And the caked hill-side is ribbed soft with furrows.  
Turn now again, with voice and staff, my ploughman,  
Guiding thy oxen.

Lift the great ploughshare, clear the stones and brambles,  
Plant it the deeper, with thy foot upon it,  
Uprooting all the flowering weeds that bring not  
Food to thy children.

Patience is good for man and beast, and labour  
Hardens to sorrow and the frost of winter,  
Turn then, again, in the brave hope of harvest,  
Singing to heaven.

## v

Of thee the Northman by his beachèd galley  
Dreamt, as he watched the never-setting Ursa  
And longed for summer and thy light, O sacred  
Mediterranean.

Unseen he loved thee; for the heart within him  
Knew earth had gardens where he might be blessed,  
Putting away long dreams and aimless, barbarous  
Hunger for battle.

The foretaste of thy languors thawed his bosom;  
A great need drove him to thy caverned islands  
From the gray, endless reaches of the outer  
Desert of Ocean.

He saw thy pillars, saw thy sudden mountains  
Wrinkled and stark, and in their crooked gorges,  
'Neath peeping pine and cypress, guessed the torrent  
Smothered in flowers.

Thine incense to the sun, thy gathered vapours,  
He saw suspended on the flanks of Taurus,  
Or veiling the snowed bosom of the virgin  
Sister of Atlas.

He saw the luminous top of wide Olympus,  
Fit for the happy gods; he saw the pilgrim  
River, with rains of Ethiopia flooding  
Populous Egypt

And having seen, he loved thee. His racked spirit,  
By thy breath tempered and the light that clothes thee,  
Forgot the monstrous gods, and made of Nature  
Mistress and mother.

The more should I, O fatal sea, before thee  
Of alien words make echoes to thy music;  
For I was born where first the rills of Tagus  
Turn to the westward.



And wandering long, alas! have need of drinking  
 Deep of the patience of thy perfect sadness,  
 O thou that constant through the change of ages,  
     Beautiful ever,

Never wast wholly young and void of sorrows,  
 Nor ever canst be old, while yet the morning  
 Kindles thy ripples, or the golden evening  
     Dyes thee in purple.

Thee, willing to be tamed but still untamable,  
 The Roman called his own until he perished,  
 As now the busy English hover o'er thee,  
     Stalwart and noble;

But all is naught to thee, while no harsh winter  
 Congeals thy fountains, and the blown Sahara  
 Chokes not with dreadful sand thy deep and placid  
     Rock-guarded havens.

Thou carest not what men may tread thy margin;  
 Nor I, while from some heather-scented headland  
 I may behold thy beauty, the eternal  
     Solace of mortals.

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TRUMBULL STICKNEY

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*Be Still. The Hanging Gardens Were a Dream*

BE still. The Hanging Gardens were a dream  
 That over Persian roses flew to kiss  
 The curlèd lashes of Semiramis.  
 Troy never was, nor green Skamander stream.  
 Provence and Troubadour are merest lies,  
 The glorious hair of Venice was a beam  
 Made within Titian's eye. The sunsets seem,  
 The world is very old and nothing is.  
 Be still. Thou foolish thing, thou canst not wake,

Nor thy tears wedge thy soldered lids apart,  
But patter in the darkness of thy heart.  
Thy brain is plagued. Thou art a frightened owl  
Blind with the light of life thou'dst not forsake,  
And error loves and nourishes thy soul.

*Live Blindly*

LIVE blindly and upon the hour. The Lord,  
Who was the Future, died full long ago.  
Knowledge which is the Past is folly. Go,  
Poor child, and be not to thyself abhorred.  
Around thine earth sun-wingèd winds do blow  
And planets roll; a meteor draws his sword;  
The rainbow breaks his seven-coloured chord  
And the long strips of river-silver flow:  
Awake! Give thyself to the lovely hours.  
Drinking their lips, catch thou the dream in flight  
About their fragile hairs' aerial gold.  
Thou art divine, thou livest,—as of old  
Apollo springing naked to the light,  
And all his island shivered into flowers.

*He Said: "If in His Image I Was Made"*

HE said: "If in his image I was made,  
I am his equal and across the land  
We two should make our journey hand in hand  
Like brothers dignified and unafraid."  
And God that day was walking in the shade.  
To whom he said: "The world is idly planned,  
We cross each other, let us understand  
Thou who thou art, I who I am," he said.  
Darkness came down. And all that night was heard  
Tremendous clamour and the broken roar  
Of things in turmoil driven down before.  
Then silence. Morning broke, and sang a bird.  
He lay upon the earth, his bosom stirred;  
But God was seen no longer any more.

*On Some Shells Found Inland*

THESE are my murmur-laden shells that keep  
 A fresh voice tho' the years lie very gray.  
 The wave that washed their lips and tuned their lay  
 Is gone, gone with the faded ocean sweep,  
 The royal tide, gray ebb and sunken neap  
 And purple midday,—gone! To this hot clay  
 Must sing my shells, where yet the primal day,  
 Its roar and rhythm and splendour will not sleep.  
 What hand shall join them to their proper sea  
 If all be gone? Shall they forever feel  
 Glories undone and worlds that cannot be?—  
 'T were mercy to stamp out this agèd wrong,  
 Dash them to earth and crunch them with the heel  
 And make a dust of their seraphic song.

*In Ampezzo*

ONLY once more and not again—the larches  
 Shake to the wind their echo, "Not again,"—  
 We see, below the sky that over-arches  
 Heavy and blue, the plain

Between Tofana lying and Cristallo  
 In meadowy earths above the ringing stream:  
 Whence interchangeably desire may follow,  
 Hesitant as in dream,

At sunset, south, by lilac promontories  
 Under green skies to Italy, or forth  
 By calms of morning beyond Lavinorea  
 Tyrolward and to north:

As now, this last of latter days, when over  
 The brownish field by peasants are undone  
 Some widths of grass, some plots of mountain clover  
 Under the autumn sun.

With honey-warm perfume that risen lingers  
In mazes of low heat, or takes the air,  
Passing delicious as a woman's fingers  
Passing amid the hair;

When scythes are swishing and the mower's muscle  
Spans a repeated crescent to and fro,  
Or in dry stalks of corn the sickles rustle,  
Tangle, detach and go,

Far thro' the wide blue day and greening meadow  
Whose blots of amber beaded are with sheaves,  
Whereover pallidly a cloud-shadow  
Deadens the earth and leaves:

Whilst high around and near, their heads of iron  
Sunken in sky whose azure overlights  
Ravines and edges, stand the gray and maron  
Desolate Dolomites,—

And older than decay from the small summit  
Unfolds a stream of pebbly wreckage down  
Under the suns of midday, like some comet  
Struck into gravel stone.

Faintly across this gold and amethystine  
September, images of summer fade,  
And gentle dreams now freshen on the pristine  
Viols, awhile unplayed,

Of many a place where lovingly we wander,  
More dearly held that quickly we forsake,—  
A pine by sullen coasts, an oleander  
Reddening on the lake.

And there, each year with more familiar motion,  
From many a bird and windy forestries,  
Or along shaking fringes of the ocean  
Vapours of music rise.

From many easts the morning gives her splendour;  
The shadows fill with colours we forget;

Remembered tints at evening grow tender,  
Tarnished with violet.

Let us away! soon sheets of winter metal  
On this discoloured mountain-land will close,  
While elsewhere Spring-time weaves a crimson petal,  
Builds and perfumes a rose.

Away! for here the mountain sinks in gravel.  
Let us forget the unhappy site with change,  
And go, if only happiness be travel  
After the new and strange:—

Unless 'twere better to be very single,  
To follow some diviner monotone,  
And in all beauties, where ourselves commingle,  
Love but a love, but one,

Across this shadowy minute of our living,  
What time our hearts so magically sing,  
To mitigate our fever, simply giving  
All in a little thing?

Just as here, past yon dumb and melancholy  
Sameness of ruin, while the mountains ail,  
Summer and sunset-coloured autumn slowly  
Dissipate down the vale;

And all these lines along the sky that measure,  
Sorapis and the rocks of Mezzodi  
Crumble by foamy miles into the azure  
Mediterranean sea:

Whereas today at sunrise, under brambles,  
A league above the moss and dying pines  
I picked this little—in my hand that trembles—  
Parcel of columbines.

*Mt. Lykaion*

ALONE on Lykaion since man hath been  
Stand on the height two columns, where at rest  
Two eagles hewn of gold sit looking East  
Forever; and the sun goes up between.  
Far down around the mountain's oval green  
An order keeps the falling stones abreast.  
Below within the chaos last and least  
A river like a curl of light is seen.  
Beyond the river lies the even sea,  
Beyond the sea another ghost of sky,—  
O God, support the sickness of my eye  
Lest the far space and long antiquity  
Suck out my heart, and on this awful ground  
The great wind kill my little shell with sound.

*Near Helikon*

BY such an all-embalming summer day  
As sweetens now among the mountain pines  
Down to the cornland yonder and the vines,  
To where the sky and sea are mixed in gray,  
How do all things together take their way  
Harmonious to the harvest, bringing wines  
And bread and light and whatsoe'er combines  
In the large wreath to make it round and gay.  
To me my troubled life doth now appear  
Like scarce distinguishable summits hung  
Around the blue horizon places where  
Not even a traveller purposeth to steer,—  
Whereof a migrant bird in passing sung,  
And the girl closed her window not to hear.

*Fidelity*

NOT lost or won but above all endeavour  
Thy life like heaven circles around mine;  
Thy eyes it seems upon my eyes did shine  
Since forever.

## AMERICAN POETRY

For aught he summon up his earliest hour  
 No man remembers the surprise of day,  
 Nor where he saw with virgin wonder play  
     The first flower.

And o'er the imagination's last horizon  
 No brain has leaning descried nothing more:  
 Still there are stars and in the night before  
     More have arisen.

Not won or lost is unto thee my being;  
 Our eyes were always so together met.  
 If mine should close, if ever thine forget,  
     Time is dying.

*Mnemosyne*

IT'S autumn in the country I remember.

How warm a wind blew here about the ways!  
 And shadows on the hillside lay to slumber  
 During the long sun-sweetened summer-days.

It's cold abroad the country I remember

The swallows veering skimmed the golden grain  
 At midday with a wing aslant and limber;  
 And yellow cattle browsed upon the plain.

It's empty down the country I remember.

I had a sister lovely in my sight:  
 Her hair was dark, her eyes were very sombre;  
 We sang together in the woods at night.

It's lonely in the country I remember.

The babble of our children fills my ears,  
 And on our hearth I stare the perished ember  
 To flames that show all starry thro' my tears.

It's dark about the country I remember.

*Now in the Palace Gardens*

NOW in the palace gardens warm with age,  
On lawn and flower-bed this afternoon  
The thin November-coloured foliage  
Just as last year unfastens liting down,

And round the terrace in gray attitude  
The very statues are becoming scere  
With long presentiment of solitude.  
Most of the life that I have lived is here,

Here by the path and autumn's earthly grass  
And chestnuts standing down the breadths of sky:  
Indeed I know not how it came to pass,  
The life I lived here so unhappily.

Yet blessing over all! I do not care  
What wormwood I have ate to cups of gall;  
I care not what despairs are buried there  
Under the ground, no, I care not at all.

Nay, if the heart have beaten, let it break!  
I have not loved and lived but only this  
Betwixt my birth and grave. Dear Spirit, take  
The gratitude that pains so deep it is

When Spring shall be again, and at your door  
You stand to feel the mellower evening wind,  
Remember if you will my heart is pure,  
Perfectly pure and altogether kind;

How much it aches to linger in these things!  
I thought the perfect end of love was peace  
Over the long-forgiven sufferings.  
But something else, I know not what it is,

The words that came so nearly and then not,  
The vanity, the error of the whole,  
The strong cross-purpose, oh, I know not what  
Cries dreadfully in the distracted soul.



The evening fills the garden, hardly red;  
And autumn goes away, like one alone.  
Would I were with the leaves that thread by thread  
Softened to soil, I would that I were one.

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SHAEMAS O'SHEEL

---

*They Went Forth to Battle, but They Always Fell*

THEY went forth to battle, but they always fell;  
Their eyes were fixed above the sullen shields;  
Nobly they fought and bravely, but not well,  
And sank heart-wounded by a subtle spell.

They knew not fear that to the foeman yields,  
They were not weak, as one who vainly wields  
A futile weapon; yet the sad scrolls tell  
How on the hard-fought field they always fell.

It was a secret music that they heard,  
A sad sweet plea for pity and for peace;  
And that which pierced the heart was but a word,  
Though the white breast was red-lipped where the sword  
Pressed a fierce cruel kiss, to put surcease  
On its hot thirst, but drank a hot increase  
Ah, they by some strange troubling doubt were stirred,  
And died for hearing what no foeman heard.

They went forth to battle, but they always fell;  
Their might was not the might of lifted spears;  
Over the battle-clamor came a spell  
Of troubling music, and they fought not well.  
Their wreaths are willows and their tribute, tears;  
Their names are old sad stories in men's ears;  
Yet they will scatter the red hordes of Hell,  
Who went to battle forth and always fell.

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ADELAIDE CRAPSEY

---

*Vendor's Song*

MY songs to sell, good sir!  
I pray you buy.  
Here's one will win a lady's tears,  
Here's one will make her gay,  
Here's one will charm your true love true  
Forever and a day;  
Good sir, I pray you buy!

Oh, no, he will not buy.

My songs to sell, sweet maid!  
I pray you buy.  
This one will teach you Lilith's lore,  
And thus what Helen knew,  
And this will keep your gold hair gold,  
And thus your blue eyes blue;  
Sweet maid, I pray you buy!

Oh, no, she will not buy.

If I'd as much money as I could tell,  
I never would cry my songs to sell.  
I never would cry my songs to sell.

*The Lonely Death*

IN the cold I will rise, I will bathe  
In waters of ice; myself  
Will shiver, and shrive myself,  
Alone in the dawn, and anoint  
Forehead and feet and hands;

## AMERICAN POETRY

I will shutter the windows from light,  
 I will place in their sockets the four  
 Tall candles and set them aflame  
 In the grey of the dawn; and myself  
 Will lay myself straight in my bed,  
 And draw the sheet under my chin.

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 EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON
 

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*Eros Turannos*

SHE fears him, and will always ask  
 What fated her to choose him;  
 She meets in his engaging mask  
     All reasons to refuse him;  
 But what she meets and what she fears  
 Are less than are the downward years,  
 Drawn slowly to the foamless weirs  
     Of age, were she to lose him

Between a blurred sagacity  
     That once had power to sound him,  
 And Love, that will not let him be  
     The Judas that she found him,  
 Her pride assuages her almost,  
 As if it were alone the cost —  
 He sees that he will not be lost,  
     And waits and looks around him.

A sense of ocean and old trees  
     Envelops and allures him;  
 Tradition, touching all he sees,  
     Beguiles and reassures him;  
 And all her doubts of what he says  
 Are dimmed with what she knows of days—  
 Till even prejudice delays  
     And fades, and she secures him.

The falling leaf inaugurates  
The reign of her confusion;  
The pounding wave reverberates  
The dirge of her illusion;  
And home, where passion lived and died,  
Becomes a place where she can hide,  
While all the town and harbour side  
Vibrate with her seclusion.

We tell you, tapping on our brows,  
The story as it should be—  
As if the story of a house  
Were told, or ever could be;  
We'll have no kindly veil between  
Her visions and those we have seen—  
As if we guessed what hers have been,  
Or what they are or would be.

Meanwhile we do no harm; for they  
That with a god have striven,  
Not hearing much of what we say,  
Take what the god has given;  
Though like waves breaking it may be,  
Or like a changed familiar tree,  
Or like a stairway to the sea  
Where down the blind are driven.

### *For a Dead Lady*

NO more with overflowing light  
Shall fill the eyes that now are faded,  
Nor shall another's fringe with night  
Their woman-hidden world as they did.  
No more shall quiver down the days  
The flowing wonder of her ways,  
Whereof no language may requite  
The shifting and the many-shaded.

The grace, divine, definitive,  
Clings only as a faint forestalling;  
The laugh that love could not forgive

Is hushed, and answers to no calling;  
The forehead and the little ears  
Have gone where Saturn keeps the years;  
The breast where roses could not live  
Has done with rising and with falling.

The beauty, shattered by the laws  
That have creation in their keeping,  
No longer trembles at applause,  
Or over children that are sleeping;  
And we who delve in beauty's lore  
Know all that we have known before  
Of what inexorable cause  
Makes Time so vicious in his reaping.

---

ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH

---

*The Monk in the Kitchen*

ORDER is a lovely thing;  
On disarray it lays its wing,  
Teaching simplicity to sing.  
It has a meek and lowly grace,  
Quiet as a nun's face.  
Lo—I will have thee in this place!  
Tranquil well of deep delight,  
All things that shine through thee appear  
As stones through water, sweetly clear.  
Thou clarity,  
That with angelic charity  
Revealest beauty where thou art,  
Spread thyself like a clean pool,  
Then all the things that in thee are,  
Shall seem more spiritual and fair,  
Reflection from serenest air—

Sunken shapes of many a star  
In the high heavens set afar.

## II

Ye stolid, homely, visible things,  
Above you all brood glorious wings  
Of your deep entities, set high,  
Like slow moons in a hidden sky.  
But you, their likenesses, are spent  
Upon another element.  
Truly ye are but seemings—  
The shadowy cast-off gleamings  
Of bright solidities. Ye seem  
Soft as water, vague as dream;  
Image, cast in a shifting stream.

## III

What are ye?  
I know not.  
Brazen pan and iron pot,  
Yellow brick and gray flag-stone  
That my feet have trod upon—  
Ye seem to me  
Vessels of bright mystery.  
For ye do bear a shape, and so  
Though ye were made by man, I know  
An inner Spirit also made,  
And ye his breathings have obeyed.

## IV

Shape, the strong and awful spirit,  
Laid his ancient hand on you.  
He waste chaos doth inherit;  
He can alter and subdue.  
Verily, he doth lift up  
Matter, like a sacred cup,  
Into deep substance he reached, and lo  
Where ye were not, ye were; and so  
Out of useless nothing, ye  
Groaned and laughed and came to be.

And I use you, as I can,  
Wonderful uses, made for man,  
Iron pot and brazen pan.

## v

What are ye?  
I know not,  
Nor what I really do  
When I move and govern you.  
There is no small work unto God.  
He required of us greatness;  
Of His last creature  
A high angelic nature,  
Stature superb and bright completeness,  
He sets to us no humble duty.  
Each act that He would have us do  
Is haloed round with strangest beauty;  
Terrific deeds and cosmic tasks  
Of His plainest child He asks.  
When I polish the brazen pan  
I hear a creature laugh afar  
In the gardens of a star,  
And from his burning presence run  
Flaming wheels of many a sun.  
Whoever makes a thing more bright,  
He is an angel of all light.  
When I cleanse this earthen floor  
My spirit leaps to see  
Bright garments trailing over it,  
A cleanness made by me  
Purger of all men's thoughts and ways,  
With labour do I sound Thy praise,  
My work is done for Thee.  
Whoever makes a thing more bright,  
He is an angel of all light.  
Therefore let me spread abroad  
The beautiful cleanness of my God.

## vi

One time in the cool of dawn  
Angels came and worked with me.

The air was soft with many a wing.  
They laughed amid my solitude  
And cast bright looks on everything.  
Sweetly of me did they ask  
That they might do my common task.  
And all were beautiful—but One  
With garments whiter than the sun  
Had such a face  
Of deep, remembered grace;  
That when I saw I cried—"Thou art  
The great Blood-Brother of my heart.  
Where have I seen Thee?"—And He said,  
"When we are dancing round God's throne,  
How often thou art there  
Beauties from thy hands have flown  
Like white doves wheeling in mid air  
Nay—thy soul remembers not?  
Work on, and cleanse thy iron pot."

## VII

What are we? I know not.

*Ere the Golden Bowl Is Broken*

HE gathered for His own delight  
The sparkling waters of my soul.  
A thousand creatures, bubbling bright—  
He set me in a golden bowl.

From the deep cisterns of the earth  
He bade me up—the shining daughter—  
And I am exquisite with mirth,  
A brightening and a sunlit water.

The wild, the free, the radiant one,  
A happy bubble I did glide.  
I poised my sweetness to the sun  
And there I sleeked my silver side.

Sometimes I lifted up my head  
And globed the moonlight with my hands,



Or thin as flying wings I spread  
Angelic wildness through the sands.

Then, woven into webs of light,  
I breathed, I sighed, I laughed aloud,  
And lifting up my pinions bright  
I shone in Heaven, a bird-white cloud.

Then did I dance above the mead,  
And through the crystal fields would run,  
And from my scarlet splendours breed  
The golden thunders of the sun.

Beneath the whitening stars I flew  
And floated moon-like on the breeze,  
Or my frail heart was piercèd through  
With sharp sweet flowers of the trees.

Of giant crags I bear the scars,  
And I have swept along the gale,  
Such multitudes as are the stars,  
My myriad faces rapt and pale.

As savage creatures strong and free  
Make wild the jungle of the wood,  
The starry powers that sport in me  
Habit my silver solitude.

From out my smallness, soft as dew,  
That utter fastness, stern and deep,  
Terrible meanings look at you  
Like vision from the eyes of sleep.

I cannot leap—I cannot run—  
I only glimmer, soft and mild,  
A limpid water in the sun,  
A sparkling and a sunlit child.

What stranger ways shall yet be mine  
When I am spilled, you cannot see.  
But now you laugh to watch me shine,  
And smooth the hidden stars in me.

Lightly you stroke my silver wing—  
 The folded carrier of my soul.  
 A soft, a shy, a silent thing,  
 A water in a golden bowl.

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 AMY LOWELL
 

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*Little Ivory Figures Pulled with String*

IS it the tinkling of mandolins which disturbs you?  
 Or the dropping of bitter-orange petals among the coffee-cups?  
 Or the slow creeping of the moonlight between the olive-trees?

*Drop! drop! the rain  
 Upon the thin plates of my heart.*

String your blood to chord with this music,  
 Stir your heels upon the cobbles to the rhythm of a dance-tune.  
 They have slim thighs and arms of silver;  
 The moon washes away their garments;  
 They make a pattern of fleeing feet in the branch shadows,  
 And the green grapes knotted about them  
 Burst as they press against one another.

*The rain knocks upon the plates of my heart,  
 They are crumpled with its beating.*

Would you drink only from your brains, Old Man?  
 See, the moonlight has reached your knees,  
 It falls upon your head in an accolade of silver.  
 Rise up on the music,  
 Fling against the moon-drifts in a whorl of young light bodies:  
 Leaping grape-clusters,  
 Vine leaves tearing from a grey wall.  
 You shall run, laughing, in a braid of women,  
 And weave flowers with the frosty spines of thorns.  
 Why do you gaze into your glass,  
 And jar the spoons with your finger-tapping?

*The rain is rigid on the plates of my heart.  
 The murmur of it is loud—loud.*

*Patterns*

I WALK down the garden paths,  
And all the daffodils  
Are blowing, and the bright blue squills.  
I walk down the patterned garden paths  
In my stiff, brocaded gown.  
With my powdered hair and jewelled fan,  
I too am a rare  
Pattern. As I wander down  
The garden paths,  
My dress is richly figured,  
And the train  
Makes a pink and silver stain  
On the gravel, and the thrift  
Of the borders.  
Just a plate of current fashion,  
Tripping by in high-heeled, ribboned shoes.  
Not a softness anywhere about me,  
Only whalebone and brocade  
And I sink on a seat in the shade  
Of a lime tree. For my passion  
Wars against the stiff brocade  
The daffodils and squills  
Flutter in the breeze  
As they please.  
And I weep;  
For the lime tree is in blossom  
And one small flower has dropped upon my bosom.  
And the plashing of waterdrops  
In the marble fountain  
Comes down the garden paths.  
The dripping never stops.  
Underneath my stiffened gown  
Is the softness of a woman bathing in a marble basin,  
A basin in the midst of hedges grown  
So thick, she cannot see her lover hiding,  
But she guesses he is near,  
And the sliding of the water

Seems the stroking of a dear  
Hand upon her.  
What is Summer in a fine brocaded gown!  
I should like to see it lying in a heap upon the ground.  
All the pink and silver crumpled up on the ground.

I would be the pink and silver as I ran along the paths,  
And he would stumble after,  
Bewildered by my laughter.  
I should see the sun flashing from his sword-hilt and the buckles  
on his shoes.

I would choose  
To lead him in a maze along the patterned paths,  
A bright and laughing maze for my heavy-booted lover.  
Till he caught me in the shade,  
And the buttons of his waistcoat bruised my body as he clasped me,  
Aching, melting, unafraid.  
With the shadows of the leaves and the sundrops,  
And the plopping of the waterdrops,  
All about us in the open afternoon—  
I am very like to swoon  
With the weight of this brocade,  
For the sun sifts through the shade.

Underneath the fallen blossom  
In my bosom,  
Is a letter I have hid.  
It was brought to me this morning by a rider from the Duke  
"Madam, we regret to inform you that Lord Hartwell  
Died in action Thursday se'nnight."  
As I read it in the white, morning sunlight,  
The letters squirmed like snakes.  
"Any answer, Madam," said my footman.  
"No," I told him.  
"See that the messenger takes some refreshment.  
No, no answer."  
And I walked into the garden,  
Up and down the patterned paths,  
In my stiff, correct brocade.  
The blue and yellow flowers stood up proudly in the sun,  
Each one.

I stood upright too,  
Held rigid to the pattern  
By the stiffness of my gown.  
Up and down I walked,  
Up and down.

In a month he would have been my husband.  
In a month, here, underneath this lime,  
We would have broke the pattern;  
He for me, and I for him,  
He as Colonel, I as Lady,  
On this shady seat.  
He had a whim  
That sunlight carried blessing.  
And I answered, "It shall be as you have said."  
Now he is dead.

In Summer and in Winter I shall walk  
Up and down  
The patterned garden paths  
In my stuff, brocaded gown.  
The squills and daffodils  
Will give place to pillared roses, and to asters, and to snow.  
I shall go  
Up and down,  
In my gown.  
Gorgeously arrayed,  
Boned and stayed.  
And the softness of my body will be guarded from embrace  
By each button, hook, and lace.  
For the man who should loose me is dead,  
Fighting with the Duke in Flanders,  
In a pattern called a war.  
Christ! What are patterns for?

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EDGAR LEE MASTERS

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(FROM "SPOON RIVER ANTHOLOGY")

*Thomas Trevelyan*

READING in Ovid the sorrowful story of Itys,  
Son of the love of Tereus and Procne, slain  
For the guilty passion of Tereus for Philomela,  
The flesh of him served to Tereus by Procne,  
And the wrath of Tereus, the murderess pursuing  
Till the gods made Philomela a nightingale,  
Lute of the rising moon, and Procne a swallow!  
Oh lovers and artists of Hellas centuries gone,  
Sealing in little thuribles dreams and wisdom,  
Incense beyond all price, forever fragrant,  
A breath whereof makes clear the eyes of the soul!  
How I inhaled its sweetness here in Spoon River!  
The thurible opening when I had lived and learned  
How all of us kill the children of love, and all of us,  
Knowing not what we do, devour their flesh;  
And all of us change to singers, although it be  
But once in our lives, or change—alas!—to swallows,  
To twitter amid cold winds and falling leaves!

*Edmund Pollard*

I WOULD I had thrust my hands of flesh  
Into the disk-flowers bee-infested,  
Into the mirror-like core of fire  
Of the light of life, the sun of delight.  
For what are anthers worth or petals  
Or halo-rays? Mockeries, shadows  
Of the heart of the flower, the central flame!  
All is yours, young passer-by;  
Enter the banquet room with the thought;

Don't sidle in as if you were doubtful  
 Whether you're welcome—the feast is yours!  
 Nor take but a little, refusing more  
 With a bashful "Thank you," when you're hungry.  
 Is your soul alive? Then let it feed!  
 Leave no balconies where you can climb;  
 Nor milk-white bosoms where you can rest;  
 Nor golden heads with pillows to share;  
 Nor wine cups while the wine is sweet;  
 Nor ecstasies of body or soul,  
 You will die, no doubt, but die while living  
 In depths of azure, rapt and mated,  
 Kissing the queen-bee, *Life!*

*Bert Kessler*

II WINGED my bird,  
 Though he flew toward the setting sun;  
 But just as the shot rang out, he soared  
 Up and up through the splinters of golden light,  
 Till he turned right over, feathers ruffled,  
 With some of the down of him floating near,  
 And fell like a plummet into the grass.  
 I tramped about, parting the tangles,  
 Till I saw a splash of blood on a stump,  
 And the quail lying close to the rotten roots.  
 I reached my hand, but saw no brier,  
 But something pricked and stung and numbed it.  
 And then, in a second, I spied the rattler—  
 The shutters wide in his yellow eyes,  
 The head of him arched, sunk back in the rings of him,  
 A circle of filth, the color of ashes,  
 Or oak leaves bleached under layers of leaves.  
 I stood like a stone as he shrank and uncoiled  
 And started to crawl beneath the stump,  
 When I fell lump in the grass.

*Petit, the Poet*

SEEDS in a dry pod, tick, tick, tick,  
 Tick, tick, tick, like mites in a quarrel—  
 Faint iambs that the full breeze wakens—  
 But the pine tree makes a symphony thereof.  
 Triolets, villanelles, rondels, rondeaus,  
 Ballades by the score with the same old thought:  
 The snows and the roses of yesterday are vanished;  
 And what is love but a rose that fades?  
 Life all around me here in the village:  
 Tragedy, comedy, valor and truth,  
 Courage, constancy, heroism, failure—  
 All in the loom, and oh what patterns!  
 Woodlands, meadows, streams and rivers—  
 Blind to all of it all my life long  
 Triolets, villanelles, rondels, rondeaus,  
 Seeds in a dry pod, tick, tick, tick,  
 Tick, tick, tick, what little iambs,  
 While Homer and Whitman roared in the pines?

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 ROBERT FROST
 

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*Desert Places*

SNOW falling and night falling fast oh fast  
 In a field I looked into going past,  
 And the ground almost covered smooth in snow,  
 But a few weeds and stubble showing last.

The woods around it have it—it is theirs.  
 All animals are smothered in their lairs.  
 I am too absent-spirited to count;  
 The loneliness includes me unawares.



And lonely as it is that loneliness  
 Will be more lonely ere it will be less—  
 A blanker whiteness of benighted snow  
 With no expression, nothing to express.

They cannot scare me with their empty spaces  
 Between stars—on stars where no human race is.  
 I have it in me so much nearer home  
 To scare myself with my own desert places.

### *Bereft*

WHERE had I heard this wind before  
 Change like this to a deeper roar?  
 What would it take my standing there for,  
 Holding open a restive door,  
 Looking down hill to a frothy shore?  
 Summer was past and day was past.  
 Sombre clouds in the west were massed.  
 Out in the porch's sagging floor,  
 Leaves got up in a coil and hissed,  
 Blindly struck at my knee and missed.  
 Something sinister in the tone  
 Told me my secret must be known.  
 Word I was in the house alone  
 Somehow must have gotten abroad,  
 Word I was in my life alone,  
 Word I had no one left but God.

### *For Once, Then, Something*

OTHERS taunt me with having knelt at well-curbs  
 Always wrong to the light, so never seeing  
 Deeper down in the well than where the water  
 Gives me back in a shining surface picture  
 Me myself in the summer heaven godlike  
 Looking out of a wreath of fern and cloud puffs.  
*Once*, when trying with chin against a well-curb  
 I discerned, as I thought, beyond the picture,

Through the picture, a something white, uncertain,  
Something more of the depths—and then I lost it.  
Water came to rebuke the too clear water.  
One drop fell from a fern, and lo, a ripple  
Shook whatever it was lay there at bottom,  
Blurred it, blotted it out. What was that whiteness?  
Truth? A pebble of quartz? For once, then, something.

### *Once by the Pacific*

THE shattered water made a misty din  
Great waves looked over others coming in,  
And thought of doing something to the shore  
That water never did to land before.  
The clouds were low and hairy in the skies,  
Like locks blown forward in the gleam of eyes.  
You could not tell, and yet it looked as if  
The shore was lucky in being backed by cliff,  
The cliff in being backed by continent;  
It looked as if a night of dark intent  
Was coming, and not only a night, an age.  
Someone had better be prepared for rage.  
There would be more than ocean-water broken  
Before God's last *Put out the Light* was spoken.

### *The Telephone*

WHEN I was just as far as I could walk  
From here today,  
There was an hour  
All still  
When leaning with my head against a flower  
I heard you talk.  
Don't say I didn't, for I heard you say—  
You spoke from that flower on the window sill—  
Do you remember what it was you said?"

"First tell me what it was you thought you heard."

"Having found the flower and driven a bee away,  
I leaned my head,  
And holding by the stalk,  
I listened and I thought I caught the word—  
What was it? Did you call me by my name?  
Or did you say—  
Someone said 'Come'—I heard it as I bowed."

"I may have thought as much, but not aloud."

"Well, so I came."

### *The Road Not Taken*

TWO roads diverged in a yellow wood,  
And sorry I could not travel both  
And be one traveler, long I stood  
And looked down one as far as I could  
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,  
And having perhaps the better claim,  
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;  
Though as for that the passing there  
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay  
In leaves no step had trodden black.  
Oh, I kept the first for another day!  
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,  
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh  
Somewhere ages and ages hence:  
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—  
I took the one less traveled by,  
And that has made all the difference.

*My November Guest*

MY sorrow, when she's here with me,  
Thinks these dark days of autumn rain  
Are beautiful as days can be;  
She loves the bare, the withered tree;  
She walks the sodden pasture lane.

Her pleasure will not let me stay.  
She talks and I am fain to list:  
She's glad the birds are gone away,  
She's glad her simple worsted grey  
Is silver now with clinging mist.

The desolate, deserted trees,  
The faded earth, the heavy sky,  
The beauties she so truly sees,  
She thinks I have no eye for these,  
And vexes me for reason why.

Not yesterday I learned to know  
The love of bare November days  
Before the coming of the snow;  
But it were vain to tell her so,  
And they are better for her praise.

*Home Burial*

HE saw her from the bottom of the stairs  
Before she saw him. She was starting down,  
Looking back over her shoulder at some fear.  
She took a doubtful step and then undid it  
To raise herself and look again. He spoke  
Advancing toward her: "What is it you see  
From up there always—for I want to know."  
She turned and sank upon her skirts at that,  
And her face changed from terrified to dull.  
He said to gain time: "What is it you see?"  
Mounting until she cowered under him,  
"I will find out now—you must tell me, dear."

She, in her place, refused him any help  
 With the least stiffening of her neck and silence.  
 She let him look, sure that he wouldn't see,  
 Blind creature; and a while he didn't see.  
 But at last he murmured, "Oh," and again,  
 "Oh."

"What is it—what?" she said.

"Just that I see."

"You don't," she challenged. "Tell me what it is."

"The wonder is I didn't see at once.  
 I never noticed it from here before.  
 I must be wonted to it—that's the reason.  
 The little graveyard where my people are!  
 So small the window frames the whole of it.  
 Not so much larger than a bedroom, is it?  
 There are three stones of slate and one of marble,  
 Broad-shouldered little slabs there in the sunlight  
 On the sidehill. We haven't to mind *those*.  
 But I understand. it is not the stones,  
 But the child's mound—"

"Don't, don't, don't, don't," she cried.

She withdrew shrinking from beneath his arm  
 That rested on the banister, and slid downstairs;  
 And turned on him with such a daunting look,  
 He said twice over before he knew himself—  
 "Can't a man speak of his own child he's lost?"

"Not you! Oh, where's my hat? Oh, I don't need it!  
 I must get out of here. I must get air.  
 I don't know rightly whether any man can."

"Amy! Don't go to someone else this time.  
 Listen to me. I won't come down the stairs."  
 He sat and fixed his chin between his fists.  
 "There's something I should like to ask you, dear."

"You don't know how to ask it."

"Help me, then."

Her fingers moved the latch for all reply

"My words are nearly always an offence.  
I don't know how to speak of anything  
So as to please you. But I might be taught  
I should suppose. I can't say I see how.  
A man must partly give up being a man  
With women-folk. We could have some arrangement  
By which I'd bind myself to keep hands off  
Anything special you're a mind to name.  
Though I don't like such things 'twixt those that love.  
Two that don't love can't live together without them.  
But two that do can't live together with them."  
She moved the latch a little. "Don't, don't go.  
Don't carry it to someone else this time.  
Tell me about it if it's something human.  
Let me into your grief. I'm not so much  
Unlike other folks as your standing there  
Apart would make me out. Give me my chance.  
I do think, though, you overdo it a little.  
What was it brought you up to think it the thing  
To take your mother-loss of a first child  
So inconsolably—in the face of love.  
You'd think his memory might be satisfied—"

"There you go sneering now!"

"I'm not, I'm not!"

You make me angry. I'll come down to you.  
God, what a woman! And it's come to this,  
A man can't speak of his own child that's dead."

"You can't because you don't know how.  
If you had any feelings, you that dug  
With your own hand—how could you?—his little grave;  
I saw you from that very window there,  
Making the gravel leap and leap in air,  
Leap up, like that, like that, and land so lightly  
And roll down the mound beside the hole.  
I thought, who is that man? I don't know you.  
And I crept down the stairs and up the stairs  
To look again, and still your spade kept lifting.  
Then you came in. I heard your rumbling voice  
Out in the kitchen, and I don't know why,

But I went near to see with my own eyes.  
 You could sit there with the stains on your shoes  
 Of the fresh earth from your own baby's grave  
 And talk about your everyday concerns.  
 You had stood the spade up against the wall  
 Outside there in the entry, for I saw it."

"I shall laugh the worst laugh I ever laughed.  
 I'm cursed. God, if I don't believe I'm cursed."

"I can repeat the very words you were saying.  
 'Three foggy mornings and one rainy day  
 Will rot the best birch fence a man can build.'  
 Think of it, talk like that at such a time!  
 What had how long it takes a birch to rot  
 To do with that was in the darkened parlour.  
 You *couldn't* care! The nearest friends can go  
 With any one to death, comes so far short  
 They might as well not try to go at all.  
 No, from the time when one is sick to death,  
 One is alone, and he dies more alone.

Friends make pretence of following to the grave,  
 But before one is in it, their minds are turned  
 And making the best of their way back to life  
 And living people, and things they understand.  
 But the world's evil. I won't have my grief so  
 If I can change it. Oh, I won't, I won't!"

"There, you have said it all and you feel better.  
 You won't go now. You're crying. Close the door.  
 The heart's gone out of it why keep it up.  
 Amy! There's someone coming down the road!"

"You—oh, you think the talk is all. I must go—  
 Somewhere out of this house. How can I make you—"

"If—you—do!" She was opening the door wider.  
 "Where do you mean to go? First tell me that.  
 I'll follow and bring you back by force. I *will*!"

*The Sound of the Trees*

I WONDER about the trees  
Why do we wish to bear  
Forever the noise of these  
More than another noise  
So close to our dwelling place?  
We suffer them by the day  
Till we lose all measure of pace,  
And fixity in our joys,  
And acquire a listening air.  
They are that that talks of going  
But never gets away;  
And that talks no less for knowing,  
As it grows wiser and older,  
That now it means to stay.  
My feet tug at the floor  
And my head sways to my shoulder  
Sometimes when I watch trees sway,  
From the window or the door.  
I shall set forth for somewhere,  
I shall make the reckless choice  
Some day when they are in voice  
And tossing so as to scare  
The white clouds over them on.  
I shall have less to say,  
But I shall be gone.

*Hyla Brook*

BY June our brook's run out of song and speed.  
Sought for much after that, it will be found  
Either to have gone groping underground  
(And taken with it all the Hyla breed  
That shouted in the mist a month ago,  
Like ghost of sleigh-bells in a ghost of snow)—  
Or flourished and come up in jewel-weed,  
Weak foliage that is blown upon and bent  
Even against the way its waters went.



Its bed is left a faded paper sheet  
 Of dead leaves stuck together by the heat—  
 A brook to none but who remember long.  
 This as it will be seen is other far  
 Than with brooks taken elsewhere in song.  
 We love the things we love for what they are.

### *Mowing*

THERE was never a sound beside the wood but one,  
 And that was my long scythe whispering to the ground.  
 What was it it whispered? I knew not well myself;  
 Perhaps it was something about the heat of the sun,  
 Something, perhaps, about the lack of sound—  
 And that was why it whispered and did not speak.  
 It was no dream of the gift of idle hours,  
 Or easy gold at the hand of fay or elf:  
 Anything more than the truth would have seemed too weak  
 To the earnest love that laid the swale in rows,  
 Not without feeble-pointed spikes of flowers  
 (Pale orchises), and scared a bright green snake  
 The fact is the sweetest dream that labor knows  
 My long scythe whispered and left the hay to make.

### *To Earthward*

LOVE at the lips was touch  
 As sweet as I could bear,  
 And once that seemed too much;  
 I lived on air

That crossed me from sweet things,  
 The flow of—was it musk  
 From hidden grapevine springs  
 Down hill at dusk?

I had the swirl and ache  
 From spray of honeysuckle  
 That when they're gathered shake  
 Dew on the knuckle

I craved strong sweets, but those  
Seemed strong when I was young;  
The petal of the rose  
It was that stung.

Now no joy but lacks salt  
That is not dashed with pain  
And weariness and fault;  
I crave the stain

Of tears, the aftermark  
Of almost too much love,  
The sweet of bitter bark  
And burning clove.

When stiff and sore and scarred  
I take away my hand  
From leaning on it hard  
In grass and sand,

The hurt is not enough.  
I long for weight and strength  
To feel the earth as rough  
To all my length.

### *Fire and Ice*

SOME say the world will end in fire,  
Some say in ice.  
From what I've tasted of desire  
I hold with those who favor fire.  
But if it had to perish twice,  
I think I know enough of hate  
To say that for destruction ice  
Is also great  
And would suffice.

*Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening*

WHOSE woods these are I think I know.  
His house is in the village though;  
He will not see me stopping here  
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer  
To stop without a farmhouse near  
Between the woods and frozen lake  
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake  
To ask if there is some mistake.  
The only other sound's the sweep  
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,  
But I have promises to keep,  
And miles to go before I sleep,  
And miles to go before I sleep.

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WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

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*The Image of Delight*

O HOW came I that loved stars, moon, and flame,  
And unimaginable wind and sea,  
All inner shrines and temples of the free,  
Legends and hopes and golden books of fame;  
I that upon the mountain carved my name  
With cliffs and clouds and eagles over me,  
O how came I to stoop to loving thee—  
I that had never stooped before to shame?

O 'twas not thee! Too eager of a white  
 Far beauty and a voice to answer mine,  
 Myself I built an image of delight,  
 Which all one purple day I deemed divine—  
 And when it vanished in the fiery night,  
 I lost not thee, nor any shape of thine.

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 CARL SANDBURG
 

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*Cool Tombs*

WHEN Abraham Lincoln was shoveled into the tombs, he forgot the copperheads and the assassin . . . in the dust, in the cool tombs.

And Ulysses Grant lost all thought of con men and Wall Street, cash and collateral turned ashes . . . in the dust, in the cool tombs.

Pocahontas' body, lovely as a poplar, sweet as a red haw in November or a pawpaw in May, did she wonder? does she remember? . . . in the dust, in the cool tombs?

Take any streetful of people buying clothes and groceries, cheering a hero or throwing confetti and blowing tin horns . . . tell me if the lovers are losers . . . tell me if any get more than the lovers . . . in the dust . . . in the cool tombs.

*Four Preludes on Playthings of the Wind*

"THE PAST IS A BUCKET OF ASHES"

## I

THE woman named Tomorrow  
 sits with a hairpin in her teeth  
 and takes her time  
 and does her hair the way she wants it

and fastens at last the last braid and coil  
and puts the hairpin where it belongs  
and turns and drawls: Well, what of it?  
My grandmother, Yesterday, is gone.  
What of it? Let the dead be dead.

## 2

The doors were cedar  
and the panel strips of gold  
and the girls were golden girls  
and the panels read and the girls chanted:  
    We are the greatest city,  
    and the greatest nation:  
    nothing like us ever was.  
The doors are twisted on broken hinges,  
Sheets of rain swish through on the wind  
    where the golden girls ran and the panels read:  
    We are the greatest city,  
    the greatest nation,  
    nothing like us ever was.

## 3

It has happened before.  
Strong men put up a city and got  
    a nation together,  
And paid singers to sing and women  
    to warble: We are the greatest city,  
    the greatest nation,  
    nothing like us ever was.  
  
And while the singers sang  
and the strong men listened  
and paid the singers well,  
    there were rats and lizards who listened  
    . . . and the only listeners left now  
    . . . are . . . the rats . . . and the lizards.  
And there are black crows  
crying, "Caw, caw,"  
bringing mud and sticks  
building a nest  
over the words carved

on the doors where the panels were cedar  
and the strips on the panels were gold  
and the golden girls came singing:  
    We are the greatest city,  
    the greatest nation:  
    nothing like us ever was.

The only singers now are crows crying, "Caw, caw,"  
And the sheets of rain whine in the wind and doorways.  
And the only listeners now are . . . the rats . . . and the lizards.

## 4

The feet of the rats  
scribble on the doorsills;  
the hieroglyphs of the rat footprints  
chatter the pedigrees of the rats  
and babble of the blood  
and gabble of the breed  
of the grandfathers and the great-grandfathers  
of the rats.

And the wind shifts  
and the dust on a doorsill shifts  
and even the writing of the rat footprints  
tells us nothing, nothing at all  
    about the greatest city, the greatest nation  
    where the strong men listened  
    and the women warbled: Nothing like us ever was.

*Jazz Fantasia*

DRUM on your drums, batter on your banjos, sob on the long  
cool winding saxophones. Go to it, O jazzmen.

Sling your knuckles on the bottoms of the happy tin pans, let your  
trombones ooze, and go husha-husha-hush with the slippery  
sandpaper.

Moan like an autumn wind high in the lonesome treetops, moan  
soft like you wanted somebody terrible, cry like a racing car

slipping away from a motorcycle-cop, bang-bang! you jazzmen,  
bang altogether drums, traps, banjos, horns, tin cans—make two  
people fight on the top of a stairway and scratch each other's  
eyes in a clinch tumbling down the stairs.

Can the rough stuff. . . . Now a Mississippi steamboat pushes up  
the night river with a hoo-hoo-hoo-oo . . . and the green lan-  
terns calling to the high soft stars . . . a red moon rides on the  
humps of the low river hills. . . . Go to it, O jazzmen.

### *Gone*

EVERYBODY loved Chick Lorimer in our town  
Far off

Everybody loved her.

So we all love a wild girl keeping a hold

On a dream she wants.

Nobody knows now where Chick Lorimer went.

Nobody knows why she packed her trunk . . . a few old things

And is gone,

Gone with her little chin

Thrust ahead of her

And her soft hair blowing careless

From under a wide hat,

Dancer, singer, a laughing passionate lover.

Were there ten men or a hundred hunting Chick?

Were there five men or fifty with aching hearts?

Everybody loved Chick Lorimer.

Nobody knows where she's gone.

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VACHEL LINDSAY

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*Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight*

(IN SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS)

IT is portentous, and a thing of state  
That here at midnight, in our little town  
A mourning figure walks, and will not rest,  
Near the old court-house pacing up and down,

Or by his homestead, or in shadowed yards  
He lingers where his children used to play,  
Or through the market, on the well-worn stones  
He stalks until the dawn-stars burn away.

A bronzed, lank man! His suit of ancient black,  
A famous high top-hat and plain worn shawl  
Make him the quaint great figure that men love,  
The prairie-lawyer, master of us all.

He cannot sleep upon his hillside now.  
He is among us.—as in times before!  
And we who toss and lie awake for long  
Breathe deep, and start, to see him pass the door.

His head is bowed. He thinks on men and kings.  
Yes, when the sick world cries, how can he sleep?  
Too many peasants fight, they know not why,  
Too many homesteads in black terror weep.

The sins of all the war-lords burn his heart.  
He sees the dreadnoughts scouring every main.  
He carries on his shawl-wrapped shoulders now  
The bitterness, the folly and the pain.



He cannot rest until a spirit-dawn  
 Shall come;—the shining hope of Europe free:  
 The league of sober folk, the Workers' Earth,  
 Bringing long peace to Cornland, Alp and Sea.

It breaks his heart that kings must murder still,  
 That all his hours of travail here for men  
 Seem yet in vain. And who will bring white peace  
 That he may sleep upon his hill again?

### *The Eagle That Is Forgotten*

[JOHN P. ALTGELD. BORN DECEMBER 30, 1847; DIED MARCH 12, 1902]

SLEEP softly . . . eagle forgotten . . . under the stone,  
 Time has its way with you there, and the clay has its own.  
 'We have buried him now,' thought your foes, and in secret rejoiced.  
 They made a brave show of their mourning, their hatred unvoiced,  
 They had snarled at you, barked at you, foamed at you, day after  
     day,  
 Now you were ended. They praised you, . . . and laid you away.

The others that mourned you in silence and terror and truth,  
 The widow bereft of her pittance, the boy without youth,  
 The mocked and the scorned and the wounded, the lame and the  
     poor  
 That should have remembered forever, . . . remember no more.

Where are those lovers of yours, on what name do they call  
 The lost, that in armies wept over your funeral pall?  
 They call on the names of a hundred high-valiant ones,  
 A hundred white eagles have risen, the sons of your sons,  
 The zeal in their wings is a zeal that your dreaming began,  
 The valor that wore out your soul in the service of man.

Sleep softly, . . . eagle forgotten, . . . under the stone,  
 Time has its way with you there, and the clay has its own.  
 Sleep on, O brave hearted, O wise man, that kindled the flame—  
 To live in mankind is far more than to live in a name,  
 To live in mankind, far, far more . . . than to live in a name.

*Aladdin and the Jinn*

BRING me soft song," said Aladdin.  
"This tailor-shop sings not at all.  
Chant me a word of the twilight,  
Of roses that mourn in the fall.  
Bring me a song like hashish  
That will comfort the stale and the sad,  
For I would be mending my spirit,  
Forgetting these days that are bad,  
Forgetting companions too shallow,  
Their quarrels and arguments thin,  
Forgetting the shouting Muezzin:"—  
"I AM YOUR SLAVE," said the Jinn.

"Bring me old wines," said Aladdin.  
"I have been a starved pauper too long.  
Serve them in vessels of jade and of shell,  
Serve them with fruit and with song:—  
Wines of pre-Adamite Sultans  
Digged from beneath the black seas:—  
New-gathered dew from the heavens  
Dripped down from Heaven's sweet trees,  
Cups from the angels' pale tables  
That will make me both handsome and wise,  
For I have beheld her, the princess,  
Firelight and starlight her eyes.  
Pauper I am, I would woo her.  
And—let me drink wine, to begin,  
Though the Koran expressly forbids it."  
"I AM YOUR SLAVE," said the Jinn.

"Plan me a dome," said Aladdin,  
"That is drawn like the dawn of the moon,  
When the sphere seems to rest on the mountains,  
Half-hidden, yet full-risen soon.  
Build me a dome," said Aladdin,  
"That shall cause all young lovers to sigh,  
The fullness of life and of beauty,

Peace beyond peace to the eye—  
 A palace of foam and of opal,  
 Pure moonlight without and within,  
 Where I may enthrone my sweet lady."  
 "I AM YOUR SLAVE," said the Jinn.

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 WALLACE STEVENS
 

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*Domination of Black*

AT night, by the fire,  
 The colors of the bushes  
 And of the fallen leaves,  
 Repeating themselves,  
 Turned in the room,  
 Like the leaves themselves  
 Turning in the wind.  
 Yes but the color of the heavy hemlocks  
 Came striding  
 And I remembered the cry of the peacocks.

The colors of their tails  
 Were like the leaves themselves  
 Turning in the wind,  
 In the twilight wind.  
 They swept over the room,  
 Just as they flew from the boughs of the hemlocks  
 Down to the ground.

I heard them cry—the peacocks.  
 Was it a cry against the twilight  
 Or against the leaves themselves  
 Turning in the wind,  
 Turning as the flames  
 Turned in the fire,  
 Turning as the tails of the peacocks  
 Turned in the loud fire,

Loud as the hemlocks  
Full of the cry of the peacocks?  
Or was it a cry against the hemlocks?

Out of the window,  
I saw how the planets gathered  
Like the leaves themselves  
Turning in the wind.  
I saw how the night came,  
Came striding like the color of the heavy hemlocks.  
I felt afraid.  
And I remembered the cry of the peacocks.

### *Sea Surface Full of Clouds*

#### I

IN that November off Tehuantepec,  
The slopping of the sea grow still one night  
And in the morning summer hued the deck

And made one think of rosy chocolate  
And gilt umbrellas. Paradisal green  
Gave suavity to the perplexed machine

Of ocean, which like limpid water lay.  
Who, then, in that ambrosial latitude  
Out of the light evolved the moving blooms,

Who, then, evolved the sea-blooms from the clouds  
Diffusing balm in that Pacific calm?  
*C'était mon enfant, mon bijou, mon âme.*

The sea-clouds whitened far below the calm  
And moved, as blooms move, in the swimming green  
And in its watery radiance, while the hue

Of heaven in an antique reflection rolled  
Round those flotillas. And sometimes the sea  
Poured brilliant iris on the glistening blue.

## II

In that November off Tehuantepec  
 The slopping of the sea grew still one night.  
 At breakfast jelly yellow streaked the deck

And made one think of chop-house chocolate  
 And sham umbrellas. And a sham-like green  
 Capped summer-seeming on the tense machine

Of ocean, which in sinister flatness lay.  
 Who, then, beheld the rising of the clouds  
 That strode submerged in that malevolent sheen,

Who saw the mortal massives of the blooms  
 Of water moving on the water-floor?  
*C'était mon frère du ciel, ma vie, mon or.*

The gongs rang loudly as the windy blooms  
 Hoo-hooded it in the darkened ocean-blooms.  
 The gongs grew still. And then blue heaven spread

Its crystalline pendentives on the sea  
 And the macabre of the water-glooms.  
 In an enormous undulation fled.

## III

In that November off Tehuantepec,  
 The slopping of the sea grew still one night,  
 And a pale silver patterned on the deck

Made one think of porcelain chocolate  
 And pied umbrellas. An uncertain green,  
 Piano-polished, held the tranced machine

Of ocean, as a prelude holds and holds.  
 Who, seeing silver petals of white blooms  
 Unfolding in the water, feeling sure

Of the milk within the saltiest spurge, heard, then,  
 The sea unfolding in the sunken clouds?  
*Oh! C'était mon extase et mon amour.*

So deeply sunken were they that the shrouds,  
The shrouding shadows, made the petals black  
Until the rolling heaven made them blue,

A blue beyond the rainy hyacinth,  
And smiting the crevasses of the leaves  
Deluged the ocean with a sapphire hue.

## IV

In that November off Tehuantepec  
The night-long slopping of the sea grew still.  
A mallow morning dozed upon the deck

And made one think of musky chocolate  
And frail umbrellas. A too-fluent green  
Suggested malice in the dry machine

Of ocean, pondering dank stratagem.  
Who then beheld the figures of the clouds,  
Like blooms secluded in the thick marine?

Like blooms? Like damasks that were shaken off  
From the loosed girdles in the spangling must.  
*C'était ma foi, la nonchalance divine.*

The nakedness would rise and suddenly turn  
Salt masks of beard and mouths of bellowing,  
Would— But more suddenly the heaven rolled

Its bluest sea-clouds in the thinking green  
And the nakedness became the broadest blooms,  
Mile-mallows that a mallow sun cajoled.

## V

In that November off Tehuantepec  
Night stilled the slopping of the sea. The day  
Came, bowing and voluble, upon the deck,

Good clown. . . . One thought of Chinese chocolate  
And large umbrellas. And a motley green  
Followed the drift of the obese machine

Of ocean, perfected in indolence.  
 What pistache one, ingenious and droll,  
 Beheld the sovereign clouds as jugglery

And the sea as turquoise-turbaned Sambo, neat  
 At tossing saucers—cloudy-conjuring sea?  
*C'était mon esprit batard, l'ignominie.*

The sovereign clouds came clustering. The conch  
 Of loyal conjuration trumped. The wind  
 Of green blooms turning crisped the motley hue

To clearing opalescence. Then the sea  
 And heaven rolled as one and from the two  
 Came fresh transfigurings of freshest blue.

### *To the One of Fictive Music*

SISTER and mother and diviner love,  
 And of the sisterhood of the living dead  
 Most near, most clear, and of the clearest bloom,  
 And of the fragrant mothers the most dear  
 And queen, and of diviner love the day  
 And flame and summer and sweet fire, no thread  
 Of cloudy silver sprinkles in your gown  
 Its venom of renown, and on your head  
 No crown is simpler than the simple hair.

Now, of the music summoned by the birth  
 That separates us from the wind and sea,  
 Yet leaves us in them, until earth becomes,  
 By being so much of the things we are,  
 Gross effigy and simulacrum, none  
 Gives motion to perfection more serene  
 Than yours, out of our imperfections wrought,  
 Most rare, or ever of more kindred air  
 In the laborious weaving that you wear.

For so retentive of themselves are men  
 That music is intensest which proclaims  
 The near, the clear, and vaunts the clearest bloom,

And of all vigils musing the obscure,  
 That apprehends the most which sees and names,  
 As in your name, an image that is sure,  
 Among the arrant spices of the sun,  
 O bough and bush and scented vine, in whom  
 We give ourselves our likest issuance.

Yet not too like, yet not so like to be  
 Too near, too clear, saving a little to endow  
 Our feigning with the strange unlike, whence springs  
 The difference that heavenly pity brings.  
 For this, musician, in your girdle fixed  
 Bear other perfumes. On your pale head wear  
 A band entwining, set with fatal stones.  
 Unreal, give back to us what once you gave:  
 The imagination that we spurned and crave.

*Peter Quince at the Clavier*

I

JUST as my fingers on these keys  
 Make music, so the self-same sounds  
 On my spirit make a music too.

Music is feeling then, not sound;  
 And thus it is that what I feel,  
 Here in this room, desiring you,

Thinking of your blue-shadowed silk,  
 Is music. It is like the strain  
 Waked in the elders by Susanna.

Of a green evening, clear and warm,  
 She bathed in her still garden, while  
 The red-eyed elders, watching, felt

The basses of their being throb  
 In witching chords, and their thin blood  
 Pulse pizzicati of Hosanna.



## II

In the green evening, clear and warm,  
Susanna lay.  
She searched  
The touch of springs,  
And found  
Concealed imaginings.  
She sighed  
For so much melody.

Upon the bank she stood  
In the cool  
Of spent emotions.  
She felt, among the leaves,  
The dew  
Of old devotions.

She walked upon the grass,  
Still quivering.  
The winds were like her maids,  
On timid feet,  
Fetching her woven scarves,  
Yet wavering.

A breath upon her hand  
Muted the night.  
She turned—  
A cymbal clashed,  
And roaring horns.

## III

Soon, with a noise like tambourines,  
Came her attendant Byzantines.

They wondered why Susanna cried  
Against the elders by her side

And as they whispered, the refrain  
Was like a willow swept by rain.

Anon their lamps' uplifted flame  
Revealed Susanna and her shame.

And then the simpering Byzantines,  
Fled, with a noise like tambourines.

## IV

Beauty is momentary in the mind—  
The fitful tracing of a portal;  
But in the flesh it is immortal.

The body dies; the body's beauty lives.  
So evenings die, in their green going,  
A wave, interminably flowing.

So gardens die, their meek breath scenting  
The cowl of Winter, done repenting.  
So maidens die to the auroral  
Celebration of a maiden's choral.

Susanna's music touched the bawdy strings  
Of those white elders; but, escaping,  
Left only Death's ironic scraping.  
Now in its immortality, it plays  
On the clear viol of her memory,  
And makes a constant sacrament of praise.

*Sunday Morning*

## I

COMPLACENCIES of the peignoir, and late  
Coffee and oranges in a sunny chair,  
And the green freedom of a cockatoo  
Upon a rug, mingle to dissipate  
The holy hush of ancient sacrifice.  
She dreams a little, and she feels the dark  
Encroachment of that old catastrophe,  
As a calm darkens among water-lights.  
The pungent oranges and bright green wings  
Seem things in some procession of the dead,  
Winding across wide water, without sound.  
The day is like wide water, without sound,  
Stilled for the passing of her dreaming feet

Over the seas, to silent Palestine,  
 Dominion of the blood and sepulchre.

## II

She hears, upon that water without sound,  
 A voice that cries: "The tomb in Palestine  
 Is not the porch of spirits lingering;  
 It is the grave of Jesus, where He lay."  
 We live in an old chaos of the sun,  
 Or old dependency of day and night,  
 Or island solitude, unsponsored, free,  
 Of that wide water, inescapable.  
 Deer walk upon our mountains, and the quail  
 Whistle about us their spontaneous cries;  
 Sweet berries ripen in the wilderness;  
 And in the isolation of the sky,  
 At evening, casual flocks of pigeons make  
 Ambiguous undulations as they sink,  
 Downward to darkness, on extended wings.

## III

She says: "I am content when wakened birds,  
 Before they fly, test the reality  
 Of misty fields, by their sweet questionings;  
 But when the birds are gone, and their warm fields  
 Return no more, where, then, is paradise?"  
 There is not any haunt of prophecy,  
 Nor any old chimera of the grave,  
 Neither the golden underground, nor isle  
 Melodious, where spirits gat them home,  
 Nor visionary South, nor cloudy palm  
 Remote on heaven's hill, that has endured  
 As April's green endures; or will endure  
 Like her remembrance of awakened birds.  
 Or her desire for June and evening, tipped  
 By the consummation of the swallow's wings.

## IV

She says, "But in contentment I still feel  
 The need of some imperishable bliss."

Death is the mother of beauty; hence from her,  
 Alone, shall come fulfilment to our dreams  
 And our desires. Although she strews the leaves  
 Of sure obliteration on our paths—  
 The path sick sorrow took, the many paths  
 Where triumph rang its brassy phrase, or love  
 Whispered a little out of tenderness—  
 She makes the willow shiver in the sun  
 For maidens who were wont to sit and gaze  
 Upon the grass, relinquished to their feet.  
 She causes boys to bring sweet-smelling pears  
 And plums in ponderous piles. The maidens taste  
 And stray impassioned in the littering leaves.

## v

Supple and turbulent, a ring of men  
 Shall chant in orgy on a summer morn  
 Their boisterous devotion to the sun—  
 Not as a god, but as a god might be,  
 Naked among them, like a savage source.  
 Their chant shall be a chant of paradise,  
 Out of their blood, returning to the sky;  
 And in their chant shall enter, voice by voice,  
 The windy lake wherein their lord delights,  
 The trees, like seraphim, and echoing hills,  
 That choir among themselves long afterward.  
 They shall know well the heavenly fellowship  
 Of men that perish and of summer morn—  
 And whence they came and whither they shall go,  
 The dew upon their feet shall manifest.

*Le Monocle de Mon Oncle*

## I

MOTHER of heaven, regina of the clouds,  
 O sceptre of the sun, crown of the moon,  
 There is not nothing, no, no, never nothing,  
 Like the clashed edges of two words that kill."  
 And so I mocked her in magnificent measure.

Or was it that I mocked myself alone?  
 I wish that I might be a thinking stone.  
 The sea of spuming thoughts foists up again  
 The radiant bubble that she was. And then  
 A deep up-pouring from some saltier well  
 Within me, bursts its watery syllable.

## II

A red bird flies across the golden floor.  
 It is a red bird that seeks out his choir  
 Among the choirs of wind and wet and wing.  
 A torrent will fall from him when he finds.  
 Shall I uncrumple this much-crumpled thing?  
 I am a man of fortune greeting heirs;  
 For it has come that thus I greet the Spring.  
 These choirs of welcome choir for me farewell.  
 No Spring can follow past meridian.  
 Yet you persist with anecdotal bliss  
 To make believe a starry *connaissance*.

## III

Is it for nothing, then, that old Chinese  
 Sat titivating by their mountain pools  
 Or in the Yangtse studied out their beards?  
 I shall not play the flat historic scale.  
 You know how Utamaro's beauties sought  
 The end of love in their all-speaking braids.  
 You know the mountainous coiffures of Bath.  
 Alas! Have all the barbers lived in vain  
 That not one curl in Nature has survived?  
 Why, without pity on these studious ghosts,  
 Do you come dripping in your hair from sleep?

## IV

This luscious and impeccable frunt of life  
 Falls, it appears, of its own weight to earth.  
 When you were Eve, its acrid juice was sweet,  
 Untasted, in its heavenly, orchard air—  
 An apple serves as well as any skull  
 To be the book in which to read a round,

And is as excellent, in that it is composed  
Of what, like skulls, comes rotting back to ground.  
But it excels in this that as the fruit  
Of love, it is a book too mad to read  
Before one merely reads to pass the time.

## v

In the high West there burns a furious star.  
It is for fiery boys that star was set  
And for sweet-smelling virgins close to them.  
The measure of the intensity of love  
Is measure, also, of the verve of earth.  
For me, the firefly's quick, electric stroke  
Ticks tediously the time of one more year.  
And you? Remember how the crickets came  
Out of their mother grass, like little kin . . .  
In the pale nights, when your first imagery  
Found inklings of your bond to all that dust.

## vi

If men at forty will be painting lakes  
The ephemeral blues must merge for them in one,  
The basic slate, the universal hue.  
There is a substance in us that prevails.  
But in our amours amorists discern  
Such fluctuations that their scrivening  
Is breathless to attend each quirky turn.  
When amorists grow bald, then amours shrink  
Into the compass and curriculum  
Of introspective exiles, lecturing.  
It is a theme for Hyacinth alone.

## vii

The mules that angels ride come slowly down  
The blazing passes, from beyond the sun.  
Descensions of their tinkling bells arrive.  
These muleteers are dainty of their way.  
Meantime centurions guffaw and beat  
Their shrilling tankards on the table-boards.  
This parable, in sense, amounts to this:

The honey of heaven may or may not come,  
 But that of earth both comes and goes at once.  
 Suppose these couriers brought amid their train  
 A damsel heightened by eternal bloom. . . .

## VIII

Like a dull scholar, I behold, in love,  
 An ancient aspect touching a new mind.  
 It comes, it blooms, it bears its fruit and dies.  
 This trivial trope reveals a way of truth.  
 Our bloom is gone. We are the fruit thereof.  
 Two golden gourds distended on our vines,  
 We hang like warty squashes, streaked and rayed,  
 Into the Autumn weather, splashed with frost,  
 Distorted by hale fatness, turned grotesque.  
 The laughing sky will see the two of us  
 Washed into rinds by rotting winter rains.

## IX

In verses wild with motion, full of din,  
 Loudened by cries, by clashes, quick and sure  
 As the deadly thought of men accomplishing  
 Their curious fates in war, come, celebrate  
 The faith of forty, ward of Cupido.  
 Most venerable heart, the lustiest conceit  
 Is not too lusty for your broadening.  
 I quiz all sounds, all thoughts, all everything  
 For the music and manner of the paladins  
 To make oblation fit. Where shall I find  
 Bravura adequate to this great hymn?

## X

The fops of fancy in their poems leave  
 Memorabilia of the mystic sprouts,  
 Spontaneously watering their gritty soils.  
 I am a yeoman, as such fellows go.  
 I know no magic trees, no balmy boughs,  
 No silver-ruddy, gold-vermilion fruits.  
 But, after all, I know a tree that bears  
 A semblance to the thing I have in mind.

It stands gigantic, with a certain tip  
To which all birds come sometime in their time.  
But when they go that tip still tips the tree.

## XI

If sex were all, then every trembling hand  
Could make us speak, like dolls, the wished-for words.  
But note the unconscionable treachery of fate,  
That makes us weep, laugh, grunt and groan, and shout  
Doleful heroics, pinching gestures forth  
From madness or delight, without regard  
To that first foremost law. Anguishing hour!  
Last night, we sat beside a pool of pink,  
Clipped with lilacs, scudding the bright chromes,  
Keen to the point of starlight, while a frog  
Boomed from his very belly, odious chords.

## XII

A blue pigeon it is, that circles the blue sky,  
On side-long wing, around and round and round.  
A white pigeon it is, that flutters to the ground,  
Grown tired of flight Like a dark rabbi, I  
Observed, when young, the nature of mankind,  
In lordly study. Every day, I found  
Man proved a gobbet in my mincing world.  
Like a rose rabbi, later, I pursued,  
And still pursue, the origin and course  
Of love, but until now I never knew  
That fluttering things have so distinct a shade.

*Tattoo*

THE light is like a spider.  
It crawls over the water.  
It crawls over the edges of the snow.  
It crawls under your eyelids  
And spreads its webs there—  
Its two webs.

The webs of your eyes  
Are fastened



## AMERICAN POETRY

To the flesh and bones of you  
As to rafters or grass.

There are filaments of your eyes  
On the surface of the water  
And in the edges of the snow.

*The Bird with the Coppery, Keen Claws*

ABOVE the forest of the parakeets,  
A parakeet of parakeets prevails,  
A pip of life amid a mort of tails.

(The rudiments of tropics are around,  
Aloe of ivory, pear of rusty rind.)  
His lids are white because his eyes are blind.

He is not paradise of parakeets,  
Of his gold ether, golden alguazil.  
Except because he broods there and is still,

Panache upon panache, his tails deploy  
Upward and outward, in green-vented forms,  
His tip a drop of water full of storms.

But though the turbulent tinges undulate  
As his pure intellect applies its laws,  
He moves not on his coppery, keen claws.

He munches a dry shell while he exerts  
His will, yet never ceases, perfect cock,  
To flare, in the sun-pallor of his rock.

*Of Heaven Considered as a Tomb*

WHAT word have you, interpreters, of men  
Who in the tomb of heaven walk by night,  
The darkened ghosts of our old comedy?  
Do they believe they range the gusty cold,  
With lanterns borne aloft to light the way,

Freemen of death, about and still about  
 To find whatever it is they seek? Or does  
 That burial, pillared up each day as porte  
 And spiritous passage into nothingness,  
 Foretell each night the one abysmal night,  
 When the host shall no more wander, nor the light  
 Of the steadfast lanterns creep across the dark?  
 Make hue among the dark comedians,  
 Halloo them in the topmost distances  
 For answer from their icy Elysée.

*Of the Manner of Addressing Clouds*

GLOOMY grammarians in golden gowns,  
 Meekly you keep the mortal rendezvous,  
 Eliciting the still sustaining pomps  
 Of speech which are like music so profound  
 They seem an exaltation without sound.  
 Funest philosophers and ponderers,  
 Their evocations are the speech of clouds.  
 So speech of your processional returns  
 In the casual evocations of your tread  
 Across the stale, mysterious seasons These  
 Are the music of meet resignation; these  
 The responsive, still sustaining pomps for you  
 To magnify, if in that drifting waste  
 You are to be accompanied by more  
 Than mute bare splendors of the sun and moon.

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WITTER BYNNER

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*Spouse*

NOW this Ophelia was a wiser woman,—  
 She wanted all his life and all his worth;  
 And yet she said, Since he is only human,  
 I can lie down upon my lonely earth.

I can allow him Tuesdays, if he chooses,  
 To stay away from me and let me nurse  
 My sentimental madnesses and bruises.  
 I have six days of him. It might be worse.  
 The others come, the others go, she said,  
 But I can madden only upon him.  
 So let me moan along the river-bed,  
 That he is absent from the river-brim  
 And weave these flowers in my hair for sorrow,  
 For this is Tuesday,—Wednesday is tomorrow.

### *Ghost*

HE rises from his guests, abruptly leaves,  
 Because of memory that long moons ago  
 Others now dead had dined with him, and grieves  
 Because these newer persons he must know  
 Might not have loved his ghosts, his unknown dead.  
 There are new smiles, new answers to his quips;  
 But there are intervals when, having said  
 His dinner-table say, he hears dead lips . . .  
 The dead have ways of mingling in the uses  
 Of life they leave behind, the dead can rise  
 When dinner's done. But one of them refuses  
 To go away and gazes with dead eyes  
 Piercing him deeper than a rain can reach,  
 Leaving him only motion, only speech.

### *Correspondent*

WORDS, words and words! What else, when men are dead,  
 Their small lives ended and their sayings said,  
 Is left of them? Their children go to dust,  
 As also all their children's children must,  
 And their belongings are of paltry worth  
 Against the insatiable consuming earth . . .  
 I knew a man and almost had forgot  
 The wisdom of the letters that he wrote,  
 But words, if words are wise, go on and on

To make a longer note of unison  
With man and man than living persons make  
With one another for whatever sake.  
Therefore I wept tonight when quick words rose  
Out of a dead man's grave, whom no one knows.

### *Ganymede*

WHEN love begins with Ganymede, he gathers  
All blossoms that a cloudy rain can bring  
And, heedless of the warning of his fathers,  
Folds in his arms the elements of spring.  
This is a world that vernal things should count in,  
There should be only happiness to know,—  
A breath of wild-flowers carried from the mountain  
And changed, along the waves, to falling snow  
Shade may be cool and comfortable for lovers;  
But what great shadow darkening in the sky  
Circles and distances, then nears and hovers  
As though a vulturous bird of death were by? . . .  
Ganymede feels the talon in his spine  
Lift him Olympian to lustier wine.

### *Captain's Table*

CASSANDRA, treading the Titanic deck,  
Her eye still proud, although the boat may sink,  
What shall she do against the coming wreck  
But wrap her pride within a cloak of mink?  
She hears an ominous whisper in the sky  
But hides with gaiety her guessing heart  
She is as willing as a ghost to die  
But—willing still to play a social part—  
Pretends to think that dinners are the Lord,  
Though the last supper happen every day.  
Others than she are travelling aboard,  
But not inured, like her, to tragic play.  
And so she sits at everybody's right  
A female Oedipus with half his sight.

*Charioteer*

**H**ERE is a woman whom a man can greet  
 Equal to equal, which is something said;  
 For seldom will a man forego conceit  
 And grant a woman room, till she is dead.  
 But here's a woman different: a young mind  
 In a body aging with no age at all.  
 She's like a living portrait whom you find  
 Some rainy night in your ancestral hall,  
 The spark within her eye aware and human . . .  
 Having Athena's mind, Achilles' heel,  
 She's mythological, this modern woman.  
 Torn from the chariot, a loosened wheel  
 Which kept the chariot upon its course,  
 She runs ahead, beyond the fallen horse.

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 ELINOR WYLIE
 

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*This Corruptible*

**T**HE Body, long oppressed  
 And pierced, then prayed for rest  
 (Being but apprenticed to the other Powers);  
 And kneeling in that place  
 Implored the thrust of grace  
 Which makes the dust lie level with the flowers

Then did that fellowship  
 Of three, the Body strip;  
 Beheld his wounds, and none among them 'mortal;  
 The Mind severe and cool;  
 The Heart still half a fool;  
 The fine-spun Soul, a beam of sun can startle.

These three, a thousand years  
 Had made adventurers

Amid all villainies the earth can offer,  
Applied them to resolve  
From the universal gulph  
What pangs the poor material flesh may suffer.

"This is a pretty pass;  
To hear the growing grass  
Complain; the clay cry out to be translated;  
Will not this grosser stuff  
Receive reward enough  
If stabled after labouring, and baited?"

Thus spoke the Mind in scorn:  
The Heart, which had outworn  
The Body, and was weary of its fashion,  
Preferring to be dressed  
In skin of bird or beast,  
Replied more softly, in a feigned compassion.

"Anatomy most strange  
Crying to chop and change;  
Inferior copy of a higher image;  
While I, the noble guest,  
Sick of your second-best  
Sigh for embroidered archangelic plumage:

"For shame, thou fustian cloak!"  
And then the Spirit spoke;  
Within the void it swung securely tethered  
By strings composed of cloud;  
It spoke both low and loud  
Above a storm no lesser star had weathered.

"O lodging for the night!  
O house of my delight!  
O lovely hovel builded for my pleasure!  
Dear tenement of clay  
Endure another day  
As coffin sweetly fitted to my measure.

"Take Heart, and call to Mind  
Although we are unkind;

Although we steal your shelter, strength, and clothing;  
 'Tis you who shall escape  
 In some enchanting shape  
 Or be dissolved to elemental nothing.

"You, the unlucky slave,  
 Are the lily on the grave;  
 The wave that runs above the bones a-whitening;  
 You are the new-mown grass;  
 And the wheaten bread of the Mass;  
 And the fabric of the rain, and the lightning.

"If one of us elect  
 To leave the poor suspect  
 Imperfect bosom of the earth our parent;  
 And from the world avert  
 The Spirit or the Heart  
 Upon a further and essential errand;

"His chain he cannot slough  
 Nor cast his substance off;  
 He bears himself upon his flying shoulder;  
 The Heart, infirm and dull;  
 The Mind, in any skull;  
 Are captive still, and wearier and colder.

" 'Tis you who are the ghost,  
 Disintegrated, lost;  
 The burden shed; the dead who need not bear it;  
 O grain of God in power,  
 Endure another hour!  
 It is but for an hour," said the Spirit.

### *The Eagle and the Mole*

**A**VOID the reeking herd,  
 Shun the polluted flock,  
 Live like that stoic bird,  
 The eagle of the rock.

The huddled warmth of crowds  
 Begets and fosters hate;

He keeps, above the clouds,  
His cliff inviolate.

When flocks are folded warm,  
And herds to shelter run,  
He sails above the storm,  
He stares into the sun.

If in the eagle's track  
Your sinews cannot leap,  
Avoid the lathered pack,  
Turn from the steaming sheep.

If you would keep your soul  
From spotted sight or sound,  
Live like the velvet mole;  
Go burrow under ground.

And there hold intercourse  
With roots of trees and stones,  
With rivers at their source,  
And disembodied bones.

### *Escape*

WHEN foxes eat the last gold grape,  
And the last white antelope is killed,  
I shall stop fighting and escape  
Into a little house I'll build.

But first I'll shrink to fairy size,  
With a whisper no one understands,  
Making blind moons of all your eyes,  
And muddy roads of all your hands.

And you may grope for me in vain  
In hollows under the mangrove root,  
Or where, in apple-scented rain,  
The silver wasp-nests hang like fruit.



*Confession of Faith*

I LACK the braver mind  
That dares to find  
The lover friend, and kind.

I fear him to the bone;  
I lie alone  
By the beloved one,

And, breathless for suspense,  
Erect defense  
Against love's violence

Whose silences portend  
A bloody end  
For lover never friend.

But, in default of faith,  
In futile breath,  
I dream no ill of Death.

*Address to My Soul*

MY soul, be not disturbed  
By planetary war;  
Remain securely orb'd  
In this contracted star.

Fear not, pathetic flame;  
Your sustenance is doubt:  
Glass'd in translucent dream,  
They cannot snuff you out.

Wear water, or a mask  
Of unapparent cloud;  
Be brave and never ask  
A more defunctive shroud,

The universal points  
Are shrunk into a flower;  
Between its delicate joints  
Chaos keeps no power.

The pure integral form,  
Austere and silver-dark,  
Is balanced on the storm  
In its predestined arc.

Small as a sphere of rain  
It slides along the groove  
Whose path is furrowed plain  
Among the suns that move.

The shapes of April buds  
Outlive the phantom year:  
Upon the void at odds  
The dewdrop falls severe.

Five-petalled flame, be cold:  
Be firm, dissolving star;  
Accept the stricter mould  
That makes you singular.

### *True Vine*

THERE is a serpent in perfection tarnished  
The thin shell pierced, the purity grown fainter,  
The virgin silver shield no longer burnished,  
The pearly fruit with ruin at its centre.

The thing that sits expectant in our bosoms  
Contriving heaven out of very little  
Demands such delicate immaculate blossoms  
As no malicious verity makes brittle.

This wild fastidious hope is quick to languish;  
Its smooth diaphanous escape is swifter  
Than the pack of truth; no mortal can distinguish  
Its trace upon the durable hereafter.

Not so the obdurate and savage lovely  
Whose roots are set profoundly upon trouble;  
This flower grows so fiercely and so bravely  
It does not even know that it is noble.

This is the vine to love, whose balsams flourish  
Upon a living soil corrupt and faulty,  
Whose leaves have drunk the skies, and stooped to nourish  
The earth again with honey sweet and salty.

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EZRA POUND\*

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*Envoi (1919)*

GO, dumb-born book,  
Tell her that sang me once that song of Lawes:  
Hadst thou but song  
As thou hast subjects known,  
Then were there cause in thee that should condone  
Even my faults that heavy upon me lie,  
And build her glories their longevity.

Tell her that sheds  
Such treasure in the air,  
Recking naught else but that her graces give  
Life to the moment,  
I would bid them live  
As roses might, in magic amber laid,  
Red overwrought with orange and all made  
One substance and one colour  
Braving time.

\*After the publishers of the Modern Library omitted the poems of Ezra Pound from the first edition of this volume, a veritable avalanche of praise and blame, equally divided, descended upon them

Nothing could have been farther from the intention of the publishers than to exercise arbitrary rights of censorship. We now have decided to include these poems of Ezra Pound in order to remove any possible hint of suppression, and because we concede that it may be wrong to confuse Pound the poet with Pound the man

Tell her that goes  
With song upon her lips  
But sings not out the song, nor knows  
The maker of it, some other mouth,  
May be as fair as hers,  
Might, in new ages, gain her worshippers,  
When our two dusts with Waller's shall be laid,  
Siftings on siftings in oblivion,  
Till change hath broken down  
All things save Beauty alone.

### *The Tree*

I STOOD still and was a tree amid the wood,  
Knowing the truth of things unseen before;  
Of Daphne and the laurel bough  
And that god-feasting couple old  
That grew elm-oak amid the wold.  
'Twas not until the gods had been  
Kindly entreated, and been brought within  
Unto the hearth of their heart's home  
That they might do this wonder thing;  
Nathless I have been a tree amid the wood  
And many a new thing understood  
That was rank folly to my head before.

### *The Tomb at Akır Çaar*

"I AM thy soul, Nikoptis. I have watched  
These five millennia, and thy dead eyes  
Moved not, nor ever answer my desire,  
And thy light limbs, wherethrough I leapt aflame,  
Burn not with me nor any saffron thing.  
See, the light grass sprang up to pillow thee,  
And kissed thee with a myriad grassy tongues;  
But not thou me.  
I have read out the gold upon the wall,

And wearied out my thought upon the signs.  
And there is no new thing in all this place.

I have been kind. See, I have left the jars sealed,  
Lest thou shouldst wake and whimper for thy wine.  
And all thy robes I have kept smooth on thee.

O thou unmindful! How should I forget!  
—Even the river many days ago,  
The river? thou wast over young.  
And three souls came upon Thee—  
And I came.  
And I flowed in upon thee, beat them off;  
I have been intimate with thee, known thy ways.  
Have I not touched thy palms and finger-tips,  
Flowed in, and through thee and about thy heels?  
How 'came I in'? Was I not thee and Thee?

And no sun comes to rest me in this place,  
And I am torn against the jagged dark,  
And no light beats upon me, and you say  
No word, day after day.

Oh! I could get me out, despite the marks  
And all their crafty work upon the door,  
Out through the glass-green fields. . . .

Yet it is quiet here:

I do not go."

### *Portrait d'une Femme*

YOUR mind and you are our Sargasso Sea,  
London has swept about you this score years  
And bright ships left you this or that in fee:  
Ideas, old gossip, oddments of all things,  
Strange spars of knowledge and dimmed wares of price.  
Great minds have sought you—lacking someone else.

You have been second always. Tragical?  
 No. You preferred it to the usual thing:  
 One dull man, dulling and uxorious,  
 One average mind—with one thought less, each year.  
 Oh, you are patient, I have seen you sit  
 Hours, where something might have floated up.  
 And now you pay one. Yes, you richly pay.  
 You are a person of some interest, one comes to you  
 And takes strange gain away:  
 Trophies fished up; some curious suggestion;  
 Fact that leads nowhere; and a tale or two,  
 Pregnant with mandrakes, or with something else  
 That might prove useful and yet never proves,  
 That never fits a corner or shows use,  
 Or finds its hour upon the loom of days.  
 The tarnished, gaudy, wonderful old work;  
 Idols and ambergris and rare inlays,  
 These are your riches, your great store, and yet  
 For all this sea-hoard of deciduous things,  
 Strange woods half sodden, and new brighter stuff:  
 In the slow float of differing light and deep,  
 No! there is nothing! In the whole and all,  
 Nothing that's quite your own.

Yet this is you.

### *Apparuit*

GOLDEN rose the house, in the portal I saw  
 thee, a marvel, carven in subtle stuff, a  
 portent. Life died down in the lamp and flickered,  
 caught at the wonder.

Crimson, frosty with dew, the roses bend where  
 thou afar, moving in the glamorous sun,  
 drinkst in life of earth, of the air, the tissue  
 golden about thee.

Green the ways, the breath of the fields is thine there,  
 open lies the land, yet the steely going  
 darkly hast thou dared and the dreaded æther  
 parted before thee.

Swift at courage thou in the shell of gold, cast-  
 ing a-loose the cloak of the body, camest  
 straight, then shone thine oriel and the stunned light  
 faded about thee.

Half the graven shoulder, the throat aflash with  
 strands of light inwoven about it, loveliest  
 of all things, frail alabaster, ah me!  
 swift in departing.

Clothed in goldish weft, delicately perfect,  
 gone as wind! The cloth of the magical hands:  
 'Thou a slight thing, thou in access of cunning  
 dar'dst to assume this?

### *A Virginal*

NO, no! Go from me. I have left her lately.  
 I will not spoil my sheath with lesser brightness.  
 For my surrounding air hath a new lightness;  
 Slight are her arms, yet they have bound me straitly  
 And left me cloaked as with a gauze of æther;  
 As with sweet leaves; as with subtle clearness.  
 Oh, I have picked up magic in her nearness  
 To sheathe me half in half the things that sheathe her.  
 No, no! Go from me I have still the flavour,  
 Soft as spring wind that's come from birchen bowers.  
 Green come the shoots, aye April in the branches,  
 As winter's wound with her sleight hand she staunches,  
 Hath of the trees a likeness of the savour:  
 As white their bark, so white this lady's hours.

*The Return*

SEE, they return; ah, see the tentative  
 Movements, and the slow feet,  
 The trouble in the pace and the uncertain  
 Wavering!

See, they return, one, and by one,  
 With fear, as half-awakened;  
 As if the snow should hesitate  
 And murmur in the wind,  
                     and half turned back;  
 These were the "Wing'd-with-Awe,"  
                     Inviolable.

Gods of the wingèd shoe!  
 With them the silver hounds,  
                     sniffing the trace of air!

Hae! Hae!  
       These were the swift to harry;  
 These the keen-scented;  
 These were the souls of blood.

Slow on the leash,  
                     pallid the leash-men!

*The River-Merchant's Wife:**A Letter*

WHILE my hair was still cut straight across my forehead  
 I played about the front gate, pulling flowers.  
 You came by on bamboo stilts, playing horse,  
 You walked about my seat, playing with blue plums.  
 And we went on living in the village of Chokan:  
 Two small people, without dislike or suspicion.



At fourteen I married My Lord you.  
 I never laughed, being bashful.  
 Lowering my head, I looked at the wall.  
 Called to, a thousand times, I never looked back.

At fifteen I stopped scowling,  
 I desired my dust to be mingled with yours  
 Forever and forever and forever.  
 Why should I climb the look out?

At sixteen you departed,  
 You went into far Ku-to-yen, by the river of swirling eddies,  
 And you have been gone five months.  
 The monkeys make sorrowful noise overhead.

You dragged your feet when you went out.  
 By the gate now, the moss is grown, the different mosses,  
 Too deep to clear them away!  
 The leaves fall early this autumn, in wind.  
 The paired butterflies are already yellow with August  
 Over the grass in the West garden;  
 They hurt me. I grow older.  
 If you are coming down through the narrows of the river Kiang,  
 Please let me know beforehand,  
 And I will come out to meet you  
                     As far as Cho-fu-Sa.

*Rishaku*

### *The Flame*

**T**IS not a game that plays at mates and mating,  
 Provençe knew;  
 'Tis not a game of barter, lands and houses,  
 Provençe knew.  
 We who are wise beyond your dream of wisdom,  
 Drink our immortal moments; we "pass through."  
 We have gone forth beyond your bonds and borders,  
 Provençe knew;  
 And all the tales of Oisín say but this:

That man doth pass the net of days and hours.  
Where time is shrivelled down to time's seed corn  
We of the Ever-living, in that light  
Meet through our veils and whisper, and of love.

O smoke and shadow of a darkling world,  
These, and the rest, and all the rest we knew.

'Tis not a game that plays at mates and mating,  
'Tis not a game of barter, lands and houses,  
'Tis not "of days and nights" and troubling years,  
Of cheeks grown sunken and glad hair gone gray;  
There *is* the subtler music, the clear light  
Where time burns back about the eternal embers.  
We are not shut from all the thousand heavens:  
Lo, there are many gods whom we have seen,  
Folk of unearthly fashion, places splendid,  
Bulwarks of beryl and of chrysoprase.

Sapphire Benacus, in thy mists and thee  
Nature herself's turned metaphysical,  
Who can look on that blue and not believe?

Thou hooded opal, thou eternal pearl,  
O thou dark secret with a shimmering floor,  
Through all thy various mood I know thee mine;  
If I have merged my soul, or utterly  
Am solved and bound in, through aught here on earth,  
There canst thou find me, O thou anxious thou,  
Who call'st about my gates for some lost me;  
I say my soul flowed back, became translucent.  
Search not my lips, O Love, let go my hands,  
This thing that moves as man is no more mortal.  
If thou hast seen my shade sans character,  
If thou hast seen that mirror of all moments,  
That glass to all things that o'ershadow it,  
Call not that mirror me, for I have shipped  
Your grasp, I have eluded.

*Dance Figure*

FOR THE MARRIAGE IN CANA OF GALILEE

DARK eyed,  
O woman of my dreams,  
Ivory sandaled,  
There is none like thee among the dancers,  
None with swift feet.

I have not found thee in the tents,  
In the broken darkness.  
I have not found thee at the well-head  
Among the women with pitchers

Thine arms are as a young sapling under the bark;  
Thy face as a river with lights.

White as an almond are thy shoulders;  
As new almonds stripped from the husk.  
They guard thee not with eunuchs;  
Not with bars of copper.

Gilt turquoise and silver are in the place of thy rest.  
A brown robe, with threads of gold woven in patterns,  
hast thou gathered about thee,  
O Nathat-Ikanaie, "Tree-at-the-river."

As a rillet among the sedge are thy hands upon me;  
Thy fingers a frosted stream

Thy maidens are white like pebbles;  
Their music about thee!

There is none like thee among the dancers;  
None with swift feet.

*Lament of the Frontier Guard*

BY the North Gate, the wind blows full of sand,  
 Lonely from the beginning of time until now!  
 Trees fall, the grass goes yellow with autumn.  
 I climb the towers and towers  
     to watch out the barbarous land·  
 Desolate castle, the sky, the wide desert.  
 There is no wall left to this village.  
 Bones white with a thousand frosts,  
 High heaps, covered with trees and grass;  
 Who brought this to pass?  
 Who has brought the flaming imperial anger?  
 Who has brought the army with drums and with  
     kettle-drums?  
 Barbarous kings  
 A gracious spring, turned to blood-ravenous autumn,  
 A turmoil of wars-men, spread over the middle kingdom,  
 Three hundred and sixty thousand,  
 And sorrow, sorrow like rain.  
 Sorrow to go, and sorrow, sorrow returning.  
 Desolate, desolate fields,  
 And no children of warfare upon them,  
     No longer the men for offence and defence.  
 Ah, how shall you know the dreary sorrow at the  
     North Gate,  
 With Rihaku's name forgotten,  
 And we guardsmen fed to the tigers.

*Rihaku**Taking Leave of a Friend*

BLUE mountains to the north of the walls,  
 White river winding about them;  
 Here we must make separation  
 And go out through a thousand miles of dead grass

Mind like a floating wide cloud,  
 Sunset like the parting of old acquaintances  
 Who bow over their clasped hands at a distance.  
 Our horses neigh to each other  
                   as we are departing.

*Rahaku*

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ALFRED KREYMBORG

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*Nun Snow*

*A Pantomime of Beads*

*Earth Voice*

I S she  
   Thoughtless of life,  
   A lover of imminent death,  
   Nun Snow  
   Touching her strings of white beads?  
   Is it her unseen hands  
   Which urge the beads to tremble?  
   Does Nun Snow,  
   Aware of the death she must die alone,  
   Away from the nuns  
   Of the green beads,  
   Of the ochre and brown,  
   Of the purple and black—  
   Does she improvise  
   Along those soundless strings  
   In the worldly hope  
   That the answering, friendly tune,  
   The faithful, folk-like miracle,  
   Will shine in a moment or two?

*Moon Voice*

Or peradventure,  
Are the beads merely wayward,  
On an evening so soft,  
And One Wind  
Is so gentle a mesmerist  
As he draws them and her with his hand?

*Earth Voice*

Was it Full Moon,  
Who contrives tales of this order,  
And himself loves the heroine,  
Nun Snow—

*Wind Voice*

Do you see his beads courting hers?—  
Lascivious monk!—

*Earth Voice*

Was it Full Moon,  
Slyly innocent of guile,  
Propounder of sorrowless whimsies,  
Who breathed that suspicion?  
Is it One Wind,  
The wily, scholarly pedant—  
Is it he who retorts—

*Wind Voice*

Like olden allegros  
In olden sonatas,  
All tales have two themes,  
*She is beautiful,*  
*He is beautiful,*  
With the traditional movement,  
*Their beads court each other,*  
Revealing a cadence as fatally true  
As the sum which follows a one-plus-one—  
So, why inquire further?  
Nay, inquire further,  
Deduce it your fashion!

Nun Snow,  
As you say,  
Touches her strings of white beads,  
Full Moon,  
Let you add,  
His lute of yellow strings;  
And, our Night  
Is square, nay,  
Our Night  
Is round, nay  
Our Night  
Is a blue balcony—  
And therewith close your inquisition!

*Earth Voice*

Who urged the beads to tremble?  
They're still now!  
Fallen, or cast over me!  
Nun, Moon, and Wind are gone!  
Are they betraying her?—

*Moon Voice*

Ask our Night—

*Earth Voice*

Did the miracle appear?—

*Moon Voice*

Ask our night,  
Merely a child on a balcony,  
Letting down her hair and  
Black beads, a glissando—  
Ask her what she means,  
Dropping the curtain so soon!

---

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

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*Irradiations*

## I

THE spattering of the rain upon pale terraces  
Of afternoon is like the passing of a dream  
Amid the roses shuddering 'gainst the wet green stalks  
Of the streaming trees—the passing of the wind  
Upon the pale lower terraces of my dream  
Is like the crinkling of the wet grey robes  
Of the hours that come to turn over the urn  
Of the day and spill its rainy dream.  
Vague movement over the puddled terraces:  
Heavy gold pennons—a pomp of solemn gardens  
Half hidden under the liquid veil of spring.  
Far trumpets like a vague rout of faded roses  
Burst 'gainst the wet green silence of distant forests:  
A clash of cymbals—then the swift swaying footsteps  
Of the wind that undulates along the languid terraces.  
Pools of rain—the vacant terraces  
Wet, chill and glistening  
Towards the sunset beyond the broken doors of today.

## II

The iridescent vibrations of midsummer light  
Dancing, dancing suddenly flickering and quivering  
Like little feet or the movement of quick hands clapping,  
Or the rustle of furbelows or the clash of polished gems.  
The palpitant mosaic of the midday light  
Colliding, sliding, leaping and lingering:  
O, I could lie on my back all day,  
And mark the mad ballet of the midsummer sky.



## III

Over the roof-tops race the shadows of clouds;  
Like horses the shadows of clouds charge down the street.

Whirlpools of purple and gold,  
Winds from the mountains of cinnabar,  
Lacquered mandarin moments, palanquins swaying and balancing  
Amid the vermilion pavilions, against the jade balustrades.  
Glint of the glittering wings of dragon-flies in the light:  
Silver filaments, golden flakes settling downwards,  
Rippling, quivering flutters, repulse and surrender,  
The sun broidered upon the rain,  
The rain rustling with the sun.

Over the roof-tops race the shadows of clouds;  
Like horses the shadows of clouds charge down the street.

## IV

The balancing of gaudy broad pavilions  
Of summer against the insolent breeze:  
The bellying of the sides of striped tents,  
Swelling taut, shuddering in quick collapse,  
Silent under the silence of the sky.

Earth is streaked and spotted  
With great splashes and dapples of sunlight:  
The sun throws an immense circle of hot light upon the world,  
Rolling slowly in ponderous rhythm  
Darkly, musically forward.  
All is silent under the steep cone of afternoon:  
The sky is imperturbably profound.  
The ultimate divine union seems about to be accomplished,  
All is troubled at the attainment  
Of the inexhaustible infinite.

The rolling and the tossing of the sides of immense pavilions  
Under the whirling wind that screams up the cloudless sky.

## V

Flickering of incessant rain  
On flashing pavements:  
Sudden scurry of umbrellas:  
Bending, recurved blossoms of the storm.

The winds came clanging and clattering  
From long white highroads whipping in ribbons up summits:  
They strew upon the city gusty wafts of apple-blossom,  
And the rustling of innumerable translucent leaves.  
Uneven tinkling, the lazy rain  
Dripping from the eaves.

## VI

The fountain blows its breathless spray  
From me to you and back to me.

Whipped, tossed, curdled,  
Crashing, quivering:  
I hurl kisses like blows upon your lips  
The dance of a bee drunken with sunlight:  
Irradiant ecstasies, white and gold,  
Sigh and relapse.

The fountain tosses pallid spray  
Far in the sorrowful, silent sky.

*Green Symphony*

## I

THE glittering leaves of the rhododendrons  
Balance and vibrate in the cool air;  
While in the sky above them  
White clouds chase each other.

Like scampering rabbits,  
Flashes of sunlight sweep the lawn;  
They fling in passing  
Patterns of shadow,  
Golden and green.

With long cascades of laughter,  
The mating birds dart and swoop to the turf:  
'Mid their mad trillings  
Glints the gay sun behind the trees.

Down there are deep blue lakes:  
Orange blossom droops in the water.  
In the tower of the winds,  
All the bells are set adrift:  
Jingling  
For the dawn.

Thin fluttering streamers  
Of breeze lash through the swaying boughs,  
Palely expectant  
The earth receives the slanting rain.

I am a glittering raindrop  
Hugged close by the cool rhododendron.  
I am a daisy starring  
The exquisite curves of the close-cropped turf.

The glittering leaves of the rhododendron  
Are shaken like blue-green glades of grass,  
Flickering, cracking, falling  
Splintering in a million fragments.  
The wind runs laughing up the slope  
Stripping off handfuls of wet green leaves,  
To fling in peoples' faces  
Wallowing on the daisy-powdered turf,  
Clutching at the sunlight,  
Cavorting in the shadow.

Like baroque pearls,  
Like cloudy emeralds,  
The clouds and the trees clash together;  
Whirling and swirling,  
In the tumult  
Of the spring,  
And the wind.

## II

The trees splash the sky with their fingers,  
A restless green rout of stars.

With whirling movement  
They swing their boughs

About their stems:  
Planes on planes of light and shadow  
Pass among them,  
Opening fan-like to fall.

The trees are like a sea;  
Tossing,  
Trembling,  
Roaring,  
Wallowing,  
Darting their long green flickering fronds up at the sky,  
Spotted with white blossom-spray.

The trees are roofs:  
Hollow caverns of cool blue shadow,  
Solemn arches  
In the afternoons.  
The whole vast horizon  
In terrace beyond terrace,  
Pinnacle above pinnacle,  
Lifts to the sky  
Serrated ranks of green on green.

They caress the roofs with their fingers,  
They sprawl about the river to look into it;  
Up the hill they come  
Gesticulating challenge:  
They cower together  
In dark valleys;  
They yearn out over the fields.  
Enamelled domes  
Tumble upon the grass,  
Crashing in ruin  
Quiet at last.

The trees lash the sky with their leaves,  
Uneasily shaking their dark green manes.

## III

Far let the voices of the mad wild birds be calling me,  
I will abide in this forest of pines.

When the wind blows  
Battling through the forest,  
I hear it distantly,  
The crash of a perpetual sea.

When the rain falls,  
I watch silver spears slanting downwards  
From pale river-pools of sky,  
Enclosed in dark fronds.

When the sun shines,  
I weave together distant branches till they enclose mighty circles,  
I sway to the movement of hooded summits,  
I swim leisurely in deep blue seas of air.

I hug the smooth bark of stately red pillars  
And with cones carefully scattered  
I mark the progression of dark dial-shadows  
Flung diagonally downwards through the afternoon.

This turf is not like turf:  
It is a smooth dry carpet of velvet,  
Embroidered with brown patterns of needles and cones.  
These trees are not like trees:  
They are innumerable feathery pagoda-umbrellas,  
Stiffly ungracious to the wind,  
Teetering on red-lacquered stems.

In the evening I listen to the winds' lispings,  
While the conflagrations of the sunset flicker and clash behind me,  
Flamboyant crenellations of glory amid the charred ebony boles.

In the night the fiery nightingales  
Shall clash and trill through the silence:  
Like the voices of mermaids crying  
From the sea.

Long ago has the moon whelmed this uncompleted temple.  
Stars swim like gold fish far above the black arches.

Far let the timid feet of dawn fly to catch me:  
I will abide in this forest of pines:

For I have unveiled naked beauty,  
And the things that she whispered to me in the darkness,  
Are buried deep in my heart.

Now let the black tops of the pine-trees break like a spent wave,  
Against the grey sky:  
These are tombs and memorials and temples and altars sun-kindled  
for me.

### *White Symphony*

#### I

FORLORN and white,  
Whorls of purity about a golden chalice,  
Immense the peonies  
Flare and shatter their petals over my face.

They slowly turn paler,  
They seem to be melting like blue-grey flakes of ice,  
Thin greyish shivers  
Fluctuating 'mid the dark green lance-thrust of the leaves.

Like snowballs tossed,  
Like soft white butterflies,  
The peonies poise in the twilight.  
And their narcotic insinuating perfume  
Draws me into them  
Shivering with the coolness,  
Aching with the void.  
They kiss the blue chalice of my dreams  
Like a gesture seen for an instant and then lost forever.

Outwards the petals  
Thrust to embrace me,  
Pale daggers of coldness  
Run through my aching breast.

Outwards, still outwards,  
Till on the brink of twilight

They swirl downwards silently,  
Flurry of snow in the void.

Outwards, still outwards,  
Till the blue walls are hidden,  
And in the blinding white radiance  
Of a whirlpool of clouds, I awake.

Like spraying rockets  
My peonies shower  
Their glories on the night.  
Wavering perfumes,  
Drift about the garden;  
Shadows of the moonlight,  
Drift and ripple over the dew-gemmed leaves.

Soar, crash, and sparkle,  
Shoal of stars drifting  
Like silver fishes,  
Through the black sluggish boughs.  
Towards the impossible,  
Towards the inaccessible,  
Towards the ultimate,  
Towards the silence,  
Towards the eternal,  
These blossoms go.

The peonies spring like rockets in the twilight,  
And out of them all I rise.

## II

Downwards through the blue abyss it slides,  
The white snow-water of my dreams,  
Downwards crashing from slippery rock  
Into the boiling chasm:  
In which no eye dare look, for it is the chasm of death.  
Upwards from the blue abyss it rises,  
The chill water-mist of my dreams;  
Upwards to greyish weeping pines,  
And to skies of autumn ever about my heart,  
It is blue at the beginning,  
And blue-white against the grey-greenness;

It wavers in the upper air,  
Catching unconscious sparkles, a rainbow-glint of sunlight,  
And fading in the sad depths of the sky.

Outwards rush the strong pale clouds,  
Outwards and ever outwards;  
The blue-grey clouds indistinguishable one from another:  
Nervous, sinewy, tossing their arms and brandishing,  
Till on the blue serrations of the horizon  
They drench with their black rain a great peak of changeless snow.

As evening came on, I climbed the tower,  
To gaze upon the city far beneath:  
I was not weary of day; but in the evening  
A white mist assembled and gathered over the earth  
And blotted it from sight.  
But to escape.  
To chase with the golden clouds galloping over the horizon:  
Arrows of the northwest wind  
Singing amid them,  
Ruffling up my hair!

As evening came on the distance altered,  
Pale wavering reflections rose from out the city,  
Like sighs of the beckoning of half-invisible hands.  
Monotonously and sluggishly they crept upwards  
A river that had spent itself in some chasm,  
And dwindled and foamed at last at my weary feet.

Autumn! Golden fountains,  
And the winds neighing  
Amid the monotonous hills:  
Desolation of the old gods,  
Rain that lifts and rain that moves away;  
In the green-black torrent  
Scarlet leaves.

It was now perfectly evening:  
And the tower loomed like a gaunt peak in mid-air  
Above the city: its base was utterly lost.  
It was slowly coming on to rain,  
And the immense columns of white mist  
Wavered and broke before the faint-hurled spears.



I will descend the mountains like a shepherd,  
And in the folds of tumultuous misty cities,  
I will put all my thoughts, all my old thoughts, safely to sleep.  
For it is already autumn,  
O whiteness of the pale southwestern sky!  
O wavering dream that was not mine to keep!  
In midnight, in mournful moonlight,  
By paths I could not trace,  
I walked in the white garden,  
Each flower had a white face.

Their perfume intoxicated me: thus I began my dream.

I was alone; I had no one to guide me,  
But the moon was like the sun:  
It stooped and kissed each waxen petal,  
One after one.  
Green and white was that garden: diamond rain hung in the  
branches,  
You will not believe it!

In the morning, at the dayspring,  
I wakened, shivering; lo,  
The white garden that blossomed at my feet  
Was a garden hidden in snow.

It was my sorrow to see that all this was a dream.

## III

Blue, clogged with purple,  
Mists uncoil themselves:  
Sparkling to the horizon,  
I see the snow alone.

In the deep blue chasm,  
Boats sleep under gold thatch;  
Icicle-like trees fret  
Faintly rose-touched sky.

Under their heaped snow-eaves,  
Leaden houses shiver.

Through thin blue crevasses,  
Trickles an icy stream.

The pines groan white-laden,  
The waves shiver, struck by the wind;  
Beyond from treeless horizons,  
Broken snow-peaks crawl to the sea.

Wearily the snow glares,  
Through the grey silence, day after day,  
Mocking the colourless cloudless sky  
With the reflection of death.

There is no smoke through the pine tops,  
No strong red boatmen in pale green reeds,  
No herons to flicker an instant,  
No lanterns to glow with gay ray.

No sails beat up to the harbour,  
With creaking cordage and sailors' song.  
Somnolent, bare-poled, indifferent,  
They sleep, and the city sleeps.

Mid-winter about them casts  
Its dreary fortifications:  
Each day is a gaunt grey rock,  
And death is the last of them all.

Over the sluggish snow,  
Drifts now a pallid weak shower of bloom:  
Boredom of fresh creation,  
Death-weariness of old returns.

White, white blossom,  
Fall of the shattered cups day on day:  
Is there anything here that is not ancient,  
That has not bloomed a thousand years ago?

Under the glare of the white-hot day,  
Under the restless wind-rakes of the winter,  
White blossom or white snow scattered,  
And beneath them, dark, the graves.

Dark graves never changing,  
 White dream, drifting, never changing above them:  
 O that the white scroll of heaven might be rolled up,  
 And the naked red lightning thrust at the smouldering earth!

---

H. D.

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*At Baia*

I SHOULD have thought  
 In a dream you would have brought  
 Some lovely perilous thing,  
 Orchids piled in a great sheath,  
 As who would say (in a dream)  
 I send you this,  
 Who left the blue veins  
 Of your throat un-kissed.  
 Why was it that your hand  
 (That never took mine)  
 Your hands that I could see  
 Drift over the orchid heads  
 So carefully,  
 Your hands, so fragile, sure to lift  
 So gently, the fragile flower stuff—  
 Ah, ah, how was it

You never sent (in a dream)  
 The very form, the very scent,  
 Not heavy, not sensuous.  
 But perilous—perilous—  
 Of orchids, piled in a great sheath,  
 And folded underneath on a bright scroll  
 Some word:  
 Flower sent to flower;  
 For white hands, the lesser white,  
 Less lovely of flower leaf,

Or

Lover to lover, no kiss,  
No touch, but forever and ever this.

*"Not Honey"*

NOT honey,  
Not the plunder of the bee  
From meadow or sand-flower  
Or mountain bush;  
From winter-flower or shoot  
Born of the later heat  
Not honey, not the sweet  
Stain on the lips and teeth:  
Not honey, not the deep  
Plunge of soft belly  
And the clinging of the gold-edged  
Pollen-dusted feet.

Not so—  
Though rapture blind my eyes,  
And hunger crisp  
Dark and inert my mouth,  
Not honey, not the south,  
Not the tall stalk  
Of red twin-lilies,  
Nor light branch of fruit tree  
Caught in flexible light branch.

Not honey, not the south;  
Ah, flower of purple iris,  
Flower of white,  
Or of the iris, withering the grass—  
For fleck of the sun's fire,  
Gathers such heat and power,  
That shadow-print is light,  
Cast through the petals  
Of the yellow iris flower.

Not iris—old desire—old passion—  
Old forgetfulness—old pain—  
Not this, nor any flower,

*AMERICAN POETRY*

But if you turn again,  
Seek strength of arm and throat,  
Touch as the god:  
Neglect the lyre-note;  
Knowing that you shall feel,  
About the frame,  
No trembling of the string  
But heat more passionate  
Of bone and the white shell  
And fiery tempered steel.

*Song*

**Y**OU are as gold  
As the half-ripe grain  
That merges to gold again,  
As white as the white rain  
That beats through  
The half-opened flowers  
Of the great flower tufts  
Thick on the black limbs  
Of an Illyrian apple bough.

Can honey distil such fragrance  
As your bright hair—  
For your face is as fair as rain,  
Yet as rain that lies clear  
On white honey-comb,  
Lends radiance to the white wax,  
So your hair on your brow  
Casts light for a shadow.

*The Garden*

## I

**Y**OU are clear,  
O rose, cut in rock.

I could scrape the colour  
From the petals,  
Like spilt dye from a rock.

If I could break you  
I could break a tree.

If I could stir  
I could break a tree,  
I could break you.

## II

O wind, rend open the heat,  
Cut apart the heat,  
Slit it to tatters.

Fruit cannot drop  
Through this thick air;  
Fruit cannot fall into heat  
That presses up and blunts  
The points of pears,  
And rounds grapes.

Cut the heat:  
Plough through it,  
Turning it on either side  
Of your path.

*Orchard*

I SAW the first pear  
as it fell—  
the honey-seeking, golden banded,  
the yellow swarm,  
was not more fleet than I,  
(spare us from loveliness!)  
and I fell prostrate,  
crying:  
you have flayed us with your blossoms,  
spare us the beauty  
of fruit-trees!

The honey-seeking  
paused not;  
the air thundered their song,  
and I alone was prostrate.

O rough-hewn  
god of the orchard,  
I bring you an offering—  
do you, alone unbeautiful,  
son of the god,  
spare us from loveliness·  
these fallen hazel-nuts,  
stripped late of their green sheaths,  
grapes, red-purple,  
their berries  
dripping with wine;  
pomegranates already broken,  
and shrunken figs,  
and quinces untouched,  
I bring you as offering.

---

LOUIS UNTERMEYER

---

*Long Feud*

WHERE, without bloodshed, can there be  
A more relentless enmity  
Than the long feud fought silently

Between man and the growing grass?  
Man's the aggressor, for he has  
Weapons to humble and harass

The impudent spears that charge upon  
His sacred privacy of lawn,  
He mows them down, and they are gone

Only to lie in wait, although  
He builds above and digs below  
Where never a root would dare to go.

His are the triumphs till the day  
There's no more grass to cut away,  
And, tired of labor, tired of play,

Having exhausted every whim,  
He stretches out each conquering limb.  
And then the small grass covers him.

---

JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

---

*Earth*

GRASSHOPPER, your fairy song  
And my poem alike belong  
To the dark and silent earth  
From which all poetry has birth;  
All we say and all we sing  
Is but as the murmuring  
Of that drowsy heart of hers  
When from her deep dream she stirs:  
If we sorrow, or rejoice,  
You and I are but her voice.

Deftly does the dust express  
In mind her hidden loveliness,  
And from her cool silence stream  
The cricket's cry and Dante's dream;  
For the earth that breeds the trees  
Breeds cities too, and symphonies.

Equally her beauty flows  
Into a savior, or a rose—  
Looks down in dream, and from above



## AMERICAN POETRY

Smiles at herself in Jesus' love.  
 Christ's love and Homer's art  
 Are but the workings of her heart;  
 Through Leonardo's hand she seeks  
 Herself, and through Beethoven speaks  
 In holy thunderings around  
 The awful message of the ground.

The serene and humble mold  
 Does in herself all selves enfold—  
 Kingdoms, destinies, and creeds,  
 Great dreams, and dauntless deeds,  
 Science that metes the firmament,  
 The high, inflexible intent  
 Of one for many sacrificed—  
 Plato's brain, the heart of Christ;  
 All love, all legend, and all lore  
 Are in the dust forevermore.

Even as the growing grass,  
 Up from the soil religions pass,  
 And the field that bears the rye  
 Bears parables and prophecy.  
 Out of the earth the poem grows  
 Like the lily, or the rose;  
 And all man is, or yet may be,  
 Is but herself in agony  
 Toiling up the steep ascent  
 Toward the complete accomplishment  
 When all dust shall be, the whole  
 Universe, one conscious soul  
 Yea, the quiet and cool sod  
 Bears in her breast the dream of God.

If you would know what earth is, scan  
 The intricate, proud heart of man,  
 Which is the earth articulate,  
 And learn how holy and how great,  
 How limitless and how profound  
 Is the nature of the ground—  
 How without terror or demur  
 We may entrust ourselves to her

When we are wearied out and lay  
Our faces in the common clay.

For she is pity, she is love,  
All wisdom, she, all thoughts that move  
About her everlasting breast  
Till she gathers them to rest:  
All tenderness of all the ages,  
Seraphic secrets of the sages,  
Vision and hope of all the seers,  
All prayer, all anguish, and all tears  
Are but the dust that from her dream  
Awakes, and knows herself supreme—  
Are but earth, when she reveals  
All that her secret heart conceals  
Down in the dark and silent loam,  
Which is ourselves, asleep, at home.

Yea, and this, my poem, too,  
Is part of her as dust and dew,  
Wherein herself she doth declare  
Through my lips, and say her prayer.

---

### CALE YOUNG RICE

---

### *Chanson of the Bells of Osenèy*

THIRTEENTH CENTURY

THE bells of Osenèy  
(Hautclère. Doucement, Austyn)  
Chant sweetly every day,  
And sadly, for our sin.  
The bells of Osenèy  
(John, Gabriel, Marie)  
Chant lowly,  
Chant slowly,  
Chant wistfully and holy  
Of Christ, our Paladin.

## AMERICAN POETRY

Hautclère chants to the East  
(His tongue is silvery high),  
And Austyn like a priest  
Sends west a weighty cry.  
But Doucement set between  
(Like an appeasive nun)  
Chants cheerly,  
                    Chants clearly,  
As if Christ heard her nearly,  
A plea to every sky.

A plea that John takes up  
(He is the evangelist)  
Till Gabriel's angel cup  
Pours sound to sun or mist.  
And last of all Marie  
(The virgin-voice of God)  
Peals purely,  
                    Demurely,  
And with a tone so surely  
Divine, that all must hear.

The bells of Osenèy  
(Doucement, Austyn, Hautclère)  
Pour ever day by day  
Their peals on the rapt air;  
And with their mellow mates  
(John, Gabriel, Marie)  
Tell slowly,  
                    Tell lowly,  
Of Christ the High and Holy,  
Who makes the whole world fair.

---

MARIANNE MOORE

---

*The Fish*

WADE  
 through black jade  
 Of the crow-blue mussel shells, one  
     keeps  
     adjusting the ash heaps;  
 opening and shutting itself like

an  
 injured fan.  
     The barnacles which encrust the  
         side  
         of the wave, cannot hide  
 there for the submerged shafts of the

sun,  
 split like spun  
     glass, move themselves with spotligh  
         swiftness  
         into the crevices—  
 in and out, illuminating

the  
 turquoise sea  
     of bodies. The water drives a  
         wedge  
         of iron through the iron edge  
 of the cliff, whereupon the stars,

pink  
 rice grains, ink  
     bespattered jelly-fish, crabs like  
         green  
         lilies and submarine  
 toadstools, slide each on the other.

## AMERICAN POETRY

All

external

marks of abuse are present on  
 this  
 defiant edifice—  
 all the physical features of

ac-

cident—lack

of cornice, dynamite grooves, burns  
 and  
 hatchet strokes, these things stand  
 out on it; the chasm side is

dead.

Repeated

evidence has proved that it can  
 live  
 on what cannot revive  
 its youth. The sea grows old in it.

*My Apish Cousins*

WINKED too much and were afraid of snakes. The zebras,  
 supreme in  
 their abnormality; the elephants with their fog-colored skin  
 and strictly practical appendages  
 were there, the small cats; and the parakeet—  
 trivial and humdrum on examination, destroying  
 bark and portions of the food it could not eat.

I recall their magnificence, now not more magnificent  
 than it is dim. It is difficult to recall the ornament,  
 speech, and precise manner of what one might  
 call the minor acquaintances twenty  
 years back; but I shall not forget him—that  
 Gilgamesh among  
 the hairy carnivora—that cat with the

wedge-shaped, slate-gray marks on its forelegs and the resolute tail,  
 astringently remarking: "They have imposed on us with their pale

half-fledged protestations, trembling about  
in articulate frenzy, saying  
it is not for us to understand art; finding it  
all so difficult, examining the thing

as if it were inconceivably arcanic, as symmet-  
rically frigid as if it had been carved out of chrysoprase  
or marble—strict with tension, malignant  
in its power over us and deeper  
than the sea when it proffers flattery in exchange for  
hemp,  
rye, flax, horses, platinum, timber, and fur."

# Poetry

II TOO, dislike it: there are things that are important beyond all  
this fiddle.

Reading it, however, with a perfect contempt for it, one discovers  
that there is in

it after all, a place for the genuine.

Hands that can grasp, eyes  
that can dilate, hair that can rise

if it must, these things are important not because a  
high sounding interpretation can be put upon them but because they  
are

useful; when they become so derivative as to become unintelli-  
gible,

the same thing may be said for all of us, that we  
do not admire what

we cannot understand: the bat,

holding on upside down or in quest of something to  
eat, elephants pushing, a wild horse taking a roll, a tireless wolf  
under

a tree, the immovable critic twitching his skin like a horse that  
feels a flea, the base-

ball fan, the statistician—

nor is it valid

to discriminate against "business documents and

school-books"; all these phenomena are important. One must make  
a distinction

however: when dragged into prominence by half poets, the  
     result is not poetry,  
 nor till the poets among us can be  
     "literalists of  
     the imagination"—above  
     insolence and triviality and can present

for inspection, imaginary gardens with real toads in them, shall we  
     have  
 it. In the meantime, if you demand on one hand,  
 the raw material of poetry in  
     all its rawness and  
     that which is on the other hand  
     genuine, then you are interested in poetry.

### *A Talisman*

UNDER a splintered mast,  
     Torn from the ship and cast  
     Near her hull,

A stumbling shepherd found  
 Embedded in the ground,  
     A seagull

Of lapis lazuli,  
 A scarab of the sea,  
     With wings spread—

Curling its coral feet,  
 Parting its beak to greet  
     Men long dead.

### *Roses Only*

YOU do not seem to realize that beauty is a liability rather than  
 an asset—that in view of the fact that spirit creates form we  
     are justified in supposing  
     that you must have brains. For you, a symbol of the unit,  
     stiff and sharp,

conscious of surpassing by dint of native superiority and liking  
for everything  
self-dependent, anything an

ambitious civilization might produce: for you, unaided, to attempt  
through sheer  
reserve, to confuse presumptions resulting from observation, is  
idle. You cannot make us  
think you a delightful happen-so. But rose, if you are brilliant, it  
is not because your petals are the without-which-nothing of pre-  
eminence Would you not, minus  
thorns, be a what-is-this, a mere

peculiarity? They are not proof against a worm, the elements, or  
mildew;  
but what about the predatory hand? What is brilliance without  
co-ordination? Guarding the  
infinitesimal pieces of your mind, compelling audience to  
the remark that it is better to be forgotten than to be remem-  
bered too violently,  
your thorns are the best part of you.

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 ROBINSON JEFFERS
 

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*Continent's End*

AT the equinox when the earth was veiled in a late rain, wreathed  
with wet poppies, waiting spring,  
The ocean swelled for a far storm and beat its boundary, the ground-  
swell shook the beds of granite.

I gazing at the boundaries of granite and spray, the established sea-  
marks, felt behind me  
Mountain and plain, the immense breadth of the continent, before  
me the mass and doubled stretch of water.



I said: You yoke the Aleutian seal-rocks with the lava and coral  
sowings that flower the south,  
Over your flood the life that sought the sunrise faces ours that has  
followed the evening star.

The long migrations meet across you and it is nothing to you, you  
have forgotten us, mother.  
You were much younger when we crawled out of the womb and lay  
in the sun's eye on the tideline.

It was long and long ago; we have grown proud since then and you  
have grown bitter; life retains  
Your mobile soft unquiet strength; and envies hardness, the insolent  
quietness of stone.

The tides are in our veins, we still mirror the stars, life is your child,  
but there is in me  
Older and harder than life and more impartial, the eye that watched  
before there was an ocean.

That watched you fill your beds out of the condensation of thin  
vapor and watched you change them,  
That saw you soft and violent wear your boundaries down, eat rock,  
shift places with the continents.

Mother, though my song's measure is like your surf-beat's ancient  
rhythm I never learned it of you.  
Before there was any water there were tides of fire, both our tones  
flow from the older fountain

### *Apology for Bad Dreams*

#### I

IN the purple light, heavy with redwood, the slopes drop seaward,  
Headlong convexities of forest, drawn in together to the steep  
ravine. Below, on the sea-cliff,  
A lonely clearing; a little field of corn by the streamside; a roof  
under spared trees. Then the ocean  
Like a great stone someone has cut to a sharp edge and polished to  
shining. Beyond it, the fountain

And furnace of incredible light flowing up from the sunk sun. In  
the little clearing a woman  
Was punishing a horse; she had tied the halter to a sapling at the  
edge of the wood; but when the great whip  
Clung to the flanks the creature kicked so hard she feared he would  
snap the halter; she called from the house  
The young man her son; who fetched a chain tie-rope, they working  
together  
Noosed the small rusty links round the horse's tongue  
And tied him by the swollen tongue to the tree.  
Seen from this height they are shrunk to insect size,  
Out of all human relation. You cannot distinguish  
The blood dripping from where the chain is fastened,  
The beast shuddering; but the thrust neck and the legs  
Far apart. You can see the whip fall on the flanks. . . .  
The gesture of the arm. You cannot see the face of the woman.  
The enormous light beats up out of the west across the cloud-bars of  
the trade-wind. The ocean  
Darkens, the high clouds brighten, the hills darken together.  
Unbridled and unbelievable beauty  
Covers the evening world . . . not covers grows apparent out of it,  
as Venus down there grows out  
From the lit sky. What said the prophet? "I create good: and I  
create evil: I am the Lord."

## II

This coast crying out for tragedy like all beautiful places,  
(The quiet ones ask for quieter suffering; but here the granite cliff  
the gaunt cypresses' crown  
Demands what victim? The dykes of red lava and black what Titan?  
The hills like pointed flames  
Beyond Soberanes, the terrible peaks of the bare hills under the sun,  
what immolation?)  
This coast crying out for tragedy like all beautiful places and like  
the passionate spirit of humanity  
Pain for its bread: God's, many victims', the painful deaths, the hor-  
rible transfigurements: I said in my heart,  
"Better invent than suffer: imagine victims  
Lest your own flesh be chosen the agonist, or you  
Martyr some creature to the beauty of the place." And I said,  
"Burn sacrifices once a year to magic

Horror away from the house, this little house here  
 You have built over the ocean with your own hands  
 Beside the standing boulders: for what are we,  
 The beast that walks upright, with speaking lips  
 And little hair, to think we should always be fed,  
 Sheltered, intact, and self-controlled? We sooner more liable  
 Than the other animals. Pain and terror, the insanities of desire; not  
 accidents, but essential,  
 And crowd up from the core." I imagined victims for those wolves,  
 I made the phantoms to follow.  
 They have hunted the phantoms and missed the house. It is not  
 good to forget over what gulls the spirit  
 Of the beauty of humanity, the petal of a lost flower blown seaward  
 by the night-wind, floats to its quietness.

## III

Boulders blunted like an old bear's teeth break up from the head-  
 land; below them  
 All the soil is thick with shells, the tide-rock feasts of a dead people.  
 Here the granite flanks are scarred with ancient fire, the ghosts of  
 the tribe  
 Crouch in the nights beside the ghost of a fire, they try to remember  
 the sunlight,  
 Light has died out of their skies. These have paid something for the  
 future  
 Luck of the country, while we living keep old griefs in memory:  
 though God's  
 Envy is not a likely fountain of ruin, to forget evil calls down  
 Sudden reminders from the cloud: remembered deaths be our re-  
 deemers;  
 Imagined victims our salvation: white as the half moon at midnight  
 Someone flamelike passed me, saying, "I am Tamar Cauldwell, I  
 have my desire,"  
 Then the voice of the sea returned, when she had gone by, the stars  
 to their towers.  
 . . . Beautiful country, burn again, Point Pinos 'down to the Sur  
 Rivers  
 Burn as before with bitter wonders, land and ocean and the Carmel  
 water.

## IV

He brays humanity in a mortar to bring the savor  
 From the bruised root: a man having bad dreams, who invents vic-  
 tims, is only the ape of that God.  
 He washes it out with tears and many waters, calcines it with fire  
 in the red crucible,  
 Deforms it, makes it horrible to itself: the spirit flies out and stands  
 naked, he sees the spirit.  
 He takes it in the naked ecstasy; it breaks in his hand, the atom is  
 broken, the power that massed it  
 Cries to the power that moves the stars, "I have come home to my-  
 self, behold me.  
 I bruised myself in the flint mortar and burnt me  
 In the red shell, I tortured myself, I flew forth,  
 Stood naked of myself and broke me in fragments,  
 And here am I moving the stars that are me."  
 I have seen these ways of God: I know of no reason  
 For fire and change and torture and the old returnings.  
 He being sufficient might be still. I think they admit no reason; they  
 are the ways of my love.  
 Unmeasured power, incredible passion, enormous craft. no thought  
 apparent but burns darkly  
 Smothered with its own smoke in the human brain-vault: no thought  
 outside: a certain measure in phenomena:  
 The fountains of the boiling stars, the flowers on the foreland, the  
 ever-returning roses of dawn.

*Love the Wild Swan*

I HATE my verses, every line, every word.  
 Oh pale and brittle pencils ever to try  
 One grass-blade's curve, or the throat of one bird  
 That clings to twig, ruffled against white sky.  
 Oh cracked and twilight mirrors ever to catch  
 One color, one glinting flash, of the splendor of things.  
 Unlucky hunter, Oh bullets of wax,  
 The lion beauty, the wild-swan wings, the storm of the wings."  
 —This wild swan of a world is no hunter's game.  
 Better bullets than yours would miss the white breast,  
 Better mirrors than yours would crack in the flame.

Does it matter whether you hate your . . . self? At least  
 Love your eyes that can see, your mind that can  
 Hear the music, the thunder of the wings. Love the wild swan.

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MARSDEN HARTLEY

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*Confidence*

WE'LL have the sun now,"  
 the quaking sea gulls said—  
 "We've run the gamut of the thundering sea,  
 one by one—one by one,  
 and though the wave is full of bread  
 a wing is often tendon-weary  
 of a thing so varied-vast;  
 we do our geodetic surveillance,  
 for herring are a shining thing,  
 a shape of sleek imagining,  
 a pretty circumstance.  
 The shiver of an ash leaf and of pine  
 makes other music for a day's determining,  
 even sea gulls love the shape of roses  
 ere day closes."

*Warblers*

AN hundred warblers in the nearest aching gap,  
 it seems as though it loved its aching  
 filled with hyper-ikonistic misery.  
 I did not expect such staggering wealth,  
 to come to me by dawn-delivered stealth,  
 though morning is the time—and spring  
 the way love knows of its best being.

All through the leaves a burning  
 rush of gilded, swift, whirling wing.

All warblers of the world have come  
to me, and are in me living—  
I only cool retreat and humble shade  
giving,  
my leaves with excess of sun  
trampled.

I said an hundred warblers came  
to me,  
and now that I am clear, what it  
was, was very near—  
it was but two, or three,  
But—how they fastened me.

### *In Robin Hood Cove*

THE tide comes in, and out goes tide;  
it skirts the cliffs, and in their shadow sees  
the remnants of the days that fall  
between a seagull's and a robin's call.  
There is the bridge, and under flows  
the rests of evening with its primulous  
shows—  
it is a river made of listless sea  
after it has explained its fierce integrity;  
no thunder makes, or on rock heaves—  
it learns the place for plain humility,  
and keeps reflection of some mundless  
leaves.

These evening greens  
that gather wistfully among  
the ripening coronals of summer  
when rain has done its streaming  
and the sea has washed back  
its waters into these little cities  
made of whispered wish  
and gentle, seabird thought, homely consecration;  
airs—vibrant with the felt glimmer of a day  
gone down to glory of a sunken yesterday;  
night stepping in, soft-shod and separate

in her smooth design;  
 these evening greens  
 that gather wistfully, making melody  
 of nothings in their tuneful  
 prime.

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T. S. ELIOT

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*The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock*

*S'io credesse che mia risposta fosse  
 A persona che mai tornasse al mondo,  
 Questa fiamma staria senza piu scosse.  
 Ma perciocche giammai di questo fondo  
 Non torno vivo alcun s'ïodo il vero,  
 Senza tema d'infamia ti rispondo*

LET us go then, you and I,  
 When the evening is spread out against the sky  
 Like a patient etherized upon a table;  
 Let us go, through certain half-deserted streets,  
 The muttering retreats  
 Of restless nights in one-night cheap hotels  
 And sawdust restaurants with oyster-shells:  
 Streets that follow like a tedious argument  
 Of insidious intent  
 To lead you to an overwhelming question. . . .  
 Oh, do not ask, "What is it?"  
 Let us go and make our visit.  
 In the room the women come and go  
 Talking of Michelangelo.

The yellow fog that rubs its back upon the window-panes,  
 The yellow smoke that rubs its muzzle on the window-panes,  
 Licked its tongue into the corners of the evening,  
 Lingered upon the pools that stand in drains,  
 Let fall upon its back the soot that falls from chimneys.

Slipped by the terrace, made a sudden leap,  
And seeing that it was a soft October night,  
Curled once about the house, and fell asleep.

And indeed there will be time  
For the yellow smoke that slides along the street,  
Rubbing its back upon the window-panes;  
There will be time, there will be time  
To prepare a face to meet the faces that you meet;  
There will be time to murder and create,  
And time for all the works and days of hands  
That lift and drop a question on your plate;  
Time for you and time for me,  
And time yet for a hundred indecisions,  
And for a hundred visions and revisions,  
Before the taking of a toast and tea.  
In the room the women come and go  
Talking of Michelangelo.

And indeed there will be time  
To wonder, "Do I dare?" and, "Do I dare?"  
Time to turn back and descend the stair,  
With a bald spot in the middle of my hair—  
(They will say "How his hair is growing thin!")  
My morning coat, my collar mounting firmly to the chin,  
My necktie rich and modest, but asserted by a simple pin—  
(They will say: "But how his arms and legs are thin!")  
Do I dare  
Disturb the universe?  
In a minute there is time  
For decisions and revisions which a minute will reverse.

For I have known them all already, known them all:  
Have known the evenings, mornings, afternoons,  
I have measured out my life with coffee spoons;  
I know the voices dying with a dying fall  
Beneath the music from a farther room.  
So how should I presume?

And I have known the eyes already, known them all—  
The eyes that fix you in a formulated phrase,  
And when I am formulated, sprawling on a pin,



When I am pinned and wriggling on the wall,  
Then how should I begin  
To spit out all the butt-ends of my days and ways?  
And how should I presume?

And I have known the arms already, known them all—  
Arms that are braceleted and white and bare  
(But in the lamplight, downed with light brown hair!)  
Is it perfume from a dress  
That makes me so digress?  
Arms that lie along a table, or wrap about a shawl.  
And should I then presume?  
And how should I begin?

Shall I say, I have gone at dusk through narrow streets  
And watched the smoke that rises from the pipes  
Of lonely men in shirt-sleeves, leaning out of windows? . . .  
I should have been a pair of ragged claws  
Scuttling across the floors of silent seas.

And the afternoon, the evening, sleeps so peacefully!  
Smoothed by long fingers,  
Asleep . . . tired . . . or it malingers,  
Stretched on the floor, here beside you and me.  
Should I, after tea and cakes and ices,  
Have the strength to force the moment to its crisis?  
But though I have wept and faster, wept and prayed,  
Though I have seen my head (grown slightly bald) brought in upon  
a platter,  
I am no prophet—and here's no great matter;  
I have seen the moment of my greatness flicker,  
And I have seen the eternal Footman hold my coat, and snicker,  
And in short, I was afraid.

And would it have been worth it, after all,  
After the cups, the marmalade, the tea,  
Among the porcelain, among some talk of you and me,  
Would it have been worth while,  
To have bitten off the matter with a smile,  
To have squeezed the universe into a ball  
To roll it toward some overwhelming question,  
To say: "I am Lazarus, come from the dead,

Come back to tell you all, I shall tell you all"—  
If one, settling a pillow by her head,  
Should say: "That was not what I meant at all;  
That is not it, at all."

And would it have been worth it, after all.  
Would it have been worth while,  
After the sunsets and the dooryards and the sprinkled streets,  
After the novels, after the teacups, after the skirts that trail along the  
floor—

And this, and so much more?—  
It is impossible to say just what I mean!  
But as if a magic lantern threw the nerves in patterns on a screen:  
Would it have been worth while  
If one, settling a pillow or throwing off a shawl,  
And turning toward the window, should say:  
"That is not it at all,  
That is not what I meant at all."

No! I am not Prince Hamlet, nor was meant to be;  
Am an attendant lord, one that will do  
To swell a progress, start a scene or two,  
Advise the prince, no doubt, an easy tool,  
Deferential, glad to be of use,  
Politick, cautious, and meticulous;  
Full of high sentence, but a bit obtuse;  
At times, indeed, almost ridiculous—  
Almost, at times, the Fool.

I grow old . . . I grow old . . .  
I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled.

Shall I part my hair behind? Do I dare to eat a peach?  
I shall wear white flannel trousers, and walk upon the beach.  
I have heard the mermaids singing, each to each.

I do not think that they will sing to me.  
I have seen them riding seaward on the waves  
Combing the white hair of the waves blown back  
When the wind blows the water white and black.  
We have lingered in the chambers of the sea

By sea-girls wreathed with seaweed red and brown  
Till human voices wake us, and we drown.

*Sweeney Among the Nightingales*

ὦμοι πέπληγμαι καιρίαν πληγὴν ἔσω.

*Why should I speak of the nightingale? The nightingale sings of  
adulterous wrong.*

**A**PENECK SWEENEY spreads his knees  
Letting his arms hang down to laugh,  
The zebra stripes along his jaw  
Swelling to maculate giraffe.

The circles of the stormy moon  
Slide westward to the River Plate,  
Death and the Raven drift above  
And Sweeney guards the hornèd gate.

Gloomy Orion and the Dog  
Are veiled; and hushed the shrunken seas;  
The person in the Spanish cape  
Tries to sit on Sweeney's knees

Slips and pulls the table cloth  
Overturns a coffee cup,  
Reorganized upon the floor  
She yawns and draws a stocking up;

The silent man in mocha brown  
Sprawls at the window-sill and gapes;  
The waiter brings in oranges,  
Bananas, figs and hot-house grapes;

The silent vertebrate exhales,  
Contracts and concentrates, withdraws;  
Rachel *née* Rabinovitch  
Tears at the grapes with murderous paws:

She and the lady in the cape  
Are suspect, thought to be in league;

Therefore the man with heavy eyes  
Declines the gambit, shows fatigue,

Leaves the room and reappears  
Outside the window, leaning in,  
Branches of wistaria  
Circumscribe a golden grin;

The host with someone indistinct  
Converses at the door apart,  
The nightingales are singing near  
The Convent of the Sacred Heart,

And sang within the bloody wood  
When Agamemnon cried aloud,  
And let their liquid siftings fall  
To stain the stiff dishonoured shroud.

### *Gerontion*

*Thou hast nor youth nor age  
But as it were an after dinner sleep  
Dreaming of both.*

HERE I am, an old man in a dry month,  
Being read to by a boy, waiting for rain.  
I was neither at the hot gates  
Nor fought in the warm rain  
Nor knee deep in the salt marsh, heaving a cutlass,  
Bitten by flies, fought.  
My house is a decayed house,  
And the Jew squats on the window sill, the owner,  
Spawned in some estaminet of Antwerp,  
Blistered in Brussels, patched and peeled in London.  
The goat coughs at night in the field overhead;  
Rocks, moss, stonecrop, iron, merds.  
The woman keeps the kitchen, makes tea,  
Sneezes at evening, poking the peevish gutter.

I an old man,

A dull head among windy spaces.

Signs are taken for wonders. "We would see a sign!"  
 The word within a word, unable to speak a word,  
 Swaddled with darkness. In the juvenescence of the year  
 Came Christ the tiger.

In depraved May, dogwood and chestnut, flowering judas,  
 To be eaten, to be divided, to be drunk  
 Among whispers; by Mr. Silvero  
 With caressing hands, at Limoges  
 Who walked all night in the next room;  
 By Hakagawa, bowing among the Titans;  
 By Madame de Tornquist, in the dark room  
 Shifting the candles; Fraulein von Kulp  
 Who turned in the hall, one hand on the door. Vacant shuttles  
 Weave the wind. I have no ghosts,  
 An old man in a draughty house  
 Under a windy knob.

After such knowledge, what forgiveness? Think now  
 History has many cunning passages, contrived corridors  
 And issues, deceives with whispering ambitions,  
 Guides us by vanities. Think now  
 She gives when our attention is distracted  
 And what she gives, gives with such supple confusions  
 That the giving famishes the craving. Gives too late  
 What's not believed in, or if still believed,  
 In memory only, reconsidered passion. Gives too soon  
 Into weak hands, what's thought can be dispensed with  
 Till the refusal propagates a fear. Think  
 Neither fear nor courage saves us. Unnatural vices  
 Are fathered by our heroism. Virtues  
 Are forced upon us by our impudent crimes.  
 These tears are shaken from the wrath-bearing tree.

The tiger springs in the new year. Us he devours.

Think at last

We have not reached conclusion, when I,  
 Stiffen in a rented house. Think at last  
 I have not made this show purposelessly  
 And it is not by any concitation  
 Of the backward devils.  
 I would meet you upon this honestly.

I that was near your heart was removed therefrom  
 To lose beauty in terror, terror in inquisition.  
 I have lost my passion: why should I need to keep it  
 Since what is kept must be adulterated?  
 I have lost my sight, smell, hearing, taste and touch:  
 How should I use it for your closer contact?

These with a thousand small deliberations  
 Protract the profit, of their chilled delirium,  
 Excite the membrane, when the sense has cooled,  
 With pungent sauces, multiply variety  
 In a wilderness of murrors. What will the spider do,  
 Suspend its operations, will the weevil  
 Delay? De Bailhache, Fresca, Mrs. Cammell, whirled  
 Beyond the circuit of the shuddering Bear  
 In fractured atoms. Gull against the wind, in the windy straits  
 Of Belle Isle, or running on the Horn,  
 White feathers in the snow, the Gulf claims,  
 And an old man driven by the Trades  
 To a sleepy corner.

Tenants of the house,  
 Thoughts of a dry brain in a dry season.

### *Burnt Norton*

#### I

TIME present and time past  
 Are both perhaps present in time future,  
 And time future contained in time past.  
 If all time is eternally present  
 All time is unredeemable.  
 What might have been is an abstraction  
 Remaining a perpetual possibility  
 Only in a world of speculation.  
 What might have been and what has been  
 Point to one end, which is always present.  
 Footfalls echo in the memory  
 Down the passage which we did not take  
 Towards the door we never opened

Into the rose-garden. My words echo  
Thus, in your mind.

But to what purpose  
Disturbing the dust on a bowl of rose-leaves  
I do not know.

Other echoes

Inhabit the garden. Shall we follow?  
Quick, said the bird, find them, find them,  
Round the corner. Through the first gate,  
Into our first world, shall we follow  
The deception of the thrush? Into our first world.  
There they were, dignified, invisible,  
Moving without pressure, over the dead leaves,  
In the autumn heat, through the vibrant air,  
And the bird called, in response to  
The unheard music hidden in the shrubbery,  
And the unseen eyebeam crossed, for the roses  
Had the look of flowers that are looked at.  
There they were as our guests, accepted and accepting.  
So we moved, and they, in a formal pattern,  
Along the empty alley, into the box circle,  
To look down into the drained pool.  
Dry the pool, dry concrete, brown edged,  
And the pool was filled with water out of sunlight,  
And the lotos rose, quietly, quietly,  
The surface glittered out of heart of light,  
And they were behind us, reflected in the pool.  
Then a cloud passed, and the pool was empty.  
Go, said the bird, for the leaves were full of children,  
Hidden excitedly, containing laughter.  
Go, go, go, said the bird: human kind  
Cannot bear very much reality.  
Time past and time future  
What might have been and what has been  
Point to one end, which is always present.

II

Garlic and sapphires in the mud  
Clot the bedded axle-tree.  
The trilling wire in the blood  
Sings below inveterate scars  
And reconciles forgotten wars.

The dance along the artery  
 The circulation of the lymph  
 Are figured in the drift of stars  
 Ascend to summer in the tree  
 We move above the moving tree  
 In light upon the figured leaf  
 And hear upon the sodden floor  
 Below, the boarhound and the boar  
 Pursue their pattern as before  
 But reconciled among the stars.

At the still point of the turning world. Neither flesh nor fleshless;  
 Neither from nor towards; at the still point, there the dance is,  
 But neither arrest nor movement. And do not call it fixity,  
 Where past and future are gathered. Neither movement from nor  
 towards,  
 Neither ascent nor decline. Except for the point, the still point,  
 There would be no dance, and there is only the dance.  
 I can only say, *there* we have been but I cannot say where.  
 And I cannot say, how long, for that is to place it in time.

The inner freedom from the practical desire,  
 The release from action and suffering, release from the inner  
 And the outer compulsion, yet surrounded  
 By a grace of sense, a white light still and moving,  
*Erhebung* without motion, concentration  
 Without elimination, both a new world  
 And the old made explicit, understood  
 In the completion of its partial ecstasy,  
 The resolution of its partial horror.  
 Yet the enchainment of past and future  
 Woven in the weakness of the changing body,  
 Protects mankind from heaven and damnation  
 Which flesh cannot endure

Time past and time future  
 Allow <sup>†</sup> but a little consciousness.  
 To be conscious is not to be in time  
 But only in time can the moment in the rose-garden,  
 The moment in the arbour where the rain beat,  
 The moment in the draughty church at smokefall  
 Be remembered; involved with past and future.  
 Only through time time is conquered.



## III

Here is a place of disaffection  
Time before and time after  
In a dim light: neither daylight  
Investing form with lucid stillness  
Turning shadow into transient beauty  
With slow rotation suggesting permanence  
Nor darkness to purify the soul  
Emptying the sensual with deprivation  
Cleansing affection from the temporal.  
Neither plenitude nor vacancy. Only a flicker  
Over the strained time-ridden faces  
Distracted from distraction by distraction  
Filled with fancies and empty of meaning  
Tumid apathy with no concentration  
Men and bits of paper, whirled by the cold wind  
That blows before and after time,  
Wind in and out of unwholesome lungs  
Time before and time after.  
Eructation of unhealthy souls  
Into the faded air, the torpid  
Driven on the wind that sweeps the gloomy hills of London,  
Hampstead and Clerkenwell, Campden and Putney,  
Highgate, Primrose and Ludgate Not here  
Not here the darkness, in this twittering world.  
Descend lower, descend only  
Into the world of perpetual solitude,  
World not world, but that which is not world,  
Internal darkness, deprivation  
And destitution of all property,  
Desiccation of the world of sense,  
Evacuation of the world of fancy,  
Inoperancy of the world of spirit;  
*This is the one way, and the other*  
*Is the same, not in movement*  
But abstention from movement; while the world moves  
In appency, on its metallad ways  
*Of time past and time future.*

## IV

Time and the bell have buried the day,  
The black cloud carries the sun away.  
Will the sunflower turn to us, will the clematis  
Stray down, bend to us; tendril and spray  
Clutch and cling?  
Chill  
Fingers of yew be curled  
Down on us? After the kingfisher's wing  
Has answered light to light, and is silent, the light is still  
At the still point of the turning world.

## V

Words move, music moves  
Only in time; but that which is only living  
Can only die. Words, after speech, reach  
Into the silence. Only by the form, the pattern,  
Can words or music reach  
The stillness, as a Chinese jar still  
Moves perpetually in its stillness.  
Not the stillness of the violin, while the note lasts,  
Not that only, but the co-existence,  
Or say that the end precedes the beginning,  
And the end and the beginning were always there  
Before the beginning and after the end.  
And all is always now. Words strain,  
Crack and sometimes break, under the burden,  
Under the tension, slip, slide, perish,  
Decay with imprecision, will not stay in place,  
Will not stay still. Shrieking voices  
Scolding, mocking, or merely chattering,  
Always assail them. The Word in the desert  
Is most attacked by voices of temptation,  
The crying shadow in the funeral dance,  
The loud lament of the disconsolate chimera.

The detail of the pattern is movement,  
*As in the figure of the ten stairs.*  
Desire itself is movement  
Not in itself desirable;  
Love is itself unmoving,

Only the cause and end of movement,  
 Timeless, and undesiring  
 Except in the aspect of time  
 Caught in the form of limitation  
 Between un-being and being.  
 Sudden in a shaft of sunlight  
 Even while the dust moves  
 There rises the hidden laughter  
 Of children in the foliage  
 Quick now, here, now, always—  
 Ridiculous the waste sad time  
 Stretching before and after.

### *Ash Wednesday*

#### I

**B**ECAUSE I do not hope to turn again  
 Because I do not hope  
 Because I do not hope to turn  
 Desiring this man's gift and that man's scope  
 I no longer strive to strive towards such things  
 (Why should the aged eagle stretch its wings?)  
 Why should I mourn  
 The vanished power of the usual reign?

Because I do not hope to know again  
 The infirm glory of the positive hour  
 Because I do not think  
 Because I know I shall not know  
 The one veritable transitory power  
 Because I cannot drink  
 There, where trees flower, and springs flow, for there is nothing again

Because I know that time is always time  
 And place is always and only place  
 And what is actual is actual only for one time  
 And only for one place  
 I rejoice that things are as they are and  
 I renounce the blessed face  
 And renounce the voice

Because I cannot hope to turn again  
Consequently I rejoice, having to construct something  
Upon which to rejoice

And pray to God to have mercy upon us  
And I pray that I may forget  
These matters that with myself I too much discuss  
Too much explain  
Because I do not hope to turn again  
Let these words answer  
For what is done, not to be done again,  
May the judgment not be too heavy upon us

Because these wings are no longer wings to fly  
But merely vans to beat the air  
The air which is now thoroughly small and dry  
Smaller and dryer than the will  
Teach us to care and not to care  
Teach us to sit still

Pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death  
Pray for us now and at the hour of our death.

## II

Lady, three white leopards sat under a juniper-tree  
In the cool of the day, having fed to satiety  
On my legs my heart my liver and that which had been contained  
In the hollow round of my skull. And God said  
Shall these bones live? shall these  
Bones live? And that which had been contained  
In the bones (which were already dry) said chirping  
Because of the goodness of this Lady  
And because of her loveliness, and because  
She honors the Virgin in meditation,  
We shine with brightness And I who am here dissembled  
Proffer my deeds to oblivion, and my love  
To the posterity of the desert and the fruit of the gourd.  
It is this which recovers  
My guts the strings of my eyes and the indigestible portions  
Which the leopards reject. The Lady is withdrawn  
In a white gown, to contemplation, in a white gown.

Let the whiteness of bones atone to forgetfulness.  
There is no life in them. As I am forgotten  
And would be forgotten, so I would forget  
Thus devoted, concentrated in purpose. And God said  
Prophecy to the wind, to the wind only, for only  
The wind will listen. And the bones sang chirping  
With the burden of the grasshopper, saying

Lady of silences  
Calm and distressed  
Torn and most whole  
Rose of memory  
Rose of forgetfulness  
Exhausted and life-giving  
Worried reposeful  
The single Rose  
Is now the Garden  
Where all loves end  
Terminate torment  
Of love unsatisfied  
The greater torment  
Of love satisfied  
End of the endless  
Journey to no end  
Conclusion of all that  
Is inconclusible  
Speech without word and  
Word of no speech  
Grace to the Mother  
For the Garden  
Where all love ends.

Under a juniper-tree the bones sang, scattered and shining  
We are glad to be scattered, we did little good to each other,  
Under a tree in the cool of the day, with the blessing of sand,  
Forgetting themselves and each other, united  
In the quiet of the desert. This is the land which ye  
Shall divide by lot. And neither division nor unity  
Matters. This is the land. We have our inheritance.

## III

At the first turning of the second stair  
I turned and saw below  
The same shape twisted on the banister  
Under the vapor in the fetid air  
Struggling with the devil of the stairs who wears  
The deceitful face of hope and of despair.

At the second turning of the second stair  
I left them twisting, turning below;  
There were no more faces and the stair was dark,  
Damp, jagged, like an old man's mouth drivelling, beyond repair,  
Or the toothed gullet of an aged shark.

At the first turning of the third stair  
Was a slotted window bellied like the fig's fruit  
And beyond the hawthorn blossom and a pasture scene  
The broadbacked figure drest in blue and green  
Enchanted the maytime with an antique flute.

Blown hair is sweet, brown hair over the mouth blown,  
Lilac and brown hair;  
Distraction, music of the flute, stops and steps of the mind over the  
    third stair,  
Fading, fading; strength beyond hope and despair  
Climbing the third stair.  
Lord, I am not worthy  
Lord, I am not worthy

but speak the word only.

## IV

Who walked between the violet and the violet  
Who walked between  
The various ranks of varied green  
Going in white and blue, in Mary's color,  
Talking of trivial things  
In ignorance and in knowledge of eternal dolour  
Who moved among the others as they walked,  
Who then made strong the fountains and made fresh the springs

Made cool the dry rock and made firm the sand  
In blue of larkspur, blue of Mary's color,  
Sovegna vos

Here are the years that walk between, bearing  
Away the fiddles and the flutes, restoring  
One who moves in the time between sleep and waking, wearing

White light folded, sheathed about her, folded.  
The new years walk, restoring  
Through a bright cloud of tears, the years, restoring  
With a new verse the ancient rhyme. Redeem  
The time. Redeem  
The unread vision in the higher dream  
While jewelled unicorns draw by the gilded hearse.

The silent sister veiled in white and blue  
Between the yews, behind the garden god,  
Whose flute is breathless, bent her head and sighed but spoke no  
word

But the fountain sprang up and the bird sang down  
Redeem the time, redeem the dream  
The token of the word unheard, unspoken

Till the wind shake a thousand whispers from the yew

And after this our exile

## v

If the lost word is lost, if the spent word is spent  
If the unheard, unspoken  
Word is unspoken, unheard;  
Still is the unspoken word, the Word unheard,  
The Word without a word, the Word within  
The world and for the world;  
And the light shone in darkness and  
Against the Word the unstilled world still whirled  
About the center of the silent Word.

O my people, what have I done unto thee.

Where shall the word be found, where will the word  
 Resound? Not here, there is not enough silence,  
 Not on the sea or on the islands, not  
 On the mainland, in the desert or the rain land,  
 For those who walk in darkness  
 Both in the day time and in the night time  
 The right time and the right place are not here  
 No place of grace for those who avoid the face  
 No time to rejoice for those who walk among noise and deny the  
 voice

Will the veiled sister pray for  
 Those who walk in darkness, who chose thee and oppose thee,  
 Those who are torn on the horn between season and season, time  
 and time, between  
 Hour and hour, word and word, power and power, those who wait  
 In darkness? Will the veiled sister pray  
 For children at the gate  
 Who will not go away and cannot pray.  
 Pray for those who chose and oppose

O my people, what have I done unto thee.

Will the veiled sister between the slender  
 Yew trees pray for those who offend her  
 And are terrified and cannot surrender  
 And affirm before the world and deny between the rocks  
 In the last desert between the last blue rocks  
 The desert in the garden the garden in the desert  
 Of drouth, spitting from the mouth the withered apple-seed.

O my people.

## VI

Although I do not hope to turn again  
 Although I do not hope  
 Although I do not hope to turn

Wavering between the profit and the loss  
 In this brief transit where the dreams cross  
 The dreamcrossed twilight between birth and dying



(Bless me father) though I do not wish to wish these things  
From the wide window towards the granite shore  
The white sails still fly seaward, seaward flying  
Unbroken wings  
And the lost heart stiffens and rejoices  
In the lost lilac and the lost sea voices  
And the weak spirit quickens to rebel  
For the bent golden-rod and the lost sea smell  
Quickens to recover  
The cry of quail and the whirling plover  
And the blind eye creates  
The empty forms between the ivory gates  
And smell renews the salt savor of the sandy earth  
This is the time of tension between dying and birth  
The place of solitude where three dreams cross  
Between blue rocks  
But when the voices shaken from the yew-tree drift away  
Let the other yew be shaken and reply.

Blessed sister, holy mother, spirit of the fountain, spirit of the garden,  
Suffer us not to mock ourselves with falsehood  
Teach us to care and not to care  
Teach us to sit still  
Even among these rocks,  
Our peace in His will  
And even among these rocks  
Sister, mother,  
And spirit of the river, spirit of the sea,  
Suffer me not to be separated

And let my cry come unto Thee.

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JOHN CROWE RANSOM

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*Blue Girls*

**T**WIRLING your blue skirts, travelling the sward  
Under the towers of your seminary,  
Go listen to your teachers old and contrary  
Without believing a word.

Tie the white filets then about your lustrous hair  
And think no more of what will come to pass  
Than bluebirds that go walking on the grass  
And chattering on the air.

Practise your beauty, blue girls, before it fail;  
And I will cry with my loud lips and publish  
Beauty which all our power shall never establish,  
It is so frail.

For I could tell you a story which is true:  
I know a lady with a terrible tongue,  
Blear eyes fallen from blue,  
All her perfections tarnished—and yet it is not long  
Since she was lovelier than any of you.

*Antique Harvesters*

(SCENE: OF THE MISSISSIPPI THE BANK SINISTER, AND OF THE OHIO THE  
, BANK SINISTER.)

**T**AWNY are the leaves turned, but they still hold.  
It is the harvest; what shall this land produce?  
A meager hill of kernels, a runnel of juice.  
Declension looks from our land, it is old.  
Therefore let us assemble, dry, grey, spare,  
And mild as yellow air.

"I hear the creak of a raven's funeral wing."  
The young men would be joying in the song  
Of passionate birds; their memories are not long.  
What is it thus rehearsed in sable? "Nothing."  
Trust not but the old endure, and shall be older  
Than the scornful beholder.

We pluck the spindling ears and gather the corn.  
One spot has special yield? "On this spot stood  
Heroes and drenched it with their only blood."  
And talk meets talk, as echoes from the horn  
Of the hunter—echoes are the old men's arts,  
Ample are the chambers of their hearts.

Here come the hunters, keepers of a rite.  
The horn, the hounds, the lank mares coursing by  
Under quaint archetypes of chivalry;  
And the fox, lovely ritualist, in flight  
Offering his unearthly ghost to quarry;  
And the fields, themselves to harry.

Resunie, harvesters. The treasure is full bronze  
Which you will garner for the Lady, and the moon  
Could tinge it no yellower than does this noon;  
But the grey will quench it shortly—the fields, men, stones.  
Pluck fast, dreamers; prove as you rumble slowly  
Not less than men, not wholly.

Bare the arm too, dainty youths, bend the knees  
Under bronze burdens. And by an autumn tone  
As by a grey, as by a green, you will have known  
Your famous Lady's image, for so have these.  
And if one say that easily will your hands  
More prosper in other lands,

Angry as wasp-music be your cry then:  
"Forsake the Proud Lady, of the heart of fire,  
The look of snow, to the praise of a dwindled choir,  
Song of degenerate specters that were men?  
The sons of the fathers shall keep her, worthy of  
What these have done in love."

True, it is said of our Lady, she ageth.  
But see, if you peep shrewdly, she hath not stooped;  
Take no thought of her servitors that have drooped,  
For we are nothing; and if one talk of death—  
Why, the ribs of the earth subsist frail as a breath  
If but God wearieth.

### *Captain Carpenter*

CAPTAIN CARPENTER rose up in his prime  
Put on his pistols and went riding out  
But had got wellnigh nowhere at that time  
Till he fell in with ladies in a rout.

It was a pretty lady and all her train  
That played with him so sweetly but before  
An hour she'd taken a sword with all her main  
And twined him of his nose for evermore.

Captain Carpenter mounted up one day  
And rode straightway into a strange rogue  
That looked unchristian but be that as may  
The Captain did not wait upon prologue.

But drew upon him out of his great heart  
The other swung against him with a club  
And cracked his two legs at the shinny part  
And let him roll and stick like any tub.

Captain Carpenter rode many a time  
From male and female took he sundry harms  
He met the wife of Satan crying "I'm  
The she-wolf bids you shall bear no more arms."

Their strokes and counters whistled in the wind  
I wish he had delivered half his blows  
But where she should have made off like a hind  
The bitch bit off his arms at the elbows.

And Captain Carpenter parted with his ears  
To a black devil that used him in this wise

## AMERICAN POETRY

O Jesus ere his threescore and ten years  
Another had plucked out his sweet blue eyes.

Captain Carpenter got up on his roan  
And sallied from the gate in hell's despite  
I heard him asking in the grimmest tone  
If any enemy yet there was to fight?

"To any adversary it is fame  
If he risk to be wounded by my tongue  
Or burnt in two beneath my red heart's flame  
Such are the perils he is cast among.

"But if he can he has a pretty choice  
From an anatomy with little to lose  
Whether he cut my tongue and take my voice  
Or whether it be my round red heart he choose."

It was the neatest knave that ever was seen  
Stepping in perfume from his lady's bower  
Who at this word put in his merry mien  
And fell on Captain Carpenter like a tower.

I would not knock old fellows in the dust  
But there lay Captain Carpenter on his back  
His weapons were the old heart in his bust  
And a blade shook between rotten teeth alack.

The rogue in scarlet and grey soon knew his mind  
He wished to get his trophy and depart  
With gentle apology and touch refined  
He pierced him and produced the Captain's heart.

God's mercy rest on Captain Carpenter now  
I thought him Sirs and honest gentleman  
Citizen husband soldier and scholar enow  
Let jangling kites eat of him if they can.

But God's deep curses follow after those  
That shore him of his goodly nose and ears  
His legs and strong arms at the two elbows  
And eyes that had not watered seventy years.

The curse of hell upon the sleek upstart  
Who got the Captain finally on his back  
And took the red red vitals of his heart  
And made the kites to whet their beaks clack clack.

*Bells for John Whiteside's Daughter*

THERE was such speed in her little body,  
And such lightness in her footfall,  
It is no wonder that her brown study  
Astonishes us all.

Her wars were bruited in our high window.  
We looked among orchard trees and beyond,  
Where she took arms against her shadow,  
Or harried unto the pond

The lazy geese, like a snow cloud  
Dripping their snow on the green grass,  
Tricking and stopping, sleepy and proud,  
Who cried in goose, Alas,

For the tireless heart within the little  
Lady with rod that made them rise  
From their noon apple-dreams, and scuttle  
Goose-fashion under the skies:

But now go the bells, and we are ready;  
In one house we are sternly stopped  
To say we are vexed at her brown study,  
Lying so primly propped.

*Lady Lost*

THIS morning, there flew up the lane  
A timid lady-bird to our bird-bath  
And eyed her image dolefully as death;  
This afternoon, knocked on our windowpane  
To be let in from the rain.

And when I caught her eye  
 She looked aside, but at the clapping thunder  
 And sight of the whole earth blazing up like tinder  
 Looked in on us again most miserably,  
 Indeed as if she would cry.

So I will go out into the park and say,  
 "Who has lost a delicate brown-eyed lady  
 In the West End Section? Or has anybody  
 Injured some fine woman in some dark way,  
 Last night or yesterday?"

"Let the owner come and claim possession,  
 No questions will be asked. But stroke her gently  
 With loving words, and she will evidently  
 Resume her full soft-haired white-breasted fashion,  
 And her right home and her right passion."

### *Here Lies a Lady*

HERE lies a lady of beauty and high degree.  
 Of chills and fever she died, of fever and chills,  
 The delight of her husband, her aunts, an infant of three,  
 And of medicos marveling sweetly on her ills.

For either she burned, and her confident eyes would blaze,  
 And her fingers fly in a manner to puzzle their heads—  
 What was she making? Why, nothing; she sat in a maze  
 Of old scraps of laces, snipped into curious shreds—

'Or this would pass, and the light of her fire decline  
 'Till she lay discouraged and cold as a thin stalk white and blown,  
 And would not open her eyes, to kisses, to wine.  
 The sixth of these states was her last; the cold settled down.

Sweet ladies, long may ye bloom, and toughly 'I hope ye may thole,  
 But was she not lucky? In flowers and lace and mourning,  
 In love and great honor we bade God rest her soul  
 After six little spaces of chill, and six of burning.

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EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

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*Elegy Before Death*

THERE will be rose and rhododendron  
When you are dead and under ground;  
Still will be heard from white syringas  
Heavy with bees, a sunny sound.

Still will the tamaracks be raining  
After the rain has ceased, and still  
Will there be robins in the stubble,  
Brown sheep upon the warm green hill.

Spring will not ail nor autumn falter;  
Nothing will know that you are gone,  
Saving alone some sullen plough-land  
None but yourself set foot upon;

Saving the may-weed and the pig-weed  
Nothing will know that you are dead,—  
These, and perhaps a useless wagon  
Standing beside some tumbled shed.

Oh, there will pass with your great passing  
Little of beauty not your own,—  
Only the light from common water,  
Only the grace from simple stone.

*What Lips My Lips Have Kissed*

WHAT lips my lips have kissed, and where, and why,  
I have forgotten, and what arms have lain  
Under my head till morning, but the rain  
Is full of ghosts tonight, that tap and sigh  
Upon the glass and listen for reply;  
And in my heart there stirs a quiet pain



For unremembered lads that not again  
Will turn to me at midnight with a cry.

Thus in the winter stands the lonely tree,  
Nor knows what birds have vanished one by one,  
Yet knows its boughs more silent than before:  
I cannot say what loves have come and gone;  
I only know that summer sang in me  
A little while, that in me sings no more.

---

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

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*L'An Trentiesme de Mon Âge*

AND I have come upon this place  
By lost ways, by a nod, by words,  
By faces, by an old man's face  
At Morlaix lifted to the birds,

By hands upon the tablecloth  
At Aldebori's, by the thin  
Child's hands that opened to the moth  
And let the flutter of the moonlight in,

By hands, by voices, by the voice  
Of Mrs. Husman on the stair,  
By Margaret's "If we had the choice  
To choose or not"—through her thick hair,

By voices, by the creak and fall  
Of footsteps on the upper floor,  
By silence waiting in the hall  
Between the doorbell and the door,

By words, by voices, a lost way—  
And here above the chimney stack  
The unknown constellations sway—  
And by what way shall I go back?

*The Too-Late Born*

WE too, we too, descending once again  
 The hills of our own land, we too have heard  
 Far off—Ah, que ce cor a longue haleine—  
 The horn of Roland in the passages of Spain,  
 The first, the second blast, the failing third,  
 And with the third turned back and climbed once more  
 The steep road southward, and heard faint the sound  
 Of swords, of horses, the disastrous war,  
 And crossed the dark defile at last, and found  
 At Ronçevaux upon the darkening plain  
 The dead against the dead and on the silent ground  
 The silent slain—

*Einstein*

STANDING between the sun and moon preserves  
 A certain secrecy. Or seems to keep  
 Something inviolate if only that  
 His father was an ape.

Sweet music makes  
 All of his walls sound hollow and he heard  
 Sighs in the panelling and underfoot  
 Melancholy voices. So there is a door  
 Behind the seamless arras and within  
 A living something—but no door that will  
 Admit the sunlight nor no windows where  
 The mirror moon can penetrate his bones  
 With cold deflection. He is small and tight  
 And solidly contracted into space  
 Opaque and perpendicular which blots  
 Earth with its shadow. And he terminates  
 In shoes which bearing up against the sphere  
 Attract his concentration,

for he ends  
 If there why then no farther, as, beyond  
 Extensively the universe itself,  
 Or chronologically the two dates  
 Original and ultimate of time,

*Einstein upon a public bench Wednesday  
 the ninth contem-  
 plates finity*

Nor could Jehovah and the million stars  
 Staring within their solitudes of light,  
 Nor all night's constellations be contained  
 Between his boundaries,

nor could the sun  
 Receive him nor his groping roots run down  
 Into the loam and steaming sink of time  
 Where coils the middle serpent and the ooze  
 Breeds maggots.

But it seems assured he ends  
 Precisely at his shoes in proof whereof  
 He can revolve in orbits opposite  
 The orbit of the earth and so refuse  
 All planetary converse. And he wears  
 Clothes that distinguish him from what is not  
 His own circumference, as first a coat  
 Shaped to his back or modelled in reverse  
 Of the surrounding cosmos and below  
 Trousers preserving his detachment from  
 The revolutions of the stars.

*Einstein descends the  
 Hartmannsweiler-  
 strasse*

His hands  
 And face go naked and alone converse  
 With what encloses him, as rough and smooth  
 And sound and silence and the intervals  
 Of rippling ether and the swarming motes  
 Clouding a privy: move to them and make  
 Shadows that mirror them within his skull  
 In perpendiculars and curves and planes  
 And bodiless significances blurred  
 As figures undersea and images  
 Patterned from eddies of the air.

*Einstein ultimately be-  
 fore a mirror accepts  
 the hypothesis of ex-  
 terior reality*

Which are  
 Perhaps not shadows but the thing itself  
 And may be understood.

Decorticate  
 The petals of the enfolding world and leave  
 A world in reason which is in himself  
 And has his own dimensions. Here do trees  
 Adorn the hillsides and hillsides enrich  
 The hazy marches of the sky and skies  
 Kindle and char to ashes in the wind,  
 And winds blow toward him from the verge, and suns

Rise on his dawn and on his dusk go down  
 And moons prolong his shadow. And he moves  
 Here as within a garden in a close  
 And where he moves the bubble of the world  
 Takes centre and there circle round his head  
 Like golden flies in summer the gold stars.

Disintegrates.

For suddenly he feels  
 The planet plunge beneath him, and a flare  
 Falls from the upper darkness to the dark  
 And awful shadows loom across the sky  
 That have no life from him and suns go out  
 And livid as a drowned man's face the moon  
 Floats to the lapsing surface of the night  
 And sinks discolored under.

So he knows  
 Less than a world and must communicate  
 Beyond his knowledge.

*Einstein unsuccessfully after lunch attempts to enter, essaying synthesis with what's not he, the Bernese Oberland*

Outstretched on the earth  
 He plunges both his arms into the swirl  
 Of what surrounds him but the yielding grass  
 Excludes his finger tips and the soft soil  
 Will not endure confusion with his hands,  
 Nor will the air receive him nor the light  
 Dissolve their difference but recoiling turns  
 Back from his touch. By which denial he can  
 Crawl on the earth and sense the opposing sun  
 But not make answer to them.

Put out leaves  
 And let the old remembering wind think through  
 A green intelligence, or under sea  
 Float out long filaments of amber in  
 The numb and wordless reverie of tides.

In autumn the black branches dripping rain  
 Bruise his uncovered bones and in the spring  
 His swollen tips are gorged with aching blood  
 That bursts the laurel.

But although they seize

His sense he has no name for them, no word  
 To give them meaning and no utterance  
 For what they say. Feel the new summer's sun  
 Crawl up the warmed relaxing hide of earth  
 And weep for his lost youth, his childhood home  
 And a wide water on an inland shore!  
 Or to the night's mute asking in the blood  
 Give back a girl's name and three notes together!

He cannot think the smell of after rain  
 Nor close his thought around the long smooth lag  
 And falter of a wind, nor bring to mind  
 Dusk and the whippoorwill.

*Einstein dissolved in  
 violins invades the  
 molecular structure of  
 F. P. Paepke's Som-  
 mergarten. Is repulsed*

But violins  
 Split out of trees and strung to tone can sing  
 Strange nameless words that image to the ear  
 What has no waiting image in the brain.  
 She plays in darkness and the droning wood  
 Dissolves to reverberations of a world  
 Beating in waves against him, till his sense  
 Trembles to rhythm and his naked brain  
 Feels without utterance in form the flesh  
 Of dumb and incommunicable earth,  
 And knows at once, and without knowledge how,  
 The stroke of the blunt rain, and blind receives  
 The sun.

When he a moment occupies  
 The hollow of himself and like an air  
 Pervades all other.

But the violin  
 Presses its dry insistence through the dream  
 That swims above it, shivering its speech  
 Back to a rhythm that becomes again  
 Music and vaguely ravel into sound.  
 So then there is no speech that can resolve  
 Their texture to clear thought and enter them.

*To Einstein asking at  
 the gate of stone  
 none opens*

The Virgin of Chartres whose bleaching bones still wear  
 The sapphires of her glory knew a word—  
 That now is three round letters like the three  
 Round empty staring punctures in a skull.  
 And there were words in Rome once and one time

Words at Eleusis.

Now there are no words  
Nor names to name them and they will not speak  
But grope against his groping touch and throw  
The long unmeaning shadows of themselves  
Across his shadow and resist his sense.

*Einstein hearing be-  
hind the wall of the  
Grand Hôtel du Nord  
the stars discovers the  
Back Stair*

Why then if they resist destroy them. Dumb  
Yet speak them in their elements. Whole,  
Break them to reason.

He lies upon his bed  
Exerting on Arcturus and the moon  
Forces proportional inversely to  
The squares of their remoteness, and conceives  
The universe.

Atomic.

He can count  
Ocean in atoms and weigh out the air  
In multiples of one and subdivide  
Light to its numbers.

If they will not speak  
Let them be silent in their particles.  
Let them be dead and he will lie among  
Their dust and cipher them,—undo the signs  
Of their unreal identities and free  
The pure and single factor of all sums,—  
Solve them to unity.

Democritus

Scooped handfuls out of stones and like the sea  
Let earth run through his fingers. Well, he too,  
He can achieve obliquity and learn  
The cold distortion of the winter's sun  
That breaks the surfaces of summer.

*Einstein on the ter-  
race of The Acacias  
forces the secret door*

Stands

Facing the world upon a windy slope  
And with his mind relaxes the stiff forms  
Of all he sees so that the heavy hills  
Impend like rushing water and the earth  
Hangs on the steep and momentary crest  
Of overflowing ruin.

Overflow!

Sweep over into movement and dissolve  
 All differences in the indifferent flux!  
 Crumble to eddies of dust and drown  
 In change the thing that changes!

There begins

A vague unquiet in the fallow ground,  
 A seething in the grass, a bubbling swirl  
 Over the surface of the fields that spreads  
 Around him gathering until the green  
 Boils and beneath the frothy loam the rocks  
 Ferment and simmer and like thinning smoke  
 The trees melt into nothing.

Still he stands

Watching the vortex widen and involve  
 In swirling dissolution the whole earth  
 And circle through the skies till swaying time  
 Collapses crumpling into dark the stars  
 And motion ceases and the sifting world  
 Opens beneath.

When he shall feel infuse  
 His flesh with the rent body of all else  
 And spin within his opening brain the motes  
 Of suns and worlds and spaces.

*Einstein enters*

Like a foam

His flesh is withered and his shrivelling  
 And ashy bones are scattered on the dark.  
 But still the dark denies him. Still withstands  
 The dust his penetration and flings back  
 Himself to answer him.

Which seems to keep  
 Something inviolate. A living something.

*You, Andrew Marvell ,*

AND here face down beneath the sun,  
 And here upon earth's noonward height,  
 To feel the always coming on,  
 The always rising of the night.

To feel creep up the curving east  
The earthly chill of dusk and slow  
Upon those under lands the vast  
And ever-climbing shadow grow,

And strange at Ecbatan the trees  
Take leaf by leaf the evening, strange,  
The flooding dark about their knees,  
The mountains over Persia change,

And now at Kermanshah the gate,  
Dark, empty, and the withered grass,  
And through the twilight now the late  
Few travellers in the westward pass.

And Baghdad darken and the bridge  
Across the silent river gone,  
And through Arabia the edge  
Of evening widen and steal on,

And deepen on Palmyra's street  
The wheel rut in the ruined stone,  
And Lebanon fade out and Crete  
High through the clouds and overblown,

And over Sicily the air  
Still flashing with the landward gulls,  
And loom and slowly disappear  
The sails above the shadowy hulls,

And Spain go under and the shore  
Of Africa, the gilded sand,  
And evening vanish and no more  
The low pale light across that land,

Nor now the long light on the sea—

And here face downward in the sun  
To feel how swift, how secretly,  
The shadow of the night comes on. . . .



*Memorial Rain*

AMBASSADOR PUSER the ambassador  
 Reminds himself in French, the felicitous tongue,  
 What these (young men no longer) lie here for  
 In rows that once, and somewhere else, were young—

All night in Brussels the wind had tugged at my door:  
 I had heard the wind at my door and the trees strung  
 Taut, and to me who had never been before  
 In that country it was a strange wind blowing  
 Steadily, stiffening the walls, the floor,  
 The roof of my room. I had not slept for knowing  
 He too, dead, was a stranger in that land  
 And felt beneath the earth in the wind's flowing  
 A tightening of roots and would not understand,  
 Remembering lake winds in Illinois,  
 That strange wind. I had felt his bones in the sand  
 Listening.

—Reflects that these enjoy  
 Their country's gratitude, that deep repose,  
 That peace no pain can break, no hurt destroy,  
 That rest, that sleep—

At Ghent the wind rose.  
 There was a smell of rain and a heavy drag  
 Of wind in the hedges but not as the wind blows  
 Over fresh water when the waves lag  
 Foaming and the willows huddle and it will rain:  
 I felt him waiting.

—Indicates the flag  
 Which (may he say) ensiles in Flanders' plain  
 This little field these happy, happy dead,  
 Have made America—

In the ripe grain  
 The wind coiled glistening, darted, fled,  
 Dragging its heavy body: at Waereghem

The wind coiled in the grass above his head:  
Waiting—listening—

—Dedicates to them  
This earth their bones have hallowed, this last gift  
A grateful country—

Under the dry grass stem  
The words are blurred, are thickened, the words sift  
Confused by the rasp of the wind, by the thin grating  
Of ants under the grass, the minute shift  
And tumble of dusty sand separating  
From dusty sand. The roots of the grass strain,  
Tighten, the earth is rigid, waits—he is waiting—  
And suddenly, and all at once, the rain!

The people scatter, they run into houses, the wind  
Is trampled under the rain, shakes free, is again  
Trampled. The rain gathers, running in thinned  
Spurts of water that ravel in the dry sand  
Seeping into the sand under the grass roots, seeping  
Between cracked boards to the bones of a clenched hand:  
The earth relaxes, loosens; he is sleeping,  
He rests, he is quiet, he sleeps in a strange land.

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MARK VAN DOREN

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*No Faith*

WHAT held the bones together? Not belief,  
Not anything he could probe, no ligament god.  
Why was the world so one for him yet many,  
So woman and yet so speechless? Then the odd,  
The furtive, ashamed security. We wondered.  
But there was no faith in him that sang or thundered.

There was no understanding in this man  
Of his own simplest secret: of the way  
Earth's air kept warm for him, and how there shone  
Always another light outdoors of day.  
He would have chosen darkness; he denied  
What was so strange, so palpable, inside;

He said he could be unhappy. But we knew.  
There was this sweet continuum, this flesh;  
There were these bones, articulated so—  
A web they were, with music up the mesh,  
A frame of hidden wires too deep for tone,  
A skeleton wholeness, humming up to him alone.

He must have heard the harmony, but he swore  
Time talked to him in separated sounds.  
He took them as they came and loved them singly—  
Each one, he parried, perfect within its bounds.  
As for the burden's end, the tune's direction—  
He smiled; he was content with disconnection.

Yet who could smile and mean it? Who could rest,  
As this man did, midway the million things?  
Who else could be serene at truth's circumference  
When only the known center of it sings?  
Who else but he?—submissive to each part  
Till it became the all, the homeless heart.

### *His Trees*

ONLY when he was old enough, and silent:  
Not breaking-old; time-coated; that was it;  
Only when he was dry enough, but seasoned;  
Time-guarded against all weather-warp and split;  
Time-roughened, with years of ridges down his bark:  
Then only grew he worthy of their remark.

They did not move; but watched him as he came,  
Man-tired, and paused and peered among their shade.  
No magical advancing; each emerged  
Only as slow acquaintance thus was made:

The oaks and he confronted, that was all;  
Save that his leaves of ignorance could fall.

They fell, and filled the temperate aging air  
With a crisp rustle, flake on flake descending;  
Till in some month it ceased, and trunk on trunk  
Acknowledged him, in rows without an ending.  
The lesser with the greater shadows wove:  
He there with them, companions of the grove.

The ash was proud to show him in its side  
How narrowly and coldly time had cut:  
A flank of iron; and how its sharpened leaves  
Stood out too stiff for any wind to shut:  
Stubborn; yet some antiquity of grace  
Still kept it king, still proved the priestly face.

That maple there, the old man of the wood:  
Shaggy, with clefts of shadow in its rind;  
Like a deep-bearded deity, becloaked,  
Shed down upon him, slowly, what of its mind  
Went floating lightly, lightly; though of late  
Time pressed it under centuries of weight

He touched them all, and moved among their shapes  
Like a blind child whom giants might despise.  
Yet he was their true copy; so they leaned,  
Indulgent to his autumn; met his eyes;  
And uttered as much, responding to his hands,  
As ever a second childhood understands.

### *Exaggerator*

THE truth for him was like a tree,  
Was like a funnel; like a fan;  
Like any point from which a cone  
Spreads upside down until the span  
From base to base across the top  
Cannot be guessed by any man.

The truth for him was not the seed,  
Was not the apex, handle, spout;  
Was not the particle or germ,  
Or what grew thence so wild and stout;  
Was not the great, the upper end.  
It was the joy of starting out;

Of feeling something in him rise  
And widen instantly—and swell,  
As if the wind and he were one,  
And blew upon each other well;  
As if the sky and he were single:  
Clapper there and flanged bell.

The truth for him was hearing quick  
The cordage whistle, and the whine  
Of wakened metal; something bronze;  
Something moaning thin and fine,  
Something low; until it burst,  
And all was plangent with word-shine.

The truth for him was leaving earth  
Between two beams that sloped and rose;  
And never joined—the angle's bound  
Was all of distance at the close;  
Whence he descended, narrowing down  
And resting gently where he chose.

### *The Whisperer*

BE extra careful by this door,  
No least, least sound, she said.  
It is my brother Oliver's,  
And he would strike you dead.

Come on. It is the top step now,  
And carpet all the way.  
But wide enough for only one,  
Unless you carry me.

I love your face as hot as this.  
Put me down, though, and creep.  
My father! He would strangle you,  
I think, like any sheep.

Now take me up again, again;  
We're at the landing post.  
You hear her saying 'Hush, and Hush?'  
It is my mother's ghost.

She would have loved you, loving me.  
She had a voice as fine—  
I love you more for such a kiss,  
And here is mine, is mine.

And one for her—Oh, quick, the door!  
I cannot bear it so.  
The vestibule, and out; for now  
Who passes that would know?

Here we could stand all night and let  
Strange people smile and stare.  
But you must go, and I must lie  
Alone up there, up there.

Remember? But I understand.  
More with a kiss is said.  
And do not mind it if I cry,  
Passing my mother's bed.

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E. E. CUMMINGS

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*Love Is More Thicker Than Forget*

LOVE is more thicker than forget  
more thinner than recall  
more seldom than a wave is wet  
more frequent than to fail

it is most mad and moonly  
and less it shall unbe  
than all the sea which only  
is deeper than the sea

love is less always than to win  
less never than alive  
less bigger than the least begin  
less littler than forgive

it is most sane and sunly  
and more it cannot die  
than all the sky which only  
is higher than the sky

### *My Father Moved Through Dooms of Love*

MY father moved through dooms of love  
through sames of am through haves of give,  
singing each morning out of each night  
my father moved through depths of height

this motionless forgetful where  
turned at his glance to shining here;  
that :f (so timid air is firm)  
under his eyes would stir and squirm

newly as from unburied which  
floats the first who, his april touch  
drove sleeping selves to swarm their fates  
woke dreamers to their ghostly roots

and should some why completely weep  
my father's fingers brought her sleep:  
vainly no smallest voice might cry  
for he could feel the mountains grow.

Lifting the valleys of the sea  
my father moved through griefs of joy;  
praising a forehead called the moon  
singing desire into begin

joy was his song and joy so pure  
a heart of star by him could steer  
and pure so now and now so yes  
the wrists of twilight would rejoice

keen as midsummer's keen beyond  
conceiving mind of sun will stand,  
so strictly (over utmost him  
so hugely) stood my father's dream

his flesh was flesh his blood was blood:  
no hungry man but wished him food;  
no cripple wouldn't creep one mile  
uphill to only see him smile.

Scorning the pomp of must and shall  
my father moved through dooms of feel;  
his anger was as right as rain  
his pity was as green as grain

septembering arms of year extend  
less humbly wealth to foe and friend  
than he to foolish and to wise  
offered immeasurable is

proudly and (by octobering flame  
beckoned) as earth will downward climb,  
so naked for immortal work  
his shoulders marched against the dark

his sorrow was as true as bread:  
no liar looked him in the head;  
if every friend became his foe  
he'd laugh and build a world with snow.

My father moved through theys of we,  
singing each new leaf out of each tree  
(and every child was sure that spring  
danced when she heard my father sing)

then let men kill which cannot share,  
let blood and flesh be mud and mire,



scheming imagine, passion willed,  
freedom a drug that's bought and sold

giving to steal and cruel kind,  
a heart to fear, to doubt a mind,  
to differ a disease of same,  
conform the pinnacle of am

though dull were all we taste as bright,  
bitter all utterly things sweet,  
maggoty minus and dumb death  
all we inherit, all bequeath

and nothing quite so least as truth  
—i say though hate were why men breathe—  
because my father lived his soul  
love is the whole and more than all

### *As Freedom Is a Breakfastfood*

AS freedom is a breakfastfood  
or truth can live with right and wrong  
or molehills are from mountains made  
—long enough and just so long  
will being pay the rent of seem  
and genius please the talentgang  
and water most encourage flame

as hatracks into peachtrees grow  
or hopes dance best on bald men's hair  
and every finger is a toe  
and any courage is a fear  
—long enough and just so long  
will the impure think all things pure  
and hornets wail by children stung

or as the seeing are the blind  
and robins never welcome spring  
nor flatfolk prove their world is round  
nor dingsters die at break of dong  
and common's rare and millstones float

—long enough and just so long  
tomorrow will not be too late

worms are the words but joy's the voice  
down shall go which and up come who  
breasts will be breasts thighs will be thighs  
deeds cannot dream what dreams can do  
—time is a tree (this life one leaf)  
but love is the sky and i am for you  
just so long and long enough

*Always Before Your Voice My Soul*

**A**LWAYS before your voice my soul  
half-beautiful and wholly droll  
is as some smooth and awkward foal,  
whereof young moons begin  
the newness of his skin,

so of my stupid sincere youth  
the exquisite failure uncouth  
discovers a trembling and smooth  
Unstrength, against the strong  
silences of your song;

or as a single lamb whose sheen  
of full unsheared fleece is mean  
beside its lovelier friends, between  
your thoughts more white than wool  
My thought is sorrowful:

but my heart smote in trembling thirds  
of anguish quivers to your words,  
As to a flight of thirty birds  
shakes with a thickening fright  
the sudden fooled light.

it is the autumn of a year  
When through the thin air stooped with fear,  
across the harvest whitely peer  
empty of surprise  
death's faultless eyes

(whose hand my folded soul shall know  
 while on faint hills do frailly go  
 The peaceful terrors of the snow,  
 and before your dead face  
 which sleeps, a dream shall pass)

and these my days their sounds and flowers  
 Fall in a pride of petaled hours,  
 like flowers at the feet of mowers  
 whose bodies strong with love  
 through meadows hugely move.

yet what am I that such and such  
 mysteries very simply touch  
 me, whose heart-wholeness overmuch  
 Expects of your hair pale,  
 a terror musical?

while in an earthless hour my fond  
 soul seriously yearns beyond  
 this fern of sunset frond on frond  
 opening in a rare  
 Slowness of gloried air . . .

The flute of morning stilled in noon—  
 noon the implacable bassoon—  
 now Twilight seeks the thrill of moon,  
 washed with a wild and thin  
 despair of violin

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H. PHELPS PUTNAM

---

*Hasbrouck and the Rose*

HASBROUCK was there and so were Bill  
 And Smollet Smith the poet, and Ames was there.  
 After his thirteenth drink, the burning Smith,  
 Raising his fourteenth trembling in the air,

Said, "Drink with me, Bill, drink up to the Rose."  
But Hasbrouck laughed like old men in a myth,  
Inquiring, "Smollet, are you drunk? What rose?"  
And Smollet said, "I drunk? It may be so;  
Which comes from brooding on the flower, the flower  
I mean toward which mad hour by hour  
I travel brokenly; and I shall know,  
With Hermes and the alchemists—but, hell,  
What use is it talking that way to you?  
Hard-boiled, unbroken egg, what can you care  
For the enfolded passion of the Rose?"  
Then Hasbrouck's voice rang like an icy bell:

"Arcane romantic flower, meaning what?  
Do you know what is meant? Do I?  
We do not know.  
Unfolding pungent rose, the glowing bath  
Of ecstasy and clear forgetfulness;  
Closing and secret bud one might achieve  
By long debauchery—  
Except that I have eaten it, and so  
There is no call for further lunacy.  
In Springfield, Massachusetts, I devoured  
The mystic, the improbable, the Rose  
For two nights and a day, rose and rosette,  
And petal after petal and the heart,  
I had my banquet by the beams  
Of four electric stars which shone  
Weakly into my room, for there,  
Drowning their light and gleaming at my side,  
Was the incarnate star  
Whose body bore the stigma of the Rose.  
And that is all I know about the flower;  
I have eaten it—it has disappeared.  
There is no Rose."

Young Smollet Smith let fall his glass; he said  
"Oh Jesus, Hasbrouck, am I drunk or dead?"

*About Women*

FAIR golden thoughts and lovely words—  
Away, away from her they call,  
For women are the silly birds,  
And perching on a sunny wall  
They chirp the answer and the all;  
They hold for true all futile things—  
Life, death, and even love—they fall  
To dreaming over jeweled rings.

Their bodies are uncouthly made,  
And heavy swollen like a pear,  
And yet their conquered, undismayed  
And childish lovers call them fair.  
Their honor fills them full of care,  
Their honor that is nothingness,  
The mystery of empty air,  
The veil of vain delightfulness.

Their subtleties are thin and pale,  
Their hearts betray them in their eyes:  
They are a simple flute, and frail,  
With triple stops for playing lies.  
These poor machines of life are wise  
To scorn the metaphysic glow,  
The careless game that laughs and dies,  
The heady grace they cannot know.

Well, give them kisses, scatter flowers,  
And whisper that you cannot stay;  
We shall have clarity and hours  
Which women shall not take away.

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ROBERT HILLYER

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*Letter to a Teacher of English*

JAMES B. MUNN

YOUR learning, James, in classics and romance,  
Sits lightlier than most men's ignorance;  
But often do I see in our profession  
Learning a mere extraneous possession,  
An undigested mass of dates and sources  
Roll'd round in academe's diurnal courses,  
Where scholars prepare scholars, not for life,  
But gaudy footnotes and a threadbare wife,—  
Keen eyes for errors in a worthless text,  
But none at all for this world or the next.  
Your modesty, that even tops your learning,  
Forbids what I would say of you, so turning  
Not, as I hope, from Ghibelline to Guelph,  
I will discuss, as is the vogue, myself.

I fall between two stools—I can't say Chairs—  
A bard too learn'd, a scholar in arrears.  
The critical reviewers, week by week,  
Damn poets who command their own technique.  
Professor is a title that to them  
Begins in laughter and concludes in phlegm.  
A careful rhyme, a spondee nobly planned  
Is academic, and the work unmanned.  
Would that these critics lived in houses fashioned  
By carpenters congenially impassioned.  
I'd love to see the roof-tree fall on . . . no,  
The name is Legion; let us leave it so.  
But as a teacher I have equal luck,—  
In ponds a chicken and on shore a duck.  
My wretched memory, for all my pains,  
Drops tons for every ounce that it retains;  
Far wiser now, I have less factual knowledge  
At forty-one than when I was in college. . . .

Yet there is recompense for knowing well  
 One language, if it be incomparable.  
 Disdainful, the Athenian would speak  
 No other language than his native Greek.  
 Now his provincial literature is prized  
 In every barbarous tongue that he despised.  
 The learned Roman, who knew Greek by heart,  
 Had twice the scholarship, and half the art.  
 The great Elizabethans' education  
 Thrived less on lore than on superb translation.  
 Our scholars, to whom every root is known,  
 Command all languages, except their own.  
 For confirmation, but consult the theses  
 That year by year bankrupt the college presses.

When poets go, grammarians arrive.  
 Is Virgil dead? Let commentators thrive.  
 The gift of tongues without the Holy Ghost  
 Becomes a Babel, not a Pentecost.  
 In short, dear James, by now you plainly see  
 I find no virtue in philology;  
 At best a sterile hobby, often worse,  
 The plumes, when language dies, upon its hearse. . .

Now, James, I stop complaining, I will plan  
 An education to produce a man.  
 Make no mistake, I do not want this done,—  
 My limitations are the cornerstone.  
 Plato's *Republic* may have served some use  
 In manuscript, but not in Syracuse,  
 So let my dream Academy remain  
 A dream;—I'm sure I do not ask in vain.  
 First would I have my scholar learn the tongue  
 He never learned to speak when he was young;  
 Then would I have him read therein, but merely  
 In the great books, to understand them clearly.  
 O that our living literature could be  
 Our sustenance, not archæology!  
 Time is the wisest judge, who folds away  
 The surplus of a too-abundant day.  
 My scholar shall be brilliantly forbidden  
 To dig old garbage from a kitchen midden.

Far better Alexandria in flames  
Than buried beneath unimportant names,  
And even Sappho, glory that was Greece's,  
Lives best, I blasphemously think, in pieces.  
Surely our sprite, who over Amherst hovered,  
Would gain if no more poems were discovered.  
That Chinese emperor who burned the books  
Succumbed to madness shrewder than it looks;  
The minor poets and the minor sages  
Went up in smoke; the great shine down the ages.  
The Harvard Library's ungainly porch  
Has often made me hunger for a torch,  
But this not more to simplify a lecture  
Than to appease the Muse of architecture.

When music and sweet poetry agree,  
Who would be thinking of a Ph.D.?  
O who would Ablauts bear, when Brahms's First  
Is soon to be performed or but rehearsed?  
My scholar must have music in his heart,  
Bach and Beethoven, Schumann and Mozart,  
Franck and Sibelius, and more like these,  
Their works, if not their names, sweet symphonies.  
Ah, James, I missed my calling; I would turn  
To that one art toward which the others yearn,—  
But I observe my neighbor's cow, who leaves  
Her fertile pasture for my barren sheaves.  
The field next door, the next-door art, will thus  
Always attract the mildly covetous.  
Yet some day I will play you the main theme  
Of the immortal counterpoint I dream:  
Clear melody in fugue and canon rises  
On strings, with many structural surprises.  
No letter, but a prelude, for your sake  
I would compose beside this tranquil lake.  
Its line should rise toward heaven until it broke  
Halfway between the sky and the great oak;  
Then waver, like a flock of homing birds,  
In slow descending flights of minor thirds.  
Music alone can set the spirit free  
From the dark past and darker things to be.  
Could Man be judged by music, then the Lord



## AMERICAN POETRY

Would quench the angel of the flaming sword.  
 Alas, the final tones so soon disperse  
 Their echoes through the empty universe,  
 And hearers, weak from following Beethoven,  
 Relax with Gershwin, Herbert, and de Koven.

But to return to Polyhymnia,  
 And incidentally to my student. Ah,  
 Where is the creature? No, but is that he?  
 A saxophone is nuzzling on his knee!  
 His eyes pop out, his bellied cheeks expand,  
 His foot taps "Alexander's Ragtime Band."  
 Ungraceful and unpardonable wretch!  
 Was it for you my eager pen would sketch  
 A new, a sensible curriculum?  
 Burst with your Panpipes! and we'll both be dumb.  
 I was about to urge philosophy,  
 Especially the Greek, I was to be  
 Your godfather in recommending Faith  
 To you, fit godson for a Sigmund Spaeth!  
 Of history and time I was to tell,  
 Things visible and things invisible,  
 But what to you are echoes from Nicea,  
 Who never prayed nor cherished an idea?  
 And what have you to gain from education,  
 Blown bellows for unceasing syncopation?  
 Learning and life are too far wrenched apart,  
 I cannot reconcile, for all my art,  
 Studies that go one way and life another,  
 Tastes that demoralize, and tests that smother.

James, what is this I find? an angry scowl  
 Sits on my brow like a Palladian owl!  
 Let me erase it, lest it should transform  
 The soft horizon with a thunderstorm.  
 I would you were beside me now, to share  
 The sound of falling water, the sweet air.  
 Under the yew a vacant easy chair  
 Awaits your coming; and long-planted seeds  
 Begin to bloom amid the encircling weeds.  
 I bade my student an abrupt adieu  
 But find it harder to take leave of you.

May we not some day have a mild carouse  
In Pontefract instead of Warren House?  
The distance nothing—in two hours' time  
Another land where that word's but a rhyme.  
Would I were Marvell, then you could not harden  
Your heart against a visit to my garden.  
I'd write those happy lines about the green  
Annihilation, and you'd soon be seen  
Hatless and coatless, bootless,—well, my soul!  
He's in the lake with nothing on at all!  
To sink, to swim, that is the only question:  
Thus ends my treatise on—was it digestion?  
Farewell, and yours sincerely, and yours ever,  
The time has come for the initial shiver.  
When into lakes, as into life, we dive,  
We're fortunate if we come up alive.

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EDMUND WILSON

---

*Riverton*

HERE am I among elms again—ah, look  
How, high above low windows hung with white,  
Dark on white dwellings, rooted among rock,  
They rise like iron ribs that pillar night!  
The stars are high again; the night is clear;  
The bed rolls with the old uneven floor;  
The air is still again—I lie and hear  
The river always falling at the door.

—O elms! O river! aid me at this turn—  
Their passing makes my late imperative:  
They flicker now who frightfully did burn,  
And I must tell their beauty while I live.  
Changing their grace as water in its flight,  
And gone like water; give me then the art,  
Firm as night-frozen ice found silver-bright,  
That holds the splendor though the days depart.

*A House of the Eighties*

NO more in dreams as once it draws me there,  
 All fungus-grown and sunken in damp ground—  
 No more as once when waking I gazed down  
 On elms like water-weeds in moonlit air  
 Or heard the August downpour with its dull full sound—  
 Drenched hedges and the hillside and the night,  
 The largest house in sight—  
 And thought it sunken out of time or drowned  
 As hulks in Newark Bay are soaked and slowly drown.

—The ugly stained-glass window on the stair,  
 Dark-panelled dining-room, the guinea fowl's fierce clack,  
 The great gray cat that on the oven slept—  
 My father's study with its books and birds,  
 His scornful tone, his eighteenth-century words,  
 His green door sealed with baize  
 —Today I travel back  
 To find again that one fixed point he kept  
 And left me for the day  
 In which this other world of theirs grows dank, decays,  
 And founders and goes down.

---

 LOUISE BOGAN
 

---

*Summer Wish*

*That cry's from the first cuckoo of the year.  
 I wished before it ceased.*

FIRST VOICE

WE call up the green to hide us  
 This hardened month, by no means the beginning  
 Of the natural year, but of the shortened span  
 Of leaves upon the earth. We call upon  
 The weed as well as the flower: groundsel, stellaria.

It is the month to make the summer wish;  
It is time to ask  
The wish from summer as always: *It will be,*  
*It will be.*

That tool we have used  
So that its haft is smooth; it knows the hand.  
Again we lift the wish to its expert uses,  
Tired of the bird that calls one long note downward,  
And the forest in cast-iron. No longer, no longer,  
The season of the lying equinox  
Wherein false cock-crow sounds!

## SECOND VOICE

In March the shadow  
Already falls with a look of summer, fuller  
Upon the snow, because the sun at last  
Is almost centered. Later, the sprung moss  
Is the tree's shadow; under the black spruces  
It lies where lately snow lay, bred green from the cold  
Cast down from melting branches.

## FIRST VOICE

A wish like a hundred others.  
You cannot, as once, yearn forward. The blood now **never**  
Stirs hot to memory, or to the fantasy  
Of love, with which, both early and late, one lies  
As with a lover.  
Now do you suddenly envy  
Poor praise you told long since to keep its tongue,  
Of pride's acquired accent,—pomposity, arrogance,  
That trip in their latinity? With these at heart  
You could make a wish crammed with the nobility  
Of error. It would be no use. You cannot  
Take yourself in.

## SECOND VOICE

Count over what these days have: lilies  
Returned in little to an earth unready,  
To the sun not accountable;  
The hillside mazed and leafless, but through the ground  
The leaf from the bulb, the unencouraged green

Heaving the metal earth, presage of thousand  
 Shapes of young leaves—lanceolate, trefoil,  
 Peach, willow, plum, the lilac like a heart.

## FIRST VOICE

Memory long since put by,—to what end the dream  
 That drags back lived-out life with the wrong words,  
 The substitute meaning?

Those that you once knew there play out false time,  
 Elaborate yesterday's words, that they were deaf to,  
 Being dead ten years.—Call back in anguish  
 The anger in childhood that defiled the house  
 In walls and timber with its violence?

Now must you listen again

To your own tears, shed as a child, hold the bruise  
 With your hand, and weep, fallen against the wall,  
 And beg, *Don't, don't*, while the pitiful rage goes on  
 That cannot stem itself?

Or, having come into woman's full estate,  
 Enter the rich field, walk between the bitter  
 Bowed grain, being compelled to serve,  
 To heed unchecked in the heart the reckless fury  
 That tears fresh day from day, destroys its traces,—  
 Now bear the blow too young?

## SECOND VOICE

In early April

At six o'clock the sun has not set; on the walls  
 It shines with scant light, pale, dilute, misplaced,  
 Light there's no use for. At overcast noon  
 The sun comes out in a flash, and is taken  
 Slowly back to the cloud.

## FIRST VOICE

Not memory, and not the renewed conjecture  
 Of passion that opens the breast, the unguarded look  
 Flaying clean the raped defence of the body,  
 Breast, bowels, throat, now pulled to the use of the eyes  
 That see and are taken. The body that works and sleeps,  
 Made vulnerable, night and day, to delight that changes  
 Upon the lips that taste it, to the lash of jealousy

Struck on the face, so the betraying bed  
Is gashed clear, cold on the mind, together with  
Every embrace that agony dreads but sees  
Open as the love of dogs.

## SECOND VOICE

The cloud shadow flies up the bank, but does not  
Blow off like smoke. It stops at the bank's edge.  
In the field by trees two shadows come together.  
The trees and the cloud throw down their shadow upon  
The man who walks there. Dark flows up from his feet  
To his shoulders and throat, then has his face in its mask,  
Then lifts.

## FIRST VOICE

Will you turn to yourself, proud breast,  
Sink to yourself, to an ingrained, pitiless  
Rejection of voice and touch not your own, press sight  
Into a myth no eye can take the gist of;  
Clot up the bone of phrase with the black conflict  
That claws it back from sense?

Go into the breast . .

You have traced that lie, before this, out to its end,  
Heard bright wit headstrong in the beautiful voice  
Changed to a word mumbled across the shoulder  
To one not there; the gentle self split up  
Into a yelling fiend and a soft child.  
You have seen the ingrown look  
Come at last upon a vision too strong  
Ever to turn away.

The breast's six madnesses repeat their dumb-show.

## SECOND VOICE

In the bright twilight children call out in the fields.  
The evening takes their cry. How late it is!  
Around old weeds worn thin and bleached to their pith  
The field has leaped to stalk and strawberry blossom.  
The orchard by the road  
Has the pear-tree full at once of flowers and leaves,  
The cherry with flowers only.

## FIRST VOICE

The mind for refuge, the grain of reason, the will,  
 Pulled by a wind it thinks to point and name?  
 Malicious symbol, key for rusty wards,  
 The crafty knight in the game, with its mixed move,  
 Prey to an end not evident to craft. . . .

## SECOND VOICE

Fields are ploughed inward  
 From edge to center; furrows squaring off  
 Make dark lines far out in irregular fields,  
 On hills that are builded like great clouds that over them  
 Rise, to depart.  
 Furrow within furrow, square within a square,  
 Draw to the center where the team turns last.  
 Horses in half-ploughed fields  
 Make earth they walk upon a changing color.

## FIRST VOICE

The year's begun, the share's again in the earth.

Speak out the wish like music, that has within it  
 The horn, the string, the drum pitched deep as grief.  
 Speak it like laughter, outward. O brave, O generous  
 Laughter that pours from the well of the body and draws  
 The bane that cheats the heart: aconite, nightshade,  
 Hellebore, hyssop, rue,—symbols and poisons  
 We drink, in fervor, thinking to gain thereby  
 Some difference, some distinction  
 Speak it, as that man said, *as though the earth spoke*,  
 By the body of rock, shafts of heaved strata, separate,  
 Together.

Though it be but for sleep at night,  
 Speak out the wish.  
 The vine we pited is in leaf; the wild  
 Honeysuckle blows by the granite.

## SECOND VOICE

See now  
 Open above the field, stilled in wing-stiffened flight,  
 The stretched hawk fly.

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MALCOLM COWLEY

---

*The Long Voyage*

NOT that the pines were darker there,  
nor mid-May dogwood brighter there,  
nor swifts more swift in summer air;  
it was my own country.

having its thunderclap of spring,  
its long midsummer ripening,  
its corn hoar-stiff at harvesting,  
almost like any country.

yet being mine; its face, its speech,  
its hills bent low within my reach,  
its river birch and upland beech  
were mine, of my own country.

Now the dark waters at the bow  
fold back, like earth against the plow;  
foam brightens like the dogwood now  
at home, in my own country.

---

THEODORE SPENCER

---

*Song*

I WHO love you bring  
Against our cherishing  
These faults I daren't deny  
Lest love should prove a lie  
*But Oh, if you love me, forgive me,  
And none of this is true.*



A too resilient mind  
 That seeking fact, must find  
 Reasons on every side  
 Why fact should be denied.  
*But Oh, if you love me, forgive me,  
 And none of this is true.*

A body that has wooed  
 More pleasure than it should,  
 And for that pleasure sought  
 What it had thrived without.  
*But Oh, if you love me, forgive me,  
 And none of this is true.*

And until now, a soul  
 That could find no goal  
 Beyond body and mind;  
 And so turned blind.  
*But Oh, if you love me, forgive me,  
 And none of this is true.*

### Spring Song

I HAVE come again, gentlemen and ladies,  
 Whatever you call me, ladies, gentlemen;  
 Dancing, dancing down, sweet ladies,  
 And up with a dance I come, kind gentlemen;  
 I am here; we are dancing again.

Brown leaf on a dust-hill, ladies, ladies;  
 A running ant from the dust-hill, gentlemen;  
 Look out of the window; here I am;  
 Look back to the bedroom; here I am.  
 Sleep; and we'll fall together, gentlemen—  
 Falling towers and crumpled gowns  
 To a dust, a most sleepy dust, ladies,  
 From towers and golden gowns. But sleep,  
 Oh sleep again, and I'll promise you green,  
 A green, shattering sun-blade green,  
 With a daffodil prance like forever, gentlemen,  
 Forever a tower of gold like a daffodil.

I have come again, gentlemen and ladies;  
Whatever you call me, a leaf and a dust-hill;  
Dancing up, gentlemen, sweet ladies;  
And dancing down, ladies, kind gentlemen.  
I am here; we are dancing again.

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R. P. BLACKMUR

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*Half-Tide Ledge*

SUNDAY the sea made morning worship, sang  
Venite, Kyrie, and a long Amen,  
over a flowing cassock did put on  
glittering blindness, surplice of the sun.  
Towards high noon her eldest, high-run tide  
rebelled at formal song and in the Sanctus  
made heavy mockery of God,  
and I, almost before I knew it, saw  
the altar ledges of the Lord awash.  
These are the obsequies I think on most.

*Scarabs for the Living*

I

O SAILOR sailor tell me why  
though in the seawine of your eye  
I see nothing dead and nothing die  
I know from the stillness seething there  
my heart's hope is my soul's despair.

II

To meditate upon the tiger, turn  
your human eyes from his past-human stare;  
beyond his cage a pigeon tops an urn,

beyond the pigeon falls the twilight air,  
and there, steadfast, he sees a viewless lair.

## III

Lay down one hand before you like a tool  
and let the other, in your mind, grow strange;  
then let the strangers meet. Who but a fool  
or a passionate man, thinks loss is blood-exchange,  
if the cold hand should warm and the hot cool!

## IV

Within this windless covert silence drops  
leaf by leaf and birches make bare bones;  
a startled woodcock's whistling flight new-stops  
the wind beyond the woods, and I, alone,  
feel my still flight trembling into stone.

## V

There is, besides the warmth, in this new love—  
besides the radiance, the spring—the chill  
that in the old had seemed the slow, the still  
amounting up of that indifferent will  
in which we die. I keep last winter's glove.

## VI

Oh, I was honest in the womb  
where I had neither time nor room  
nor any secret hope to hide  
Now there are love and work this side  
of honesty, two hopes that lied.

## VII

The chickadee-dee-dee is not a bird  
like stilted heron fishing minnie pools  
that in their fleeing shriek the sky like fools;  
the chickadee (dee-dee) is most a word  
to keep the thicket warm when summer cools.

## VIII

It is the slow encroachment, word by word,  
of sleep upon the wakened mind, the slow  
manoeuvre of unseemly vertigo,  
whereby disease in order is inferred;  
and in the sleep a blotting fall of snow.

## IX

Quiet the self, and silence brims like spring:  
the soaking in of light, the gathering  
of shadow up, after each passing cloud,  
the green life eating into death aloud,  
the hum of seasons; all on beating wing.

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YVOR WINTERS

---

*Sir Gawaine and the Green Knight*

REPTILIAN green the wrinkled throat,  
Green as a bough of yew the beard;  
He bent his head, and so I smote;  
Then for a thought my vision cleared.

The head dropped clean; he rose and walked;  
He fixed his fingers in the hair;  
The head was unabashed and talked;  
I understood what I must dare.

His flesh, cut down, arose and grew.  
He bade me wait the season's round,  
And then, when he had strength anew,  
To meet him on his native ground.

The year declined; and in his keep  
I passed in joy a thriving yule;  
And whether waking or in sleep,  
I lived in riot like a fool.

## AMERICAN POETRY

He beat the woods to bring me meat.  
 His lady, like a forest vine,  
 Grew in my arms; the growth was sweet;  
 And yet what thoughtless force was mine!

By practice and conviction formed,  
 With ancient stubbornness ingrained,  
 Although her body clung and swarmed,  
 My own identity remained.

Her beauty, lithe, unholy, pure  
 Took shapes that I had never known;  
 And had I once been insecure,  
 Had grafted laurel in my bone.

And then, since I had kept the trust,  
 Had loved the lady, yet was true,  
 The knight withheld his grant thrust  
 And let me go with what I knew.

I left the green bark and the shade,  
 Where growth was rapid, thick, and still;  
 I found a road that men had made  
 And rested on a drying hill.

---

 JOHN WHEELWRIGHT
 

---

*Train Ride*

**A**FTER rain, through afterglow, the unfolding fan  
 of railway landscape sidled on the pivot  
 of a larger arc into the green of evening;  
 I remembered that noon I saw a gradual bud  
 still white; though dead in its warm bloom;  
*always the enemy is the foe at home.*

And I wondered what surgery could recover  
 our lost, long stride of indolence and leisure

which is labor in reverse; what physic recalls the smile  
not of lips, but of eyes as of the sea bemused.

We, when we disperse from common sleep to several  
tasks, we gather to despair; we, who assembled  
once for hopes from common toil to dreams  
or sickish and hurting or triumphal rapture;  
*always the enemy is our foe at home.*

We, deafened with far scattered city rattles  
to the hubbub of forest birds (never having  
"had time" to grieve or to hear through vivid sleep  
the sea knock on its cracked and hollow stones)  
so that the stars, almost, and birds comply,  
and the garden-wet; the trees retire; We are  
a scared patrol, fearing the guns behind;  
*always the enemy is the foe at home.*

What wonder that we fear our own eyes' look  
and fidget to be at home alone, and pitifully  
put off age by some change in brushing the hair  
and stumble to our ends like smothered runners at their tape;

Then (as while the stars herd to the great trough  
the blind, in the always-only-outward of their dismantled  
archways, awake at the smell of warmed stone  
or to the sound of reeds, lifting from the dim  
into their segment of green dawn) *always*  
*our enemy is our foe at home*, more  
certainly than through spoken words or from grief-  
twisted writing on paper, unblotted by tears  
the thought came:

There is no physic  
for the world's ill, nor surgery; it must  
(hot smell of tar on wet salt air)  
burn in a fever forever, an incense pierced  
with arrows, whose name is Love and another name  
Rebellion (the twinge, the gulf, split seconds,  
the very raindrop, render, and instancy  
of Love).

All Poetry to this not-to-be-looked-upon sun  
of Passion is the moon's cupped light; all  
Politics to this moon, a moon's reflected  
cupped light, like the moon of Rome, after  
the deep wells of Grecian light sank low;  
*always the enemy is the foe at home.*

But these three are friends whose arms twine  
without words; as, in a still air,  
the great grove leans to wind, past and to come.

### *Fish Food*

*An Obituary to Hart Crane*

AS you drank deep as Thor, did you think of milk or wine?  
Did you drink blood, while you drank the salt deep?  
Or see through the film of light, that sharpened your rage with its  
stare,  
a shark, dolphin, turtle? Did you not see the Cat  
who, when Thor lifted her, unbased the cubic ground?  
You would drain fathomless flagons to be slaked with vacuum—  
The sea's teats have suckled you, and you are sunk far  
in bubble-dreams, under swaying translucent vines  
of thundering interior wonder. Eagles can never now  
carry parts of your body, over cupped mountains  
as emblems of their anger, embers to fire self-hate  
to other wonders, unfolding white flaming vistas.

Fishes now look upon you, with eyes which do not gossip.  
Fishes are never shocked Fishes will kiss you, each  
fish tweak you; every kiss takes bits of you away,  
till your bones alone will roll, with the Gulf Stream's swell.  
So has it been already, so have the carpers and puffers  
nibbled your carcass of fame, each to his liking. Now  
in tides of noon, the bones of your thought-suspended structures  
gleam as you intended Noon pulled your eyes with small  
magnetic headaches; the will seeped from your blood. Seeds  
of meaning popped from the pods of thought. And you fall.

And the unseen  
churn of Time changes the pearl-hued ocean;  
like a pearl-shaped drop, in a huge water-clock  
falling; from *came to go*, from *come to went*. And you fell.  
Waters received you. Waters of our Birth in Death dissolve you.  
Now you have willed it, may the Great Wash take you.  
As the Mother-Lover takes your woe away, and cleansing  
grief and you away, you sleep, you do not snore.  
Lie still. Your rage is gone on a bright flood

away; as, when a bad friend held out his hand  
you said, "Do not talk any more. I know you meant no harm."  
What was the soil whence your anger sprang, who are deaf  
as the stones to the whispering flight of the Mississippi's rivers?  
What did you see as you fell? What did you hear as you sank?  
Did it make you drunken with hearing?  
I will not ask any more. You saw or heard no evil.

---

ALLEN TATE

---

*Ode to the Confederate Dead*

ROW after row with strict impunity  
The headstones yield their names to the element,  
The wind whirrs without recollection;  
In the riven troughs the splayed leaves  
Pile up, of nature the casual sacrament  
To the seasonal eternity of death;  
Then driven by the fierce scrutiny  
Of heaven to their election in the vast breath,  
They sough the rumor of mortality.

Autumn is desolation in the plot  
Of a thousand acres where these memories grow  
From the inexhaustible bodies that are not  
Dead, but feed the grass row after rich row  
Think of the autumns that have come and gone!—  
Ambitious November with the humors of the year,  
With a particular zeal for every slab,  
Staining the uncomfortable angels that rot  
On the slabs, a wing chipped here, an arm there:  
The brute curiosity of an angel's stare  
Turns you, like them, to stone,  
Transforms the heaving air  
Till plunged to a heavier world below  
You shift your sea-space blindly  
Heaving, turning like the blind crab.



Dazed by the wind, only the wind  
The leaves flying, plunge

You know who have waited by the wall  
The twilight certainty of an animal,  
Those midnight restitutions of the blood  
You know—the immitigable pines, the smoky frieze  
Of the sky, the sudden call: you know the rage,  
The cold pool left by the mounting flood,  
Of muted Zeno and Parmenides.  
You who have waited for the angry resolution  
Of those desires that should be yours tomorrow,

You know the unimportant shrift of death  
And praise the vision  
And praise the arrogant circumstance  
Of those who fall  
Rank upon rank, hurried beyond decision—  
Here by the sagging gate, stopped by the wall.

Seeing, seeing only the leaves  
Flying, plunge and expire

Turn your eyes to the immoderate past,  
Turn to the inscrutable infantry rising  
Demons out of the earth—they will not last.  
Stonewall, Stonewall, and the sunken fields of hemp,  
Shiloh, Antietam, Malvern Hill, Bull Run.  
Lost in that orient of the thick and fast  
You will curse the setting sun.

Cursing only the leaves crying  
Like an old man in a storm

You hear the shout, the crazy hemlocks point  
With troubled fingers to the silence which  
Smothers you, a mummy, in time.

The hound bitch  
Toothless and dying, in a musty cellar  
Hears the wind only.

Now that the salt of their blood  
Stiffens the saltier oblivion of the sea,  
Seals the malignant purity of the flood,  
What shall we who count our days and bow  
Our heads with a commemorial woe  
In the ribboned coats of grim felicity,  
What shall we say of the bones, unclean,  
Whose verdurous anonymity will grow?

The ragged arms, the ragged heads and eyes  
Lost in these acres of the insane green?  
The gray lean spiders come, they come and go;  
In a tangle of willows without light  
The singular screech-owl's tight  
Invisible lyric seeds the mind  
With the furious murmur of their chivalry.

We shall say only the leaves  
Flying, plunge and expire

We shall say only the leaves whispering  
In the improbable mist of nightfall  
That flies on multiple wing:  
Night is the beginning and the end  
And in between the ends of distraction  
Waits mute speculation, the patient curse  
That stones the eyes, or like the jaguar leaps  
For his own image in a jungle pool, his victim.

What shall we say who have knowledge  
Carried to the heart? Shall we take the act  
To the grave? Shall we, more hopeful, set up the grave  
In the house? The ravenous grave?

Leave now

The shut gate and the decomposing wall:  
The gentle serpent, green in the mulberry bush,  
Riots with his tongue through the hush—  
Sentinel of the grave who counts us all!

---

HART CRANE

---

## VOYAGES: II

AND yet this great wing of eternity,  
 Of rimless floods, unfettered leewardings,  
 Samite sheeted and processioned where  
 Her undinal vast belly moonward bends,  
 Laughing the wrapt inflections of our love;

Take this Sea, whose diapason knells  
 On scrolls of silver snowy sentences,  
 The sceptered terror of whose sessions rends  
 As her demeanors motion well or ill,  
 All but the pieties of lovers' hands.

And onward, as bells off San Salvador  
 Salute the crocus lusters of the stars,  
 In these poinsettia meadows of her tides,—  
 Adagios of islands, O my Prodigal,  
 Complete the dark confessions her veins spell.

Mark how her turning shoulders wind the hours,  
 And hasten while her penniless rich palms  
 Pass superscription of bent foam and wave,—  
 Hasten, while they are true,—sleep, death, desire,  
 Close round one instant in one floating flower.

Bind us in time, O seasons clear, and awe.  
 O minstrel galleons of Carib fire,  
 Bequeath us to no earthly shore until  
 Is answered in the vortex of our grave,  
 The seal's wide spindthrift gaze toward paradise.

## VOYAGES: VI

Where icy and bright dungeons lift  
 Of swimmers their lost morning eyes,

And ocean rivers, churning, shift  
Green borders under stranger skies,

Steadily as a shell secretes  
Its beating leagues of monotone,  
Or as many waters trough the sun's  
Red kelson past the cape's wet stone;

O rivers mingling toward the sky  
And harbor of the phoenix' breast—  
My eyes pressed black against the prow,  
—Thy derelict and blinded guest

Waiting, afire, what name, unspoke,  
I cannot claim: let thy waves rear  
More savage than the death of kings,  
Some splintered garland for the seer.

Beyond siroccos harvesting  
The solstice thunders, crept away,  
Like a cliff swinging or a sail  
Flung into April's inmost day—

Creation's blithe and petaled word  
To the lounged goddess when she rose  
Conceding dialogue with eyes  
That smile unsearchable repose—

Still fervid covenant, Bell Isle,  
—Unfolded floating dais before  
Which rainbows twine continual hair—  
Bell Isle, white echo of the oar!

The imaged word, it is, that holds  
Hushed willows anchored in its glow.  
It is the unbetrayable reply  
Whose accent no farewell can know.

*Praise for an Urn*

IT was a kind and northern face  
 That mingled in such exile guise  
 The everlasting eyes of Pierrot  
 And, of Gargantua, the laughter.

His thoughts, delivered to me  
 From the white coverlet and pillow,  
 I see now, were inheritances—  
 Delicate riders of the storm.

The slant moon on the slanting hill  
 Once moved us toward presentiments  
 Of what the dead keep, living still,  
 And such assessments of the soul

As, perched in the crematory lobby,  
 The insistent clock commented on,  
 Touching as well upon our praise  
 Of glories proper to the time.

Still, having in mind gold hair,  
 I cannot see that broken brow  
 And miss the dry sound of bees  
 Stretching across a lucid space.

Scatter these well-meant idioms  
 Into the smoky spring that fills  
 The suburbs, where they will be lost.  
 They are no trophies of the sun.

*The River*

(FROM "THE BRIDGE")

STICK your patent name on a signboard  
 brother—all over—going west—young man  
 Tintex—Japalac—Certain-teed Overalls ads  
 and lands sakes! under the new playbill ripped  
 in the guaranteed corner—see Bert Williams what?

Minstrels when you steal a chicken just  
 save me the wing, for if it isn't  
 Erie it ain't for miles around a  
 Mazda—and the telegraphic night coming on Thomas

a Ediford—and whistling down the tracks  
 a headlight rushing with the sound—can you  
 imagine—while an EXPRESS makes time like  
 SCIENCE—COMMERCE and the HOLYHOST  
 RADIO ROARS IN EVERY HOME WE HAVE THE NORTHPOLE  
 WALLSTREET AND VIRGINBIRTH WITHOUT STONES OR  
 WIRES OR EVEN RUNNING brooks connecting cars  
 and no more sermons windows flashing roar  
 Breathtaking—as you like it . . . ch?

So the 20th Century—so  
 whizzed the Limited—roared by and left  
 three men, still hungry on the tracks, ploddingly  
 watching the tail lights wizen and converge, slip-  
 ping gimleted and neatly out of sight.  
 The last bear, shot drinking in the Dakotas,  
 Loped under wires that span the mountain stream.  
 Keen instruments, strung to a vast precision  
 Bind town to town and dream to ticking dream.  
 But some men take their liquor slow—and count  
 —Though they'll confess no rosary nor clue—  
 The river's minute by the far brook's year.  
 Under a world of whistles, wires and steam  
 Caboose-like they go ruminating through  
 Ohio, Indiana—blind baggage—  
 To Cheyenne tagging . . . Maybe Kalamazoo.  
 Time's renderings, time's blendings they construe  
 As final reckonings of fire and snow;  
 Strange bird-wit, like the elemental gist  
 Of unvalled winds they offer, singing low  
*My Old Kentucky Home* and *Casey Jones*,  
*Some Sunny Day*. I heard a road-gang chanting so.  
 And afterwards, who had a colt's eyes—one said,  
 "Jesus! Oh I remember watermelon days!" And sped  
 High in a cloud of merriment, recalled  
 "—And when my Aunt Sally Simpson smiled," he drawled—  
 "It was almost Louisiana, long ago."

"There's no place like Booneville though, Buddy,  
 One said, excising a last burr from his vest,  
 "—For early trouting." Then peering in the can,  
 "—But I kept on the tracks." Possessed, resigned,  
 He trod the fire down pensively and grinned,  
 Spreading dry shingles of a beard. . . .

Behind

My father's cannery works I used to see  
 Rail-squatters ranged in nomad raillery,  
 The ancient men—wifeless or runaway  
 Hobo-trekkers that forever search  
 An empire wilderness of freight and rails.  
 Each seemed a child, like me, on a loose perch,  
 Holding to childhood like some termless play.  
 John, Jake, or Charley, hopping the slow freight  
 —Memphis to Tallahassee—riding the rods,  
 Blinding fists of nothing, humpty-dumpty clods.

Yet they touch something like a key perhaps.  
 From pole to pole across the hills, the states  
 —They know a body under the wide rain;  
 Youngsters with eyes like fjords, old reprobrates  
 With racetrack jargon,—dotting immensity  
 They lurk across her, knowing her yonder breast  
 Snow-silvered, sumac-stained or smoky blue,  
 Is past the valley-sleepers, south or west.  
 —As I have trod the rumorous midnights, too.  
 And past the circuit of the lamp's thin flame  
 (O Nights that brought me to her body bare!)  
 Have dreamed beyond the print that bound her name.  
 Trains sounding the long blizzards out—I heard  
 Wail into distances I knew were hers.  
 Papooses crying on the wind's long mane  
 Screamed redskin dynasties that fled the brain,  
 —Dead echoes! But I knew her body there,  
 Time like a serpent down her shoulder, dark,  
 And space, an eaglet's wing, laid on her hair.

Under the Ozarks, domed by Iron Mountain,  
 The old gods of the rain lie wrapped in pools  
 Where eyeless fish curvet a sunken fountain

And re-descend with corn from querulous crows.  
Such pilferings make up their timeless eatage,  
Propitiate them for their timber torn  
By iron, iron—always the iron dealt cleavage!  
They doze now, below axe and powder horn.

And Pullman breakfasters glide glistening steel  
From tunnel into field—iron strides the dew—  
Straddles the hill, a dance of wheel on wheel.  
You have a half-hour's wait at Siskiyou,  
Or stay the night and take the next train through.  
Southward, near Cairo passing, you can see  
The Ohio merging,—borne down Tennessee;  
And if it's summer and the sun's in dusk  
Maybe the breeze will lift the River's musk  
—As though the waters breathed that you might know  
*Memphis Johnny, Steamboat Bill, Missouri Joe.*  
Oh, lean from the window, if the train slows down,  
As though you touched hands with some ancient clown,  
—A little while gaze absently below  
And hum *Deep River* with them while they go.

Yes, turn again and sniff once more—look see,  
O Sheriff, Brakeman and Authority—  
Hitch up your pants and crunch another quid,  
For you, too, feed the River timelessly.

And few evade full measure of their fate;  
Always they smile out eerily what they seem.  
I could believe he joked at heaven's gate—  
Dan Midland—jolted from the cold brake-beam.

Down, down—born pioneers in time's despite,  
Grimed tributaries to an ancient flow—  
They win no frontier by their wayward plight,  
But drift in stillness, as from Jordan's brow.

You will not hear it as the sea; even stone  
Is not more hushed by gravity . . . But slow,  
As loth to take more tribute—sliding prone  
Like one whose eyes were buried long ago



The River, spreading, flows—and spends your dream.  
 What are you, lost within this tideless spell?  
 You are your father's father, and the stream—  
 A liquid theme that floating niggers swell.

Damp tonnage and alluvial march of days—  
 Nights turbid, vascular with silted shale  
 And roots surrendered down of moraine clays:  
 The Mississippi drinks the farthest dale.

O quarrying passion, undertowed sunlight!  
 The basalt surface drags a jungle grace  
 Ochreous and lynx-barred in lengthening might;  
 Patience! and you shall reach the biding place!

Over De Soto's bones the freighted floors  
 Throb past the City storied of three thrones.  
 Down two more turns the Mississippi pours  
 (Anon tall ironsides up from salt lagoons)

And flows within itself, heaps itself free.  
 All fades but one thin skyline 'round . . . Ahead  
 No embrace opens but the stinging sea;  
 The River lifts itself from its long bed,

Poised wholly on its dream, a mustard glow,  
 Tortured with history, its one will—flow!  
 —The Passion spreads in wide tongues, choked and slow,  
 Meeting the Gulf, hosannas silently below.

### *The Dance*

(FROM "THE BRIDGE")

THE swift red flesh, a winter king—  
 Who squired the glacier woman down the sky?  
 She ran the neighing canyons all the spring;  
 She spouted arms; she rose with maize—to die.

And in the autumn drouth, whose burnished hands  
 With mineral wariness found out the stone

Where prayers, forgotten, streamed the mesa sands?  
He holds the twilight's dim, perpetual throne.

Mythical brows we saw retiring—loth,  
Disturbed and destined, into denser green.  
Greeting they sped us, on the arrow's oath:  
Now lie incorrigibly what years between. . . .

There was a bed of leaves, and broken play;  
There was a veil upon you, Pocahontas, bride—  
O Princess whose brown lap was virgin May;  
And bridal flanks and eyes hid tawny pride.

I left the village for dogwood. By the canoe  
Tugging below the mill-race, I could see  
Your hair's keen crescent running, and the blue  
First moth of evening take wing stealthily.

What laughing chains the water wove and threw!  
I learned to catch the trout's moon whisper; I  
Drifted how many hours I never knew,  
But, watching, saw that fleet young crescent die,—

And one star, swinging, take its place, alone,  
Cupped in the larches of the mountain pass—  
Until, immortally, it bled into the dawn.  
I left my sleek boat nibbling margin grass. . . .

I took the portage climb, then chose  
A further valley-shed; I could not stop.  
Feet nozzled watery webs of upper flows;  
One white veil gusted from the very top.

O Appalachian Spring! I gained the ledge;  
Steep, inaccessible smile that eastward bends  
And northward reaches in that violet wedge  
Of Adirondack!—wisped of azure wands,

Over how many bluffs, tarns, streams I sped!  
—And knew myself within some boding shade:  
Grey tepees tufting the blue knolls ahead,  
Smoke swirling through the yellow chestnut glade. . . .

A distant cloud, a thunder-bud—it grew,  
That blanket of the skies: the padded foot  
Within,—I hear it; 'til its rhythm drew,  
—Siphoned the black pool from the heart's hot root!

A cyclone threshes in the turbine crest,  
Swooping in eagle feathers down your back;  
Know, Maquokeeta, greeting; know death's best;  
—Fall, Sachem, strictly as the tamarack!

A birch kneels. All her whistling fingers fly.  
The oak grove circles in a crash of leaves;  
The long moan of a dance is in the sky.  
Dance, Maquokeeta: Pocahontas grieves . . .

And every tendon scurries toward the twangs  
Of lightning deltaed down your saber hair.  
Now snaps the flint in every tooth; red fangs  
And splay tongues thinly busy the blue air . . .

Dance, Maquokeeta! snake that lives before,  
That casts his pelt, and lives beyond! Sprout, horn!  
Spark, tooth! Medicine-man, relent, restore—  
Lie to us—dance us back the tribal morn!

Spears and assemblies black drums thrusting on—  
O yelling battlements,—I, too, was liege  
To rainbows currying each pulsant bone  
Surpassed the circumstance, danced out the siege!

And buzzard-circled, screamed from the stake;  
I could not pick the arrows from my side  
Wrapped in that fire, I saw more escorts wake—  
Flickering, sprint up the hill, groins like a tide

I heard the hush of lava wrestling your arms,  
And stag teeth foam about the raven throat;  
Flame cataracts of heaven in seething swarms  
Fed down your anklets to the sunset's moat.

Oh, like the lizard in the furious noon,  
That drops his legs and colors in the sun,

—And laughs, pure serpent, Time itself, and moon  
Of his own fate, I saw thy change begun!

And saw thee dive to kiss that destiny  
Like one white meteor, sacrosanct and blent  
At last with all that's consummate and free  
There, where the first and last gods keep thy tent.

Thewed of the levin, thunder-shod and lean,  
Lo, through what infinite seasons dost thou gaze—  
Across what bivouacs of thine angered slain,  
And see'st thy bride immortal in the maize!

Totem and fire-gall, slumbering pyramid—  
Though other calendars now stack the sky,  
Thy freedom is her largesse, Prince, and hid  
On paths thou knewest best to claim her by.

High unto Labrador the sun strikes free  
Her speechless dream of snow, and stirred again,  
She is the torrent and the singing tree;  
And she is virgin to the last of men. . . .

West, west and south! winds over Cumberland  
And winds across the llano grass resume  
Her hair's warm sibilance. Her breasts are fanned—  
O stream by slope and vineyard—into bloom!

And when the caribou slant down for salt  
Do arrows thirst and leap? Do antlers shine  
Alert, star-triggered in the listening vault  
Of dusk?—And are her perfect brows to thine?

We danced, O Brave, we danced beyond their farms,  
In cobalt desert closures made our vows . . .  
Now is the strong prayer folded in thine arms,  
The serpent with the eagle in the boughs.

*Indiana*

(FROM "THE BRIDGE")

*. . . and read her in a mother's farewell gaze.*

THE morning-glory, climbing the morning long  
Over the lintel on its wiry vine,  
Closes before the dusk, furls in its song  
As I close mine . . .

And bison thunder rends my dreams no more  
As once my womb was torn, my boy, when you  
Yielded your first cry at the prairie's door . . .  
Your father knew

Then, though we'd buried him behind us, far  
Back on the gold trail—then his lost bones stirred . . .  
But you who drop the scythe to grasp the oar  
Knew not, nor heard.

How we, too, Prodigal, once rode off, too—  
Waved Seminary Hill a gay good-bye . . .  
We found God lavish there in Colorado  
But passing sly.

The pebbles sang, the firecat slunk away  
And glistening through the sluggard freshets came  
In golden syllables loosed from the clay  
His gleaming name.

A dream called Eldorado was his town,  
It rose up shambling in the nuggets' wake,  
It had no charter but a promised crown  
Of claims to stake.

But we,—too late, too early, howsoever—  
Won nothing out of fifty-nine—those years—  
But gilded promise, yielded to us never,  
And barren tears . . .

The long trail back! I huddled in the shade  
Of wagon-tenting looked out once and saw  
Bent westward, passing on a stumbling jade  
A homeless squaw—

Perhaps a halfbreed. On her slender back  
She cradled a babe's body, riding without rein.  
Her eyes, strange for an Indian's, were not black  
But sharp with pain

And like twin stars. They seemed to shun the gaze  
Of all our silent men—the long team line—  
Until she saw me—when their violet haze  
Lit with love shine . . .

I held you up—I suddenly the bolder,  
Knew that mere words could not have brought us nearer.  
She nodded—and that smile across her shoulder  
Will still endear her

As long as Jim, your father's memory, is warm.  
Yes, Larry, now you're going to sea, remember  
You were the first—before Ned and this farm,—  
First-born, remember—

And since then—all that's left to me of Jim  
Whose folks, like mine, came out of Arrowhead.  
And you're the only one with eyes like him—  
Kentucky bred!

I'm standing still, I'm old, I'm half of stone!  
Oh, hold me in those eyes' engaging blue;  
There's where the stubborn years gleam and atone,—  
Where gold is true!

Down the dim turnpike to the river's edge—  
Perhaps I'll hear the mare's hoofs to the ford . . .  
Write me from Rio . . . and you'll keep your pledge;  
I know your word!

Come back to Indiana—not too late!  
(Or will you be a ranger to the end?)



Pick biting way up towering looms that press  
Sidelong with flight of blade on tendon blade  
—Tomorrows into yesteryear—and link  
What cipher-script of time no traveller reads  
But who, through smoking pyres of love and death,  
Searches the timeless laugh of mythic spears.

Like hails, farewells—up planet-sequined heights  
Some trillion whispering hammers glimmer Tyre:  
Serenely, sharply up the long anvil cry  
Of inchling æons silence rivets Troy.  
And you, aloft there—Jason! hesting Shout!  
Still wrapping harness to the swarming air!  
Silvery the rushing wake, surpassing call,  
Beams yelling Æolus! splintered in the straits!

From gulfs unfolding, terrible of drums,  
Tall Vision-of-the-Voyage, tensely spare—  
Bridge, lifting night to cycloramic crest  
Of deepest day—O choir, translating time  
Into what multitudinous Verb the suns  
And synergy of waters ever fuse, recast  
In myriad syllables,—Psalm of Cathay!  
O Love, thy white, pervasive Paradigm . . .

We left the haven hanging in the night—  
Sheened harbor lanterns backward fled the keel.  
Pacific here at time's end, bearing corn,—  
Eyes stammer through the pangs of dust and steel.  
And still the circular, indubitable frieze  
Of heaven's meditation, yoking wave  
To kneeling wave, one song devoutly binds—  
The vernal strophe chimes from deathless strings!

O Thou steeled Cognizance whose leap commits  
The agile precincts of the lark's return;  
Within whose lariat sweep encinctured sing  
In single chrysalis the many twain,—  
Of stars Thou art the stitch and stallion glow  
And like an organ, Thou, with sound of doom—  
Sight, sound and flesh Thou leadest from time's realm  
As love strikes clear direction for the helm.



Swift peal of secular light, intrinsic Myth  
 Whose fell unshadow is death's utter wound,—  
 O River-throated—iridescently upborne  
 Through the bright drench and fabric of our veins;  
 With white escarpments swinging into light,  
 Sustained in tears the cities are endowed  
 And justified conclamant with ripe fields  
 Revolving through their harvests in sweet torment.  
 Forever Deity's glittering Pledge, O Thou

Whose canticle fresh chemistry assigns  
 To rapt inception and beatitude,—  
 Always through blinding cables, to our joy,  
 Of thy white seizure springs the prophecy:  
 Always through spiring cordage, pyramids  
 Of silver sequel, Deity's young name  
 Kinetic of white choiring wings . . . ascends.

Migrations that must needs void memory,  
 Inventions that cobblestone the heart,—  
 Unspeakable Thou Bridge to Thee, O Love.  
 Thy pardon for this history, whitest Flower,  
 O Answerer of all,—Anemone,—  
 Now while thy petals spend the suns about us, hold—  
 (O Thou whose radiance doth inherit me)  
 Atlantis,—hold thy floating singer late!

So to thine Everpresence, beyond time,  
 Like spears ensanguined of one tolling star  
 That bleeds infinity—the orphic strings,  
 Sidereal phalanxes, leap and converge:  
 —One Song, one Bridge of Fire! Is it Cathay,  
 Now pity steepes the grass and rainbows ring  
 The serpent with the eagle in the leaves . . . ?  
 Whispers antiphonal in azure swing.

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OSCAR WILLIAMS

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*The Man Coming Toward You*

THE man coming toward you is falling forward on all fronts:  
He has just come in from the summer hot box of circumstance,  
His obedient arm pulls a ticket from the ticket machine,  
A bell announces to the long tables his presence on the scene;  
The room is crowded with Last Suppers and the air is angry;  
The halleluiahs lift listless heads; the man is hungry.

He looks at the people, the rings of lights, the aisles, the chairs,  
They mass and attack his eyes and they take him unawares,  
But in a moment it is over and the immense hippopotamus cries  
And swims away to safety in the vast past of his eyes;  
The weeks recoil before the days, the years before the months;  
The man is hungry and keeps moving forward on all fronts.

His hair is loosening, his teeth are at bay, he breathes fear,  
His nails send futile tendrils into the belly of the atmosphere;  
Every drop of his blood is hanging loose in the universe;  
His children's faces everywhere bring down the college doors;  
He is growing old on all fronts; his foes and his friends  
Are bleeding behind invisible walls bedecked with dividends;

His wife is aging, and his skin puts on its anonymous gloves;  
The man is helpless, surrounded by two billion hates and loves;  
Look at him squirm inside his clothes, the harpies around his ears,  
In just one minute his brothers will have aged four thousand years.  
Who records his stupendous step on the delicate eardrum of Chance?  
The man coming toward you is marching forward on all fronts.

*The Leg in the Subway*

WHEN I saw the woman's leg on the floor of the subway train.  
Protrude beyond the panel (while her body overflowed my  
mind's eye),

When I saw the pink stocking, black shoe, curve bulging with warmth,  
The delicate etching of the hair behind the flesh-colored gauze,  
When I saw the ankle of Mrs. Nobody going nowhere for a nickel,  
When I saw this foot motionless on the moving motionless floor,  
My mind caught on a nail of a distant star, I was wrenched out  
Of the reality of the subway ride, I hung in a socket of distance:  
And this is what I saw:

The long tongue of the earth's speed was licking the leg,  
Upward and under and around went the long tongue of speed:  
It was made of a flesh invisible, it dripped the saliva of miles:  
It drank moment, lit shivers of insecurity in niches between bones:  
It was full of eyes, it stopped licking to look at the passengers:  
It was as alive as a worm, and busier than anybody in the train:

It spoke saying: To whom does this leg belong? Is it a bonus leg  
For the rush hour? Is it a forgotten leg? Among the many  
Myriads of legs did an extra leg fall in from the Out There?  
O Woman, sliced off bodily by the line of the panel, shall I roll  
Your leg into the abdominal nothing, among the digestive teeth?  
Or shall I fit it in with the pillars that hold up the headlines?  
But nobody spoke, though all the faces were talking silently,  
As the train zoomed, a zipper closing up swiftly the seam of time.

Alas, said the long tongue of the speed of the earth quite faintly,  
What is one to do with an incorrigible leg that will not melt—  
But everybody stopped to listen to the train vomiting cauldrons  
Of silence, while somebody's jolted-out afterthought trickled down  
The blazing shirt-front solid with light bulbs, and just then  
The planetary approach of the next station exploded atoms of light,  
And when the train stopped, the leg had grown a surprising mate,  
And the long tongue had slipped hurriedly out through a window:

I perceived through the hole left by the nail of the star in my mind  
How civilization was as dark as a wood and dimensional with things  
And how birds dipped in chromium sang in the crevices of our deeds.

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ROBERT PENN WARREN

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*Bearded Oaks*

THE oaks, how subtle and marine,  
Bearded, and all the layered light  
Above them swims; and thus the scene,  
Recessed, awaits the positive night.

So, waiting, we in the grass now lie  
Beneath the langorous tread of light:  
The grasses, kelp-like, satisfy  
The nameless motions of the air.

Upon the floor of light, and time,  
Unmurmuring, of polyp made  
We rest; we are, as light withdraws,  
Twin atolls on a shelf of shade.

Ages to our construction went,  
Dim architecture, hour by hour:  
And violence, forgot now, lent  
The present stillness all its power.

The storm of noon above us rolled,  
Of light the fury, furious gold,  
The long drag troubling us, the depth:  
Dark is unrocking, unrippling, still.

Passion and slaughter, ruth, decay  
Descend, minutely whispering down,  
Silted down swaying streams, to lay  
Foundation for our voicelessness.

All our debate is voiceless here,  
As all our rage, the rage of stone;  
If hope is hopeless, then fearless fear,  
And history is thus undone.

Our feet once wrought the hollow street  
 With echo when the lamps were dead  
 At windows, once our headlight glare  
 Disturbed the doe that, leaping, fled.

I do not love you less that now  
 The caged heart makes iron stroke,  
 Or less that all that light once gave  
 The graduate dark should now revoke.

We live in time so little time  
 And we learn all so painfully,  
 That we may spare this hour's term  
 To practice for eternity.

### *Revelation*

**B**ECAUSE he had spoken harshly to his mother,  
 The day became astonishingly bright,  
 The enormity of distance crept to him like a dog now,  
 And earth's own luminescence seemed to repel the night.

Roof was rent like the loud paper tearing to admit  
 Sun-sulphurous splendor where had been before  
 But the submarine glimmer by kindly countenances lit,  
 As slow, phosphorescent dignities light the ocean floor.

By walls, by walks, chrysanthemum and aster,  
 All hairy, fat-petalled species, lean, confer,  
 And his ears, and heart, should burn at that insidious whisper  
 Which concerns him so, he knows; but he cannot make out the  
 words.

The peacock screamed, and his feathered fury made  
 Legend shake, all day, while the sky ran pale as milk;  
 That night, all night, the buck rabbit stamped in' the moonlit glade,  
 And the owl's brain glowed like a coal in the grove's combustible  
 dark.

When Sulla smote and Rome was rent, Augustine  
 Recalled how Nature, shuddering, tore her gown,

And kind changed kind, and the blunt herbivorous tooth dripped  
blood;

At Duncan's death, at Dunsinane, chimneys blew down.

But, oh! his mother was kinder than ever Rome,  
Dearer than Duncan—no wonder, then, Nature's frame  
Thrilled in voluptuous hemispheres far off from his home;  
But not in terror: only as the bride, as the bride.

In separateness only does love learn definition,  
Though Brahma smiles beneath the dappled shade,  
Though tears, that night, wet the pillow where the boy's head was  
laid

Dreamless of splendid antipodal agitation;

And though across what tide and tooth Time is,  
He was to lean back toward that recalcitrant face,  
He would think, than Sulla more fortunate, how once he had learned  
Something important about love, and about love's grace.

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### KENNETH PATCHEN

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#### *At the New Year*

IN the shape of this night, in the still fall of snow, Father  
In all that is cold and tiny, these little birds and children  
In everything that moves tonight, the trolleys and the lovers, Father  
In the great hush of country, in the ugly noise of our cities  
In this deep throw of stars, in those trenches where the dead are.  
Father

In all the wide land waiting, and in the liners out on the black water  
In all that has been said bravely, in all that is mean anywhere in the  
world, Father

In all that is good and lovely, in every house where sham and hatred  
are

In the name of those who wait, in the sound of angry voices, Father  
Before the bells ring, before this little point in time has rushed us on  
Before this clean moment has gone, before this night turns to face  
tomorrow, Father

There is this high singing in the air  
 Forever this sorrowful human face in eternity's window  
 And there are other bells that we would ring, Father  
 Other bells that we would ring.

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 DELMORE SCHWARTZ
 

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*"Mentrechè il Vento, Come Fa, Si Tace"*

WILL you perhaps consent to be  
 Now that a little while is still  
 (Ruth of sweet wind) now that a little while  
 My mind's continuing and unreleasing wind  
 Touches this single of your flowers, this one only,  
 Will you perhaps consent to be  
 My many-branchéd, small and dearest tree?

My mind's continuing and unreleasing wind  
 —The wind which is wild and restless, tired and asleep,  
 The wind which is tired, wild and still continuing,  
 The wind which is chill, and warm, wet, soft, in every influence,  
 Lusts for Paris, Crete and Pergamus,  
 Is suddenly off for Paris and Chicago,  
 Judaea, San Francisco, the Midi,  
 —May I perhaps return to you  
 Wet with an Attic dust and chill from Norway  
 My dear, so-many-branchéd smallest tree?

Would you perhaps consent to be  
 The very rack and crucifix of winter, winter's wild  
 Knife-edged, continuing and unreleasing,  
 Intent and stripping, ice-caressing wind?  
 My dear, most dear, so-many-branchéd smallest tree  
 My mind's continuing and unreleasing wind  
 Touches this single of your flowers, faith in me,  
 Wide as the—sky!—accepting as the (air)!  
 —Consent, consent, consent to be  
 My many-branchéd, small and dearest tree.

*Socrates' Ghost Must Haunt Me Now*

SOCRATES' ghost must haunt me now,  
 Notorious death has let him go,  
 He comes to me with a clumsy bow,  
 Saying in his disused voice,  
 That I do not know I do not know,  
 The mechanical whims of appetite  
 Are all that I have of conscious choice,  
 The butterfly caged in electric light  
 Is my only day in the world's great night,  
 Love is not love, it is a child  
 Sucking his thumb and biting his lip,  
 But grasp it all, there may be more!  
 From the topless sky to the bottomless floor  
 With the heavy head and the finger tip:  
 All is not blind, obscene, and poor.  
 Socrates stands by me stockstill,  
 Teaching hope to my flickering will,  
 Pointing to the sky's inexorable blue  
 —Old Noumenon, come true, come true!

---

RICHARD EBERHART

---

*The Groundhog*

IN June, amid the golden fields,  
 I saw a groundhog lying dead.  
 Dead lay he; my senses shook,  
 And mind outshot our naked frailty.  
 There lowly in the vigorous summer  
 His form began its senseless change,  
 And made my senses waver dim  
 Seeing nature ferocious in him.  
 Inspecting close his maggots' might  
 And seething cauldron of his being,



## AMERICAN POETRY

Half with loathing, half with a strange love,  
I poked him with an angry stick.  
The fever arose, became a flame  
And Vigour circumscribed the skies,  
Immense energy in the sun,  
And through my frame a sunless trembling.  
My stick had done nor good nor harm.  
Then stood I silent in the day  
Watching the object, as before;  
And kept my reverence for knowledge  
Trying for control, to be still,  
To quell the passion of the blood;  
Until I had bent down on my knees  
Praying for joy in the sight of decay.  
And so I left; and I returned  
In Autumn strict of eye, to see  
The sap gone out of the groundhog,  
But the bony sodden hulk remained.  
But the year had lost its meaning,  
And in intellectual chains  
I lost both love and loathing,  
Mured up in the wall of wisdom.  
Another summer took the fields again  
Massive and burning, full of life,  
But when I chanced upon the spot  
There was only a little hair left,  
And bones bleaching in the sunlight  
Beautiful as architecture;  
I watched them like a geometer,  
And cut a walking stick from a birch.  
It has been three years, now.  
There is no sign of the groundhog.  
I stood there in the whirling summer,  
My hand capped a withered heart,  
And thought of China and of Greece,  
Of Alexander in his tent;  
Of Montaigne in his tower,  
Of Saint Theresa in her wild lament

---

 KARL JAY SHAPIRO
 

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*Poet**Il arrive que l'esprit demande la poésie*

LEFT leg flung out, head cocked to the right,  
 Tweed coat or army uniform, with book,  
 Beautiful eyes, who is this walking down?  
 Who, glancing at the pane of glass looks sharp  
 And thinks it is not he—as when a poet  
 Comes swiftly on some half-forgotten poem  
 And loosely holds the page, steady of mind,  
     Thinking it is not his?

And when will *you* exist?—Oh, it is I,  
 Incredibly skinny, stooped, and neat as pie,  
 Ignorant as dirt, erotic as an ape,  
 Dreamy as puberty—with dirty hair!  
 Into the room like kangaroo he bounds,  
 Ears flopping like the most expensive hound's;  
 His chin received all questions as he bows  
     Mouthing a green bon-bon.

Has no more memory than rubber. Stands  
 Waist-deep in heavy mud of thought and broods  
 At his own wetness. When he would get out,  
 To his surprise he lifts in air a phrase  
 As whole and clean and silvery as a fish.  
 Which jumps and dangles on his damned hooked grin,  
 But like a name-card on a man's lapel  
     Calls him a conscious fool.

And childlike he remembers all his life  
 And cannily constructs it, fact by fact,  
 As boys paste postage stamps in careful books,  
 Denoting pence and legends and profiles,

Nothing more valuable.—And like a thief,  
His eyes glassed over and concealed with guilt,  
Fondles his secrets like a case of tools,  
And waits in empty doors.

By men despised for knowing what he is,  
And by himself. But he exists for women.  
As dolls to girls, as perfect wives to men,  
So he to women. And to himself a thing,  
All ages, epicene, without a trade.  
To girls and wives always alive and fated;  
To men and scholars always dead like Greek  
And always mistranslated.

Towards exile and towards shame he lures himself,  
Tongue winding on his arm, and thinks like Eve  
By biting apple will become most wise.  
Sentio ergo sum: he feels his way  
And words themselves stand up for him like Braille  
And punch and perforate his parchment ear.  
All language falls like Chinese on his soul,  
Image of song unsounded.

This is the coward's coward that in his dreams  
Sees shapes of pain grow tall. Awake at night  
He peers at sounds and stumbles at a breeze.  
And none holds life less dear. For as a youth  
Who by some accident observes his love  
Naked and in some natural ugly act,  
He turns with loathing and with flaming hands,  
Seared and betrayed by sight.

He is the business man, on beauty trades,  
Dealer in arts and thoughts who, like the Jew,  
Shall rise from slums and hated dialects  
A tower of bitterness. Shall be always strange,  
Hunted and then sought after. Shall be sat  
Like an ambassador from another race  
At tables rich with music. He shall eat flowers,  
Chew honey and spit out gall. They shall all smile  
And love and pity him.

His death shall be by drowning. In that hour  
 When the last bubble of pure heaven's air  
 Hovers within his throat, safe on his bed,  
 A small eternal figurehead in terror,  
 He shall cry out and clutch his days of straw  
 Before the blackest wave. Lastly, his tomb  
 Shall list and founder in the troughs of grass.  
 And none shall speak his name.

### *The Twins*

LIKENESS has made them animal and shy.  
 See how they turn their full gaze left and right,  
 Seeking the other, yet not moving close;  
 Nothing in their relationship is gross,  
 But soft, conspicuous, like giraffes. And why  
 Do they not speak except by sudden sight?

Sisters kiss freely and unsubtle friends  
 Wrestle like lovers; brothers loudly laugh:  
 These in a dreamier bondage dare not touch.  
 Each is the other's soul and hears too much  
 The heartbeat of the other, each apprehends  
 The sad duality and the imperfect half.

The one lay sick, the other wandered free,  
 But like a child to a small plot confined  
 Walked a short way and dumbly reappeared.  
 Is it not all-in-all of what they feared,  
 The single death, the obvious destiny  
 That maims the miracle their will designed?

For they go emptily from face to face,  
 Keeping the instinctive partnership of birth  
 A ponderous marriage and a sacred name;  
 Theirs is the pride of shouldering each the same  
 The old indignity of Esau's race  
 And Dromio's denouement of tragic mirth.

*Travelogue for Exiles*

LOOK and remember. Look upon this sky;  
 Look deep and deep into the sea-clean air,  
 The unconfined, the terminus of prayer.  
 Speak now and speak into the hallowed dome.  
 What do you hear? What does the sky reply?  
*The heavens are taken: this is not your home.*

Look and remember. Look upon this sea;  
 Look down and down into the tireless tide.  
 What of a life below, a life inside,  
 A tomb, a cradle in the curly foam?  
 The waves arise; sea-wind and sea agree  
*The waters are taken: this is not your home.*

Look and remember. Look upon this land,  
 Far, far across the factories and the grass.  
 Surely, there, surely, they will let you pass  
 Speak then and ask the forest and the loam  
 What do you hear? What does the land command?  
*The earth is taken: this is not your home.*

*Nostalgia*

MY soul stands at the window of my room,  
 And I ten thousand miles away;  
 My days are filled with Ocean's sound of doom,  
 Salt and cloud and the bitter spray.  
 Let the wind blow, for many a man shall die.

My selfish youth, my books with gilded edge,  
 Knowledge and all gaze down the street;  
 The potted plants upon the window ledge  
 Gaze down with selfish lives and sweet,  
 Let the wind blow, for many a man shall die.

My night is now her day, my day her night,  
 So I lie down, and so I rise;

JOHN MALCOLM BRINNIN

927

The sun burns close, the star is losing height,  
The clock is hunted down the skies.  
Let the wind blow, for many a man shall die.

Truly a pin can make the memory bleed,  
A world explode the inward mind  
And turn the skulls and flowers never freed  
Into the air, no longer blind.  
Let the wind blow, for many a man shall die.

Laughter and grief join hands. Always the heart  
Clumps in the breast with heavy stride;  
The face grows lined and wrinkled like a chart,  
The eyes bloodshot with tears and tide.  
Let the wind blow, for many a man shall die.

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JOHN MALCOLM BRINNIN

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*Islands: A Song*

ISLANDS are subtle places, still,  
Lonely and shining,  
Islands of grief refuse to tell  
Their separating difference ever;  
Feudally they stand, nor cry  
"I wait for your discovery!"  
Breakers go over,  
Sympathy never.

Furious my island city,  
Treeless and steeped,  
Ample its flashing pity,  
Touchable, eager, sweet to wear;  
Come, lover, to your radio,  
Put fingers to your wrist-veins, so:  
Sea-parted, share  
This quickening fear.

---

 LLOYD FRANKENBERG
 

---

*The Sea*

IN the midmost of ocean  
 the water lifts its arms dreaming of spars;  
 the world is very round, projects its roundness  
 past all the poles, beyond the one horizon  
 on that bald ocean overhead, the sky  
 where swim the worlds like fish in soundless waters.

Imposing its single structure on the sky  
 and drawing thence its variable mood  
 of bright confusion, gloom and equable  
 conformity, the ocean goes scotfree  
 of other obligation but to pay  
 the moon its due respects, discharged like spouse.

Left to its own enormous devices the sea  
 in timeless reverie conceives of life,  
 being itself the world in pantomime

Predicting past and future in one long  
 drawn breath it blends its tides with dawn,  
 rolls in panoramic sleight-of-hand  
 creation out of chaos endlessly;

all forms revealed in fluid architecture  
 flowing like time as if time were turned back:  
 undreamed-of wars all happening at once  
 (what rage pent up in atoms do the drops  
 take toll of one another? no the sea  
 had not dreamed this)

but like a savage plays  
 archaic symmetries and simple shapes.  
 builds promontories, houses lakes, holds out  
 mirages of itself, erects straw cliffs  
 hurdled with ease;

or lolling all its length  
coiled and Niled, in coat of mail tilts evil  
complete with scale and hiss, smitten to sculpture,  
to iron leaves, to flame, to birds flying  
in and out of fluted, spandreed, spired  
buildings out of all time swaying, crumpling  
in scaffoldings of spray.

And then the flowers  
all petal and no stem; then finned and ferned,  
the leaping swordfish an effrontery  
to all its backs, all life presumptuous  
and those looking too long upon its wake  
who thought to make themselves immortal too,  
taking it at its word, instruct it now

(old moonface cratered and sunksocketed,  
seamywrinkled, picked and pocked with waves,  
the waves all faces lifted looking around,  
hair dripping across their foreheads or flung back  
for a last despairing gasp before they drown)

for now the last least vestige of the air  
that gave the ocean its free hand with space,  
gave fins wings roots and legs to walk the sky,  
withdraws and leaves it still.

Now on its sleeve  
it wears the heart that every shipwreck finds;  
lies flat, unworked by other element

and in this state of utter unbelief  
that keeps it what it is, like nothing else,  
smoother than glass, stiller than the dead,  
its natural supine and spineless self  
that never will arise but from without  
(yet even now protests the least intrusion)

believing not that all its mimicry  
has ever come to pass, how perfectly  
mirrors God's face, the workings of his mind.



*Hide in the Heart*

## I

HERE is no shadow but cloudshadow and nightshadow  
Moving across and rolling away and leaving  
Only the purple avenues the ant  
Drags his weight across from here to there  
Between the leaning towers of his town.

Here are no voices but the gull's hard lot  
Easing his discontent with all the beach,  
Abusive tongues of terns, rheumatic crows'  
Dry commentaries concerning tomorrow's weather  
And pipers fleeing the sound of their own lament.

And the wind's singing is before all music  
Picking the strings of grass and thumping the roof  
And all the stops of the ocean to be pulled out  
When anger is the howling of the wind  
And all armies the marches of the sea.

And mornings bringing the white lies of peace,  
The rags of truce upon the sea and sky,  
Ambassadorial breeze from cloud to wave,  
All solved and settled under a smiling sun  
Blandly agreeing his hands to everything.

Until the fog with sidelong stratagem  
Confers in huddled whispers with the earth—  
And ships and birds are asking their way about  
Of the whistling buoy that keeps its courage up  
Through the long dark and vistas of the mist—

Then lifts again, its mission elsewhere  
And leaves us this again our isle of quiet:  
Surrounded with seas of grass and the glassy sea  
Here in the sweet unreasonable weather  
We think us safe, we think us housed in peace.

## II

All day the storm stood off from about our door.  
The tongues of sand lay panting in the sun,  
We listening to the sounds of listless water  
With wisps of ragtime over the dunes from town  
And scraps of headline: BOMBING ALMERIA.

Who brought this newspaper in like contraband  
To poison the horizons of our minds?  
All day the sun was stored serenity  
Before the cloud fulfilled its promised rain.  
Now seeing the fire-edged cloud our thought is of war.

Our sea was water where we drowned our thoughts.  
We plunged and lay like time—not like this time.  
Our sea was not an endless belt of bullets  
Round after round transmitted to the breech  
To riddle time to tatters and real teeth.

Now more than ever we do not know how long  
This little space of peace will be our own.  
The nations run like nightmare toward the repeated  
Dream's end and beyond the end and beyond,  
Toward the waking up screaming and it's true! it's true!

## III

Nations perpetuate the fatal motion  
Letting their anger go from them with no  
Power to retract, to make amends and an end.  
The people standing under the balconies  
Look up and become part of what they see.

The cannon standing at stiff-armed salute  
Discharge their duties in the innocent air.  
The weak and bankrupt bones are all there is  
To pay revenge its dividend and hate  
Its pebble dropped, its circle widening.

## IV

There is no hiding in these island seas.  
The air is full of forebodings of disaster

The gulls come up dead on the tide. It is one to them  
Whether the world hold fish. The sandfleas dance  
Burning alive on the phosphorescent beach.

The stars are a regiment of fixed bayonets;  
The steelgrey seas a rank upon rank of helmets.  
Clouds march and countermarch. Winds marshal them;  
Roll on their spokes guncarriages of thunder.  
The army of grass is led in all directions.

A large drop falls and that is all. The storm  
Wheels to the skyline; leaves a sunspace; waits.  
These little silly bombardments are but a device  
To larger ends; rally the peace-protectors  
About false standards, his eye upon another

## V

All day the storm stood off in a rift of cloud.  
We thought us safe, we thought us housed in peace,  
Ringed in by sun, chalked off by grass, passed by  
In a lull of the storm, in a quiet isle Till night  
Darkened our door and the storm broke and the sea

Moving in fury upon the enduring beach  
We put our windows against the rain, we drew  
Bolts on the wind and shuttered out the storm.  
At night the four walls shook like a heart in the gale  
Shedding a light like blood on the troubled darkness.

Four walls in the wind are the wind's mouse and we  
The heart in the mouse. The lightning lifts a paw.  
Purrs in its throat and lets the paw fall slack.  
The tail of the wind stirs lazily, shakes the floor  
And we are alone with the taste of mouth on mouth.

## VI

Hide in the heart. There is no help without.  
The strong winds ramp about the world tonight.  
The heart is wide enough to move about.  
The heart is tall. In a world too small for flight  
This is the only border out of doubt.

The light comes in as through the hand's devotion.  
 The world is held in the hollow of this hand.  
 Its own sea with its own moon-made motion  
 Rolls upon the shores of its own land.  
 Before all singing is the music of this ocean.

Find out this music pounding through the wrists.  
 Stop out the sounds of the feet tramping the roof.  
 Let the rain beat with all its mailed fists.  
 The heart is the only timber to be proof  
 Against all thunderclaps and lightningtwists.

Hide in this roof until the storm has been;  
 Till fear leaves us under the eaves of the blood  
 And one by one arising let them in  
 Disarming at the door the roaring flood,  
 The infantry of rain and the strong wind.

---

JOSE GARCIA VILLA

---

*Be Beautiful, Noble, Like the Antique Ant*

BE beautiful, noble, like the antique ant,  
 Who bore the storms as he bore the sun,  
 Wearing neither gown nor helmet,  
 Though he was archbishop and soldier:  
 Wore only his own flesh.

Salute characters with gracious dignity:  
 Though what these are is left to  
 Your own terms Exact: the universe is  
 Not so small but these will be found  
 Somewhere. Exact: they will be found.

Speak with great moderation: but think  
 With great fierceness, burning passion:  
 Though what the ant thought

*AMERICAN POETRY*

No annals reveal, nor his descendants  
Break the seal.

Trace the tracelessness of the ant,  
Every ant has reached this perfection.  
As he comes, so he goes,  
Flowing as water flows,  
Essential but secret like a rose.

*God Said, "I Made a Man"*

GOD said, "I made a man  
Out of clay—  
But so bright he, he spun  
Himself to brightest Day

Till he was all shining gold,  
And oh,  
He was lovely to behold!  
But in his hands held he a bow

*Aimed at me* who created  
Him. And I said,  
'Wouldst murder me  
Who am thy Fountainhead!'

Then spoke he the man of gold:  
'I will not  
Murder thee: I do but  
Measure thee. Hold

Thy peace!' And this I did.  
But I was curious  
Of this so regal head  
'Give thy name!'—'Sir! Genius.' "

*Now, If You Will Look in My Brain*

NOW, if you will look in my brain  
You will see not Because  
But Cause—

The strict Rose whose clean  
 Light utters all my pain.  
 Dwelleth there my God  
 With a strict Rod  
 And a most luminous mien.  
 And He whippeth! lo how  
 He whippeth! O see  
 The rod's velocity  
 In utterest unmercy  
 Carve, inflict upon this brow  
 The majesty of its doomed Now.

*My Mouth Is Very Quiet*

MY mouth is very quiet  
 Reverencing the luminance of my brain:  
 If words must find an outlet  
 They must work with jewelled pain.

They must cut a way immaculate  
 To leave the brain incorrupt:  
 They must repay their Debt  
 Like archangels undropt.

The miracle of a word is to my mouth  
 The miracle of God in my brain:  
 Archangels holding to His North and South,  
 His East and West by an inviolable chain.

An archangel upon my mouth  
 May blow his silver trumpet:  
 But he holds to his North or South  
 Blows—and again is quiet.

*The Way My Ideas Think Me*

THE way my ideas think me  
 Is the way I unthink God.  
 As in the name of heaven I make hell  
 That is the way the Lord says me.

And all is adventure and danger  
 And I roll Him off cliffs and mountains  
 But fast as I am to push Him off  
 Fast am I to reach Him below.

And it may be then His turn to push me off,  
 I wait breathless for that terrible second:  
 And if He push me not, I turn around in anger:  
 "O art thou the God I would have!"

Then He pushes me and I plunge down, down!  
 And when He comes to help me up  
 I put my arms around Him, saying, "Brother,  
 Brother." . . . This is the way we are.

### *Saw God Dead but Laughing*

SAW God dead but laughing  
 Uttered the laugh for Him.  
 Heard my skull crack with doom  
 Tragedian laughing!

Peered into the cracked skull—  
 Saw the tragic monkhood  
 In the shape of God's deathhead  
 Laughter upon its mouth a jewel.

Jewel bright, O Jewel bright,  
 Laughter of the Lord.  
 Laughter with eternity immured  
 O laugh bright, laugh bright.

Then did the Lord laugh louder  
 I laughing for Him,  
 I from the heart's honeycomb  
 Feeding braver, braver,

Till all the universe was Laughter  
 But the Laughter of the Lord  
 O the Laughter of His Word  
 That could laugh only—after His murder.

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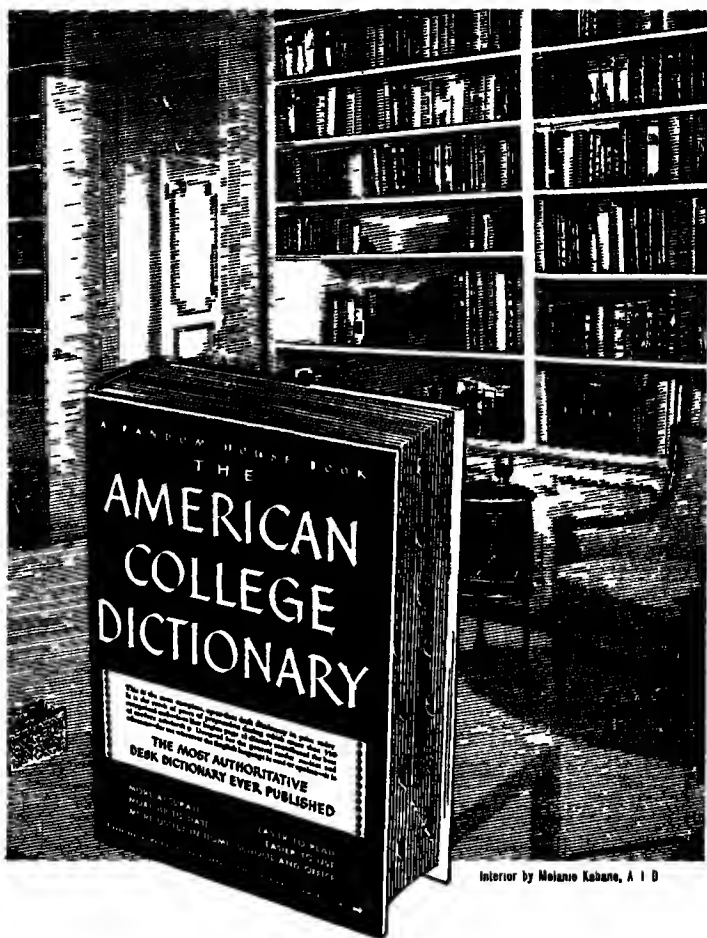
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